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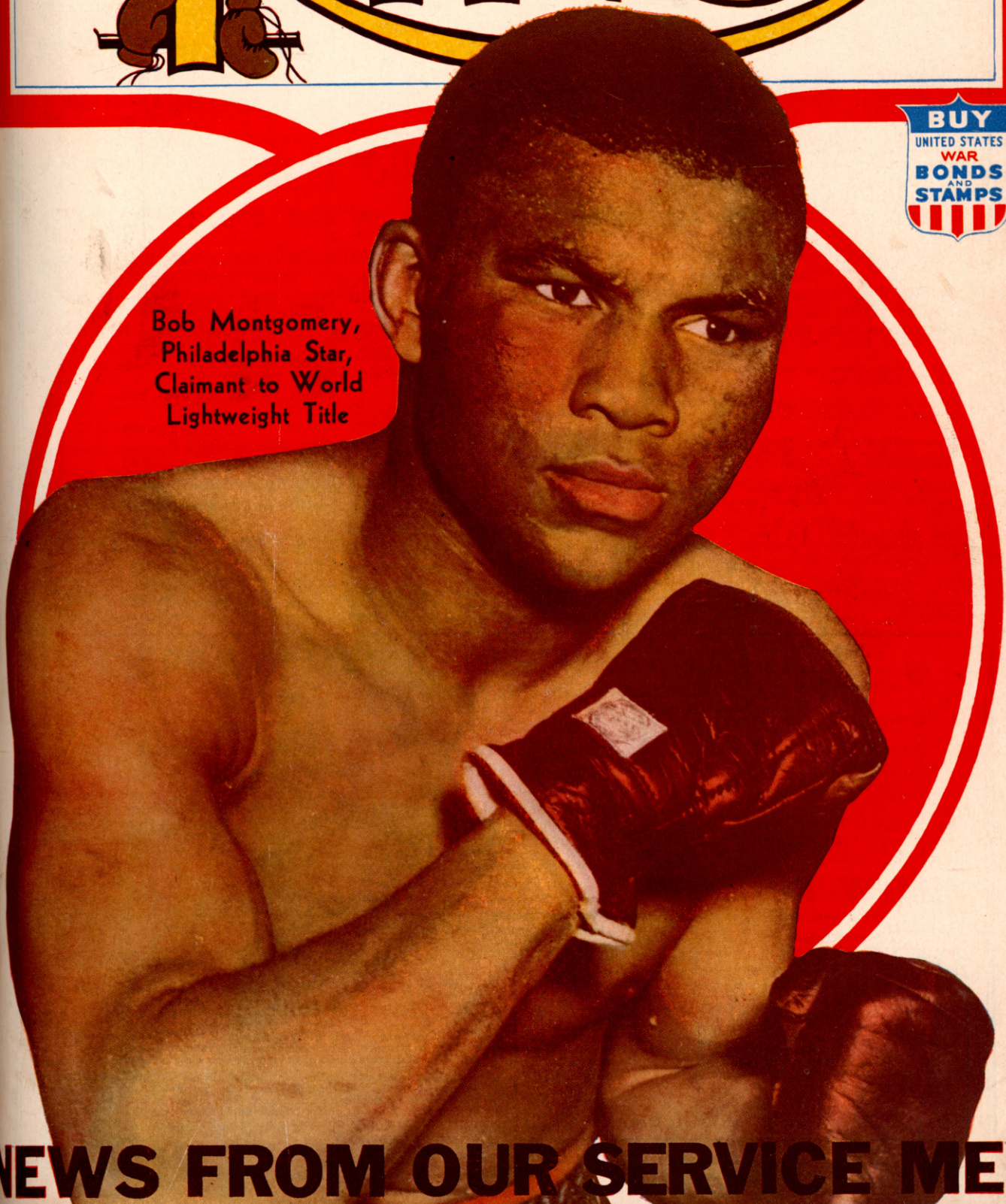

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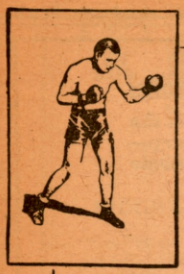

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In Our Next Issue

Can Joe Louis retain his world heavyweight crown if the war continues for several more years? When is a fighter too old to fight? Once again the Brown Bomber is in the public eye. His trip to Washington for overseas entertainment assignment produced an interview in which he stated his impressions of his own particular situation.

His doubt about his fitness to compete after the war, raises the Old Age Question.

You'll find this fully discussed in an interesting article, "Louis Revives Old Question of Years."

Fighters as Thespians. Who were the best actors? Read the story of the heavyweight champions from Sullivan to Corbett before the footlights.

Bob Montgomery's rise to Fistic Fame is an article with the old Horatio Alger touch.

And the second of our latest feature THE RING'S Pugilistic Pinup—a full page of pictures on Famous Bouts of the past—something you can hang up in your Camp quarters.

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DICKSON, MASTER PROMOTER, "LOST"

American Who Scored Terrific Success in Paris Boxing Reported Casualty Over Germany — Had Amazing Career

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

CAPTAIN JEFFERSON DAVIS DICKSON, JR., of Natchez, Miss., recently was reported lost in action over Germany.

Captain Dickson is 47 years of age. No regular Army man with a long record of military achievement is this Captain from Natchez. And, please remember, he is REPORTED lost. He'll turn up somehow. He is a two-war man.

You see, Captain Dickson from Natchez doesn't lose easily. He is Jeff Dickson, the man who made himself Europe's standout amusement promoter, the greatest boxing entrepreneur outside of the United States.

In fact, over on the other side, before the Nazis got to moving around and killing things and men off, they insisted that Jeff was the greatest sports promoter the world yet had produced. Yes, bigger than Tex Rickard. Bigger than Mike Jacobs. Bigger than England's Charley Cochrane.

Our particular interest in Dickson is concentrated in his boxing history. But he put on everything anybody ever wanted to pay to see: skating, six-day cycle races, bull fights, hockey, tennis, wrestling, animal shows, extravaganzas, spectacles, pageants—yes, even basketball games in Paris. And concerts.

Dickson was chief owner and manager of the million dollar Palais de Sport, the Madison Square Garden of Paris.

He established an annual Poor Kids show which was in a class by itself. Every Christmas Jeff invited 20,000 under-privileged youngsters, most of them orphans, to a festival put on by the best athletes, boxers, actors, comics. Candy, food, toys—everything on the house—on the man from Natchez.

* * *

JEFF never put on the dog. He wasn't ashamed to tell about the days when he sold papers in Natchez, how he gloried in the day when he had assembled two dollars and was able to buy his first pair of shoes. That was when he was seven.

Dickson always liked to give the impression he was a hard-boiled hombre. But he never could sit through those orphan shows of his.

As well known on Broadway as he is in Paris—Dickson sort of commuted between France and New York until the war came and he dashed right into service.

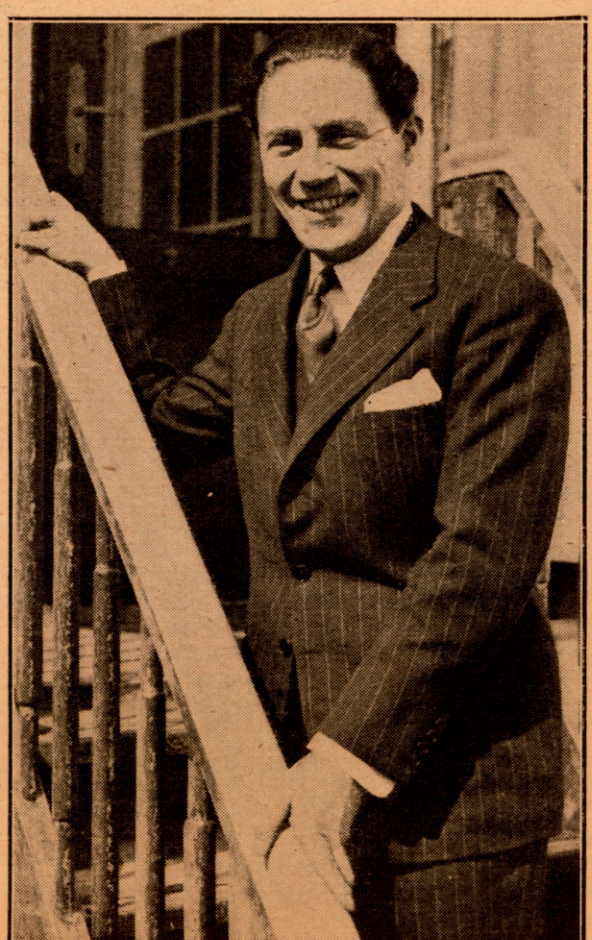
The French said he was more than just a promoter. They gave him the ribbon of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and they voted him four other decorations—and not one of them because he knew how to stage a fight, or put on a cycle race, or promoted an ice skating extravaganza.

Dickson did much to make France sports conscious. The trouble was, he got into the thing maybe 10 years too late.

Jeff became a promoter over there in 1924. He found sports pages in Paris newspapers almost non-existent. Most of the numerous journals, political in nature, carried no sports at all. *Soir* and *Matin* gave space to big races, but the regular run of sports was ignored. The amateur athlete was snubbed.

Dickson realized that the situation called for the highest type of promotion, of American publicity methods. Of course, there had to be something to write about. Jeff saw to that. He gave Paris shows it never had dreamed of. The athlete became news.

Paris was not his only locale of effort. He promoted things in London, Berlin, Brussels, Rome, Barcelona, Oslo and other large cities over there. He was a pioneer in the European area.



Jeff Dickson, international promoter, who is reported missing in action in air attack over Germany.

Take Jeff's influence on basketball alone, as an example. Before he brought great players from other parts of Europe to Paris, the French boy knew nothing about the great American indoor game. In 1940, official figures said there were some 3500 basketball teams in the Paris section alone.

* * *

HOWEVER, we here are not so much concerned with his development of sports for the French youth, important enough as that was, or his bringing Bill Tilden over for professional tennis matches, or his importing Canadian hockey players.

Let us see what Jeff did for and about boxing. For one thing, he built up Primo Carnera. No thanks due him for that, you say? Well, big Primo helped to tide us over a tough spot in heavyweight championship competition. He did nobody any harm. He wasn't a great fighter, but he did win the title, and he did present an interesting figure, if even only for his big hands and enormous feet, and Gargantuan proportions.

Jeff was the first to see big possibilities in Carnera. He was the promoter of the Carnera-Paulino fight in the stadium in Barcelona, Spain. It drew 85,000 persons. Just imagine that. 85,000 persons at a man-fight,

not a bull fight—in Spain! Astonishing, indeed!

Dickson also invaded London, to swipe a big attraction from the native promoters, and put on the battle in which Young Stribling knocked out Phil Scott in the third round.

Jeff used to delight in telling a story about that encounter. Stribling was told that Phil could not take it in the body, and at the opening bell began to concentrate on that part of the British champion's anatomy.

The going became very tough as early as the second round. Jimmy Johnston, handling Phainting Phil, hissed into his ear, "Damn it, Phil, all England is watching you. You can't quit on England, you've got to go in there and fight."

Scott looked up at Jimmy with pain. "Mister Johnston, you can tell Stribling for me that if he will stop hitting me in the stomach, he can have my country."

In the third round the Georgia heavy let Phil have it double and, despite Johnston's shouts about the entire British Empire, Scott took the full count.

* * *

DICKSON has turned a lot of ventures into big cash. But he did take one terrific beating. He moved into London with a scheme for a super arena. He got up great prospectuses. He put some $50,000 into an option on land. He had plans drawn, and put on a costly campaign for $2,000,000. He appealed to the people to purchase stock. It turned out a flop and Jeff was out $85,000.

Confronted with defeat, Dickson didn't dash off and quit. He sold a London paper the exclusive story of the failure, and then moved back to Paris.

In his Paris arena, Dickson put in some innovations. For example, if the customers staged a riot because of what they called a bad decision, Jeff never called the cops. He regarded it as the inalienable right of the people who paid the freight to stage these protests.

The riots were not confined to vocal effort. The boys really went to work and wrecked the place. This happened every so often. But Jeff took it as part of the programme.

Another thing. In Paris, when a couple of fighters put on a bad exhibition, the upstairs customers did not confine their demonstration of displeasure to whistling the "Merry Widow." They threw bottles—wine bottles, if you please—at the *mauvais betes,* the *cochons,* who were foisting a phony on them.

Sometimes the bottles did not reach the ring. They fell on the carriage trade in the front rows.

Dickson solved this by building nets in front of the gallery. Ordinarily, these were rolled up, out of sight. But if the gallery gods became enraged, an attendant pushed a button, and out came the nets, ready for business.

* * *

HOW did Jeff get into all this? Well, he came to France in 1917, as an Army photographer. Age 21. When the war finished up, he found himself with the Signal Corps, just outside Paris, with a camera and an idea.

There were a lot of American boys who had got over too late. They were sore. They wanted to get at the Germans, to have something to tell the folks back home.

The young man from Natchez dug some trenches. He also dug up some German uniforms, and a few lads willing to wear them at so much per.

The scheme was this. If any American wanted to show the folks back home how he had risked life and limb in the war, Jeff was ready to flash pictures of "actual action."

The idea turned out a bonanza. With a side line of Iron Crosses, German helmets and other war knickknacks, Dickson got himself close to five grand inside of a month.

Soon he got a job travelling all over Europe as a newsreel cameraman. Then he made automobile bumpers.

His entry into the fight promoting business traced to a friendship with the man who ran the Salle Wagram, where all the big fights used to be held in Paris.

The Frenchman did not know very much about promoting and every show seemed to be a flop. Jeff kept lending him dough until the day came when he found himself the owner of the Salle.

JUST to show you how Dickson operated. He put on one of the greatest publicity stunts ever staged, in an unimportant fight.

One of the champions of France was scheduled to meet an American. The Frenchman had scored twelve successive knockouts. He figured to make it 13, and not with too much trouble. The fight fans were not buying. The show was a flop. Until the man from Natchez got busy.

He sent a letter to all sports editors, signed with the name of the American fighter.

"I have invited all 12 men knocked out by my opponent to sit in the front row and see me avenge them," the letter read. "I will knock this Frenchman right into their laps."

The fight public became indignant. What presumption! La Belle France was insulted. Paris was insulted. French boxing was insulted. Such arrogance!

Of course, the Salle was packed. The American was knocked out in the fourth heat and France was avenged.

The 12 boxers did sit in the front row, and they almost caught the American instead of their conqueror.

In building up the Paulino-Carnera fight in Barcelona, Dickson put on a bull fight stunt which almost cost him his life. However, it was great publicity and helped pack in the 85,000 paying guests.

The early sale for the contest was bad. The papers did not give Jeff any play. The local boys resented the American. Then he planned the bull fight, and invited the writers to the local arena to see him make the kill. He made it. But it was what is known as a near thing.

In spite of all his success abroad, Dickson had his eye on New York. Perhaps when this war is over, Jeff will show up on Broadway again, and move into the tremendous sports boom which is sure to follow.

With all his manifold interests and numerous duties, Dickson was a builder of fighters.

He had his scouts comb the small gymnasiums of Europe. If a boy looked good, Jeff would outfit him, and board him. Then, after a period of schooling, he would throw him into a ring with a tough customer. If they made good he kept them.

Jeff was eager to get Joe Louis to France, where he would have made a fortune. But Mike Jacobs never could see letting the Brown Bomber go across—not with so much dough on this side.

* * *

DICKSON liked to tell about the fight that put him on the fistic map in Paris. It was between Paulino and a punchy scrapper named Harry Drake.

"I was vacationing in Nice when my matchmaker signed the Woodchopper and Drake," Jeff explained one day on Broadway.

"I arrived the day before the fight and when I learned about Drake, tried to call the thing off. Drake was standing on his head, shouting he was the champion of the world.

"The matchmaker pointed out that if I called off the fight, I would have to pay Drake not only his purse, but damages, as well. So I called a doctor. He tapped Harry on the head with a little mallet and finally announced that he saw no reason why the fight should not go on. I always felt that the doctor was a sadist.

"Well, there was nothing to do but go through with the match.

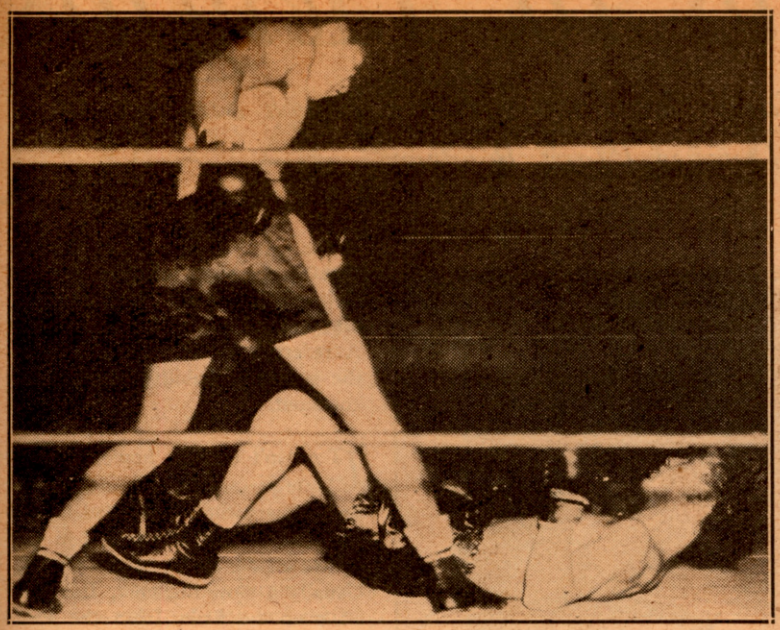
"The bell rang and Drake's second shoved him out into the ring. He announced to the referee that he, Drake, was none other than Napoleon.

"Paulino came in, uncovered, let go a right, and Drake fell in a heap. The crowd almost tore the club to pieces. There was the darnedest riot you ever saw.

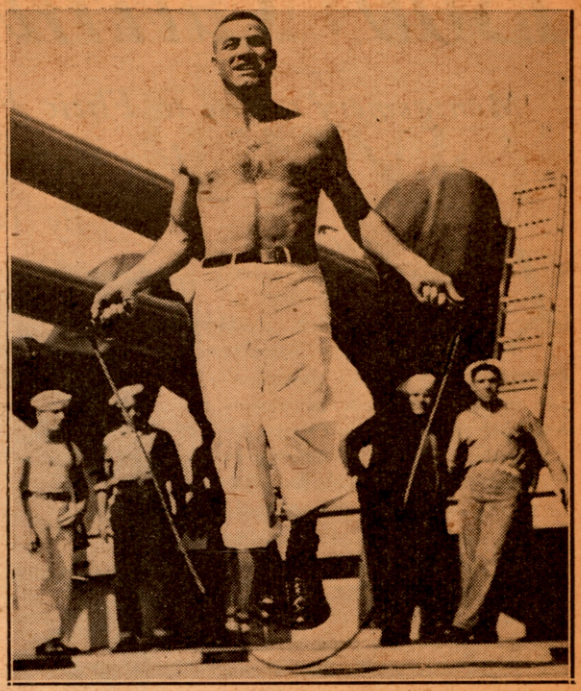
"The next day I was famous. Rather, infamous. The papers called me a faker, an assassin, a phony, a taker of money under false pretenses, and demanded that I return admission fees. That holler made me. I became known all over Paris, all over France—yes, all over Europe. I was made. I decided that fun was fun, and I could not risk any more such publicity on another match so putrid. I fired the matchmaker and took over his duties myself—and have been making all the matches ever since."

A fine, crafty, knowing guy in the fight business is this Captain Jefferson Davis Dickson, Jr., of Natchez, Miss. And he'll be back. Don't worry about that.

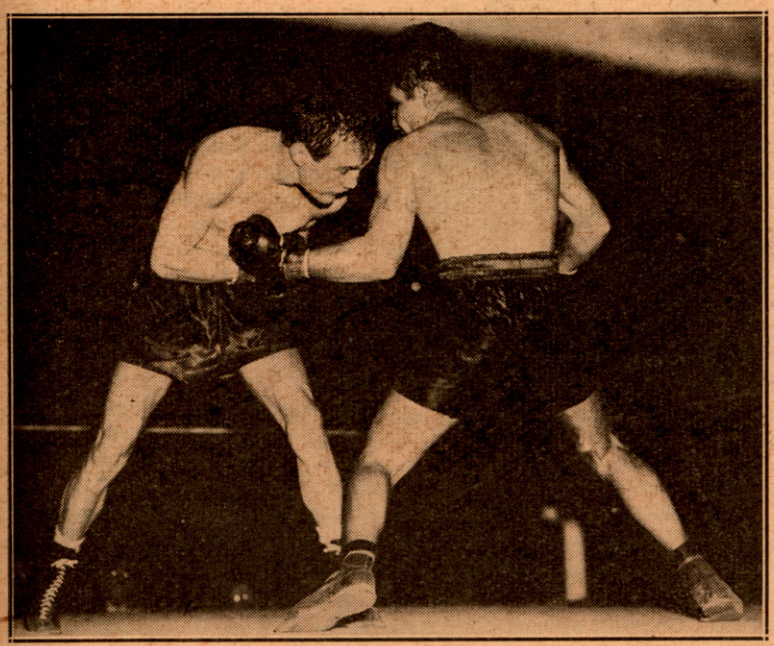
IN THE NEWS OF THE MONTH



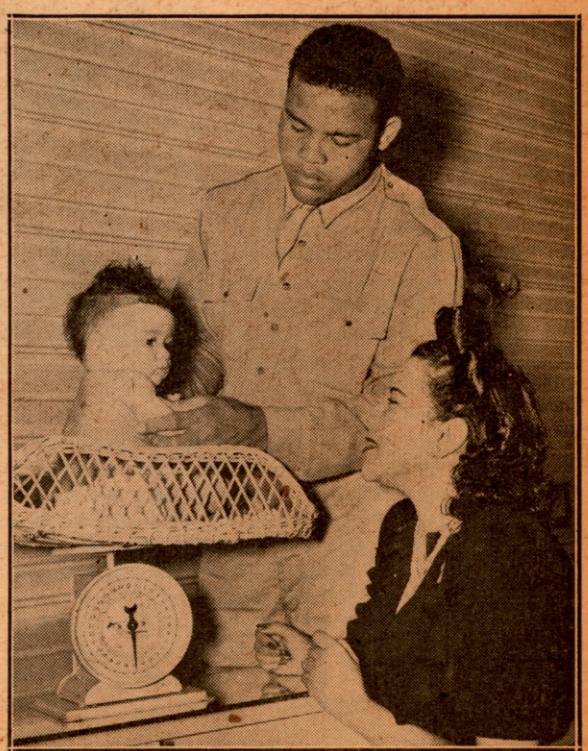
Sixth round of bout between Manuel Ortiz, world bantamweight champion, and Joe Robleto in Seattle. Ortiz swarmed all over his opponent and so far outclassed his man that the referee halted the bout in the seventh round.



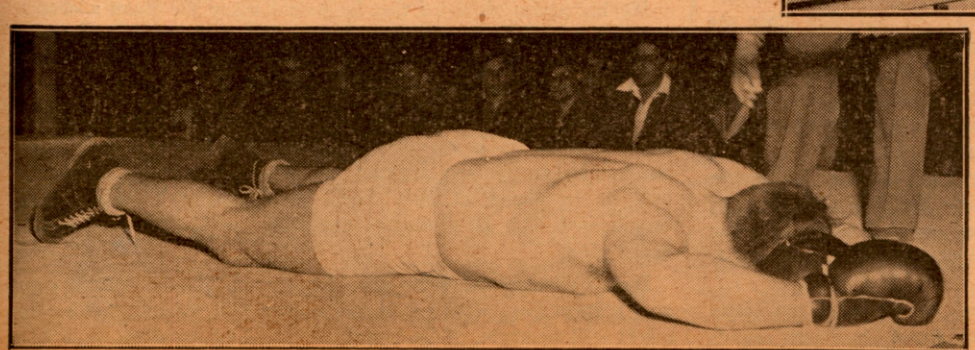
Fred Apostoli tuning up aboard a man o' war. The former claimant to world middleweight honors is in charge of a gun crew and has seen considerable action in the Pacific fighting area. He is one of the most popular boys in the U. S. Navy.



Jake LaMotta (right) lands a hard left to the mid-section of Fritzie Zivic in the tenth round of their return engagement at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh. Zivic won the decision in fifteen rounds. In their previous bout, LaMotta won in ten sessions.



Champion Joe Louis, home on a furlough from Hollywood, where he appeared in Irving Berlin's picture, "This Is the Army," decides to find out the fighting weight of his daughter. Joe puts Jacqueline on the scales as Mrs. Louis beams approval. He finds that his daughter tips the beam at 17 pounds ringside.



A scene in the heavyweight championship fight at the Yuma, Ariz., Army Air Field when Tom Mitchell, 245 pounds, was knocked cold by Ray Disney, 240-pounder.

Bob Climbs to Heights

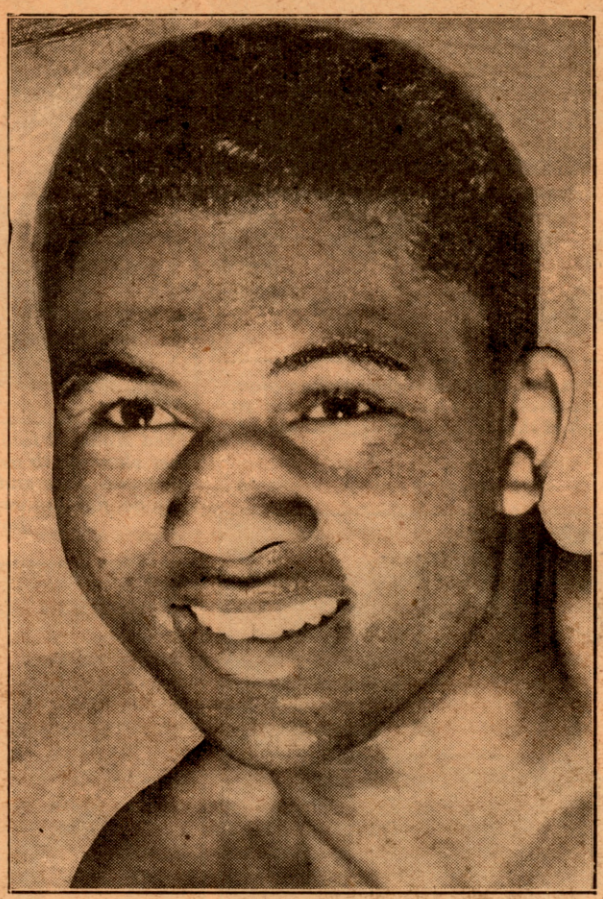
Montgomery's Rise to Fistic Fame Continues After a Tough Struggle—Is a War Defense Plant Worker

By JOHN WEBSTER

LONG regarded as Philadelphia's finest lightweight since the days of Lew Tendler, Bob Montgomery fought his way to the world's championship in his sixth year of professional boxing. Curiously enough, he gained the seats of the mighty in little more than six months after the time when his best friends were shaking their heads, and asking who should tell the rangy Negro that he was heading for the shadows.

In this period, the most remarkable in his career, the 24-year-old Montgomery, a resident of Philadelphia for ten years, literally came off the floor and shuffled back to display more violence than ever before. His recapturing of top form seemed almost unbelievable, but with the elimination of a blood-stream infection, he again was the slashing Bobcat of old, and the finest of lightweights in his time. He is now recognized as the title holder of his division in New York and in Pennsylvania.

His troubles began more than a year ago when a tonsillectomy, failing in its purpose, filled the rangy, broad-shouldered boxer's system with poison. He didn't have the old zip when it came to slamming. He lost a non-title battle to Champion Sammy Angott on a night in Madison Square Garden when the Philadelphian seemed no more than an innocent bystander.



Bob Montgomery, outstanding lightweight, claimant to world championship.

Later, he outfought the resourceful Sam at Shibe Park in Philadelphia, but was something less than sensational in doing it. The split decision went to Angott, and then, after a score over Bobby Ruffin in New York, the Negro, who had been popularly termed "the uncrowned champion," was floored and soundly thrashed by Maxie Shapiro, an 8-to-1 underdog at fight time.

That appeared to be the finish. Even Herman Taylor, the Philadelphia promoter, who is "pappy" to the Bobcat, didn't hear from the fighter for days afterward. When he did, the call came from a hospital.

Montgomery, he disclosed, visited a throat specialist after the stunning defeat. After a brief examination, the surgeon expressed wonderment that the fighter had been able to hold up his fists. His throat—one tonsil was only partially removed—was in serious condition, and his whole system had been affected. That explained his lethargy in those sloppy, gunshy battles.

Following an operation, Montgomery trudged back. He fought the man who'd beaten him in an upset—Shapiro—and won, by the skin of his teeth. Marse Robert appeared a sick man that night, a seasoned campaigner who knew what to do, though unable through lack of coordination to do it.

The Philadelphian looked better—much better—against Chester Rico in a lightweight "tournament" bout, listed for fifteen rounds at the Garden. In spite of the fact that his opponent ran like a thief, Bob caught up with him, smashed him into red defeat in seven rounds. A referee's intervention eliminated the strong probability of an actual knockout.

* * *

IT wasn't certain, however, until Montgomery fought fast-moving Lulu Costantino in Philadelphia's Convention Hall that he had regained all the old bang and bluster. Usually a slow beginner, Bob was all over the Lulu from the East Side in the first minute.

He outboxed him. He shook him with long, right-hand blows. He bullied him. He outdid the young boxing master at anything a fighter can do. It was a night when everything happened for the best for the Bobcat.

Looking at Montgomery that night, Tendler, the Lefty Lew of the Golden Era, said crisply:

"I never have seen a lightweight who could have beaten Montgomery tonight. He was the greatest of them all."

Up to that point, the popular Tendler always had insisted that no 135-pounder ever measured up to his best ring enemy, Benny Leonard!

Moving up to his May title match with Beau Jack, ordered by the New York Boxing Commission, Montgomery knocked out youthful Roman Alvarez with an awe-inspiring right-hand shot in Philadelphia, kept at blade-edge by boffing one Gene Johnson in Scranton, and whipping Henry Vasquez in Holyoke.

* * *

YOU all know what happened on May 21. Front-running Jack showered down in the first round, hit Montgomery with everything but the ring posts. Then Bob retaliated with a murderous right to the head as Jack backed him against a corner—and very shortly thereafter the Bobcat was the boss, albeit he was required to go fifteen rounds in his crown-lifting adventure.

Having given his word that he would allow the Beau a chance at the lost mantle, the Philadelphian will fight the sturdy fugitive from the Georgia battle-royals at the Polo Grounds on September 14. He is confident he'll repeat his victory.

In addition to his job as world's champion, the title he claims and to which he is rightfully entitled, Montgomery is a shipbuilder. When he isn't fighting, or making ready for slamming, he's to be found at Sun Ship. A blacksmith's helper, tall, long-armed Bob is a mighty man—in the smithy and in the roped ring.

Born February 10, 1919, near Sumter, S. C., the little Negro was a farm boy, working in the cotton and tobacco fields. He might still be there, if he hadn't *(Continued on page 43)*

MARINE PRATHER MAY BE ANOTHER TUNNEY

Corporal From Chattanooga and Indian Crutcher, Middleweight, Stand Out in South Pacific Competitions

By SERGEANT HY HURWITZ

(Marine Corps Combat Correspondent)

SOMEWHERE in the South Pacific—World War I and the Marine Corps produced one of the greatest heavyweight boxing champions of all time in Tunney, now Commander Eugene Joseph Tunney, U.S.N.R. From the current conflict, the boxing world is looking forward to a new and better crop of fighters. As an old fight writer from Boston, I can guarantee that the Marine Corps again will produce its quota. It's hard to tell whether we have another Tunney down here, not because the men aren't reading Shakespeare, but because they've been too occupied in a different brand of fighting.

Despite the pressure of combat training, however, the Marines here have been undergoing an extensive boxing training program and tournament. They have just concluded one 10 weeks' session under the direction of Captain Orien W. Todd, Jr., U.S.M.C., of San Diego, and Second Lieutenant Frederick F. Babo, a former sports announcer from Atlanta.

The actual managing and training of the Marine mitt-wielders was under the supervision of Marine Gunner Shannon Patrick Burke—where can you get a better fighting Irish name?—of San Diego, and Private First Class Jimmie Shepard, of Springfield, Illinois, who was a professional light heavyweight before enlisting in the Marine Corps. Their efforts brought an Inter-Divisional title to their team.

* * *

DURING the 10 weeks of training and tournaments, Marine boxers took part in 59 bouts. Twenty-nine of these were won by Leathernecks, nine were draws, 20 were dropped and one was a non-contest affair.

The Marines had representatives in all eight of the championship classes, from fly- to heavyweight. One of the most popular Marine performers was the diminutive Edward W. Genow, a Private First Class, who fought flyweights, bantamweights and featherweights. He is a terrific puncher for a little fellow and natives and Marines, alike, looked forward to his bouts.

Private First Class Genow participated in a Golden Gloves tournament in his native town of Bay City, Michigan, won the State Championship at 112 pounds in 1940 and lost out in the Chicago Golden Gloves finals.

As far as another Tunney goes, our nominee is Corporal William F. Prather, of Chattanooga. Corporal Prather is a rangy 175-pounder, a two-fisted puncher who also can take it. We saw him absorb quite a whipping in the first round of a bout with Private First Class Clyde A. Rasley, of Minneapolis, and come back to trounce Rasley over the last two chapters to win a unanimous decision in an Inter-Division bout.

Corporal Prather came to the Marine Corps with some boxing experience. He was the Southern 175 pound Golden Gloves champion in 1940. He threw some right crosses at Rasley that reminded this correspondent of the rights Max Schmeling tossed at Joe Louis during their first encounter, and with which Schmeling finally flattened Louis in the only fight Joe has lost as a professional.

PRATHER has been well handled by Marine Gunner Burke and Private First Class Shepard. Marine Gunner Burke is an old time Leatherneck and was Asiatic Champion in the light heavyweight class when he was fighting back about 10 years ago. While he has no aspirations as a professional boxing manager at present, he may someday become the Jimmy Bronson of World War II.

The leather-tossing Leathernecks had a regular schedule mapped out for them by Gunner Burke. Reveille for them came an hour ahead of their non-boxing buddies. They'd hit the road for an hour, getting back to their quarters in time to square away their "sacks,"—beds, to those unfamiliar with military terms—and fall in for breakfast.

After spending the morning on routine Marine work, the boxers did their training in the afternoon. Occasionally Burke and Shephard would don the gloves themselves to get a special point—or punch—across, and several times the sparring sessions in training were hotter than actual contests in the ring. Considering their many outside duties, the Marines worked themselves into excellent condition for their contests.

If the war doesn't last too long and Corporal Ned E. Crutcher, of Riverside, California, escapes unscathed, he might be developed into a better than average middleweight. Crutcher, graduate of the Carson Indian School and one of three Indians on the Marine team, has competed in the National A.A.U. championships, going as far as the semifinals in the tournament at Boston in 1938, where he lost a decision to Ezzard Charles, of St. Louis, now a prominent professional.

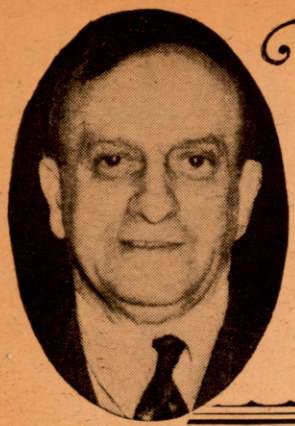
Another lad who will be remembered in the States is Corporal Robert Donovan, of Buffalo, brother of Jackie Donovan, welterweight. Bobby is a crack welterweight, winner of the Inter-Divisional 147 pound title and loser of but one bout back in the States, that to Willard Buckless, of Saugus, Massachusetts, a former National A.A.U. champion.

The uncertainty of conditions makes it difficult to attempt forecasts. However, the Marine Corps will have done its bit toward keeping the sport of boxing alive with the development of a fine group of potential professional boxers.

* * *

I LEARNED from Staff Sergeant Samuel E. Stavisky of Chelsea, Mass., a Marine Corps combat correspondent, that Cpl. Burrell W. Smith, who hails from Erie, Pa., and was the Iowa Golden Gloves welterweight title holder last year, is now throwing leather for the Leathernecks. According to Stavisky, Cpl. Smith is a member of the boxing team and finds South Seas inter-service competition as tough a brand as the stateside kind, with three losses and four triumphs out of seven matches.

During the early part of last year, he won the Iowa state amateur crown in both the welterweight and middleweight classes in tourneys held at Des Moines. In July, he exchanged his policeman's uniform (he was a member of the Oskaloosa, Ia., force) for that of the Marines and shortly after his basic training he was sent here with an amphibious outfit.



Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Boxing Experiences Its Dullest Outdoor Season

Fistic Drought Strikes Every Part of the Country

War Department Frowns on Commercial Bouts

NEW YORK experienced one of its dullest boxing outdoor seasons in years, with not one show of importance scheduled for the summer. The Eastern part of America's fight circuit, usually a most active one during the summer, was practically at a standstill.

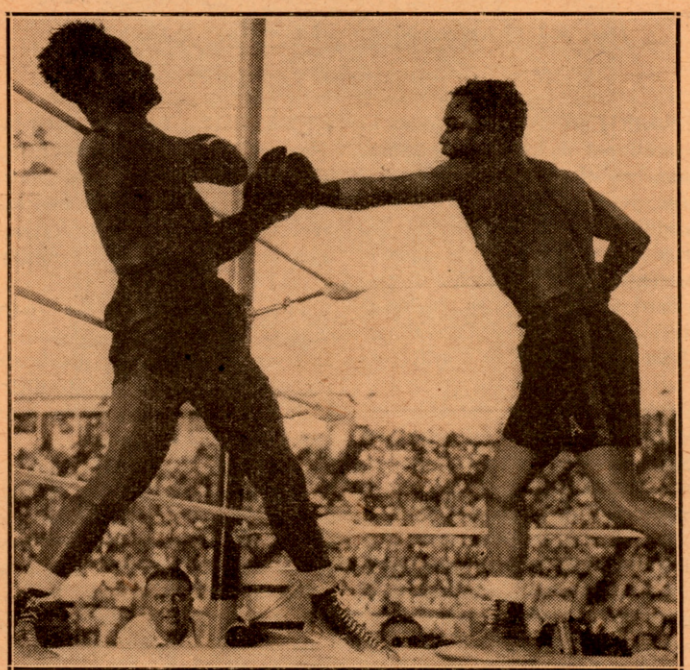
Herman Taylor staged one worth-while show in Philadelphia, and that was the extent of the fight program. Mike Jacobs has decided to come out with one outdoor card, a fight between Beau Jack and Bob Montgomery for Bob's crown, but that won't take place until the middle of September.

The situation that confronted the American public throughout the country was expected. With the Army following in the footsteps of the Navy in curtailing appearances of its men in commercial bouts, there is little left for the promoter except mediocre talent, which makes it risky for one to indulge in big time promotion. But the public is fight hungry and the promoters are aware of it, hence no matter how the shortage hits them, those who carried on last winter will continue to do the same during the coming indoor season. Already Mike Jacobs, world's leading master of fisticuffs, is figuring on arranging thirty-two indoor cards for Madison Square Garden. He feels confident that he'll do almost as well as last season—a banner one.

Larry Atkins in Cleveland, Herman Taylor in Philadelphia, Lou Fisher in Baltimore and Eddie Mack in Boston have announced that they will stage bouts as often as they have in the past, while in California, at Hollywood, in San Francisco, Oakland and San Diego, there will be no letup, no matter how the draft continues to strike boxing.

* * *

HEAVYWEIGHTS occupied the stage last month. While New York's ace promoter, Mike Jacobs, didn't hit the spotlight as in previous summers, those in charge of clubs in other parts of the country decided there had been enough of a drought and opened up the gates. The biggest of the attractions was the Savold-Nova bout in Chicago, a city which seems to be heavyweight-minded. The fight drew $45,959 gross. Out in California, Turkey Thompson got back into the picture with a quick knockout of Ben Moroz, the giant from New York. Though a pigmy compared to Big Ben, Turkey took his man into camp like a babe handles candy. Baltimore continued to draw big with Lee Murray as the star attraction. Lee won the Maryland heavyweight title by stopping Harry Bobo. The fight drew $27,722.17.



Shuffling Henry Armstrong lands a hard right to the jaw of Willie Joyce and breaks it. It was the second time that Homicide Hank has disabled Joyce. Henry and Willie clashed at Gilmore Field in Los Angeles and Henry won in ten furious rounds before fifteen thousand spectators.

Chicago, through Promoters Jack Begun and Irving Schoenwald, hopes to keep the pot boiling during the fall and winter, and in an effort to give the Windy City fans far more and better boxing shows than was the case last year, they are preparing contests in which Jimmy Bivins, Tami Mauriello, Lee Savold, Lee Q. Murray and Melio Bettina, if he can get permission from the Army, and Turkey Thompson are being given consideration.

The best of the civilian boxers in the various classes are under agreement to fight for Mike Jacobs, and as a result, with the shortage facing promoters, arrangements are being completed to pool the talent and have Uncle Mike co-promote in the various centers of boxing. This winter is likely to see Mike as co-promoter in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Los Angeles and Washington.

I think it is a splendid idea. Such a plan will enable boxing to be staged on a much bigger and better scale than through single-handed promotion.

* * *

THE Savold-Nova "contest" again proved that Yogi Lou should retire and thus stop imposing on the public. He is through as a ring attraction, and any promoter booking him after his miserable showing against Savold, does so at his own risk. As Joe Williams, Sports Editor of the New York *Telegram*, so aptly put it in his report of the bout:

"Everything worked out for the best in the brawl between Lou Nova and Lee Savold at the Cubs' park. Nobody was hurt but the customers, and they were too singularly happy to feel the pain. Mr. Nova wasn't long in presenting the American version of the horizontal Joe Beckett. He passed out gracefully amid vast body tremors and awful facial twistings after one minute and forty seconds of snorting and stumbling in the second round."

That tells the tale. Lou was a terrified person once he entered the ring. He feared his man, and aside from about one minute of activity during which he flicked his light left jab, he failed to show any fighting qualities. The money he "earned" should have been turned over to a war charity.

The first round was a "feeler" session for Savold. Most of the punches were light jabs.

Shortly after the bell sounded for the second round, Lee started to work on his man in earnest. He peppered his belly with smash-

ing blows until he had Lou cornered, and then he opened up an attack on the jaw. A left hook caught Nova with jarring effect. Then came a pile-driving right under the heart and the Yogi man lay sprawling on all fours. He curled up, lying on his side, while Referee Freddie Gilmore counted the fatal ten.

It was Savold's second triumph over the Van Nuys, Calif., giant. In their previous engagement in Washington a year ago last May, Savold scored a technical knockout when Nova failed to answer the gong for the eighth round because of deep cuts in his forehead and left eye.

Savold promptly went to work on Nova's right eye in the return bout and opened a cut under it by the end of the initial round. He kept landing effectively with long, snaky lefts, despite Nova's attempts to block them.

Nova had a nine and a quarter pounds advantage over his opponent. Lee scaled 192 pounds.

* * *

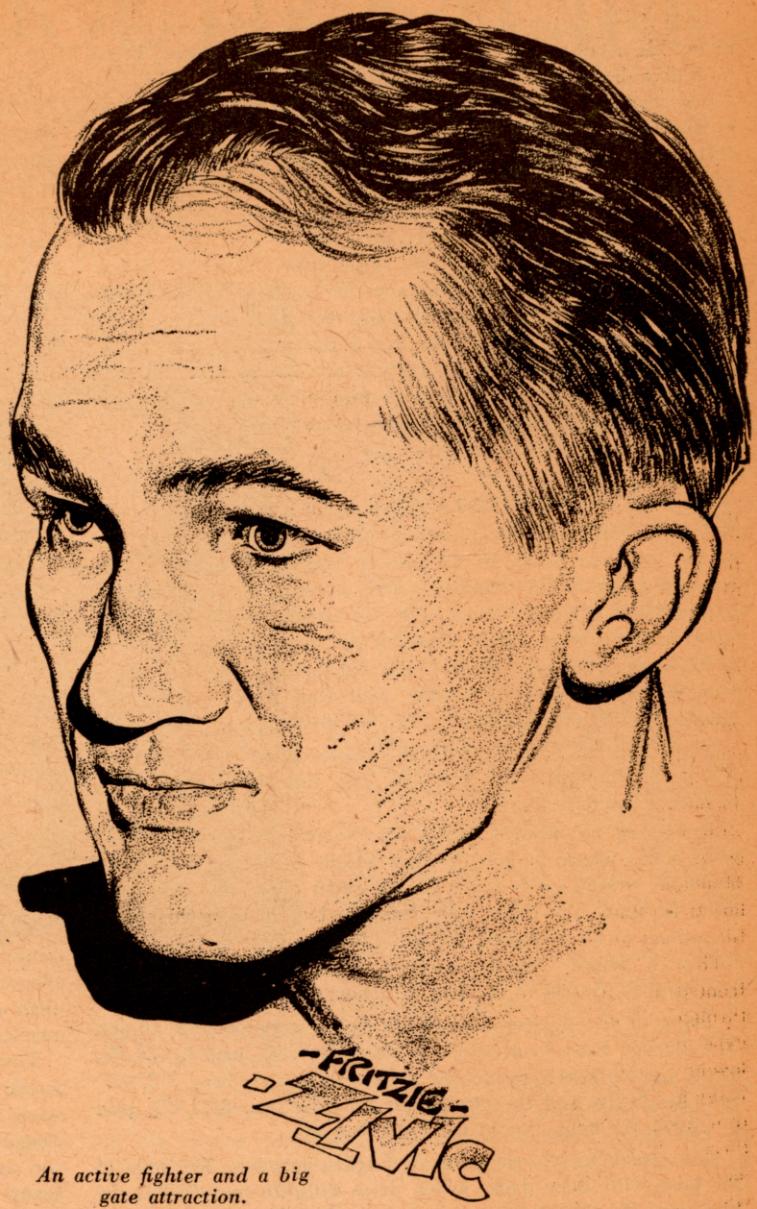
THAT same night Lee Q. Murray continued his climb to the fistic heights by stopping Harry Bobo and thus gained Maryland's recognition as the "duration heavyweight champion."

Page Joe Louis, Billy Conn and Melio Bettina! The end came in 2:1 of the eighth round.

The loser was ahead on points when Referee Baum halted proceedings. The end was rather dramatic. Just before the interference, Murray had floored Bobo, but Lee failed to listen to the command of the third man in the ring to go to a neutral corner and remained within reaching distance of his victim. As Bobo got to his knees, Murray rushed forward and landed a right that sent the soldier down heavily. Bobo's seconds piled into the ring protesting, but the referee waved all out and allowed the fight to go on. Less than a minute later, Murray pounded Bobo into a state of helplessness and the bout was halted.

* * *

THE folly of permitting boxers in the service who have been ring idle for some time to clash with top-flight boxers who, as civilians, are able to keep busy, was exemplified in the recent bout between Fritzie Zivic and Young Kid McCoy, a sergeant at Mitchel Field. The Kid, ring stale, facing a master boxer and fighter, didn't have a chance and was stopped in the fourth round. The soldier was floored twice before the referee interceded.



An active fighter and a big gate attraction.

The contest, the 171st for Fritzie in thirteen years of fighting, was even for two rounds, during which Zivic was using only a left hand attack to the body. Then he shifted to right hooks to the jaw and the blows found the mark with regularity until McCoy could go no further. The Kid drew first blood. A right dropped the soldier for an eight-count and when he got to his feet he tried to slug it out with Fritzie, but another right put him down again. He got up in the nick of time, but the referee thought he had suffered sufficiently and called a halt.

* * *

AN indication of how the wind will blow this winter in re furloughs for Army boxers who would like to appear in commercial bouts was the order to Young Kid McCoy and to Ray Robinson prohibiting either from engaging in any more such contests until further orders. The Navy took similar steps some time ago. The War and Navy Departments are eager to have all service men fit as a fiddle for the big task ahead of them—the clean-up job in Europe and in the Pacific islands—and frowns upon granting special permits to men of the armed forces for pro boxing.

Incidentally, both McCoy and Ray are booked to accompany Joe Louis on a tour of the war camps throughout the world. Though this has not come out officially, I recently learned that Louis has asked for them and for Jackie Wilson of California and George Nichols, his old sparring partner—all from Mitchel Field. The chances are that because of that, Mitchel Field may be the scene of Joe's first exhibition.

* * *

ZIVIC, who, like "Old Man River," seems to go rolling along, is one of the busiest boxers in the profession. The Pittsburgher has averaged a bout a month for the past ten years and is a good drawing card, one of the best, in his home city and in New York. He gets the customers through the turnstiles as few others can boast. Besides fighting all over the country frequently, Fritzie has found time to act as manager of Hickey Park, near Pittsburgh, and to handle a young, promising lightweight, Juste Fontaine.

Juste as an amateur scored many knockouts. He has a record of thirty-two in the first round. He won many championships in the Mid-West. As a pro he is hitting equally as hard, and Fritzie believes that his protege will go a long way in his chosen profession.

Juste was trained from the time he reached the age of twelve by Jack Teevan of Milwaukee, who thinks highly of the lad. Zivic was so impressed by the boy's showing in his home city that he bought a half interest in the boy and is now in partnership with Teevan. Juste makes his home with Fritzie on a farm in Lebanon. Zivic is priming him for a title and believes that he will make the grade. Fontaine is only nineteen years old. He fights on every card which is topped by Zivic.

Zivic doesn't have to depend on managing fighters to earn a living. He is one of the wealthiest fighters in the business. When he retires, he won't have to seek any benefits.

His contests with Jake LaMotta drew gates that grossed close to $200,000, of which Fritzie took down the major portion. At Pittsburgh, he drew with Jake, $91,000. On June 10, they drew $44,680, and on July 12, their engagement grossed $46,338. In Madison Square Garden against Beau Jack, Zivic was instrumental in attracting a gate of $70,291.

Those are only a few of the large gates in which Fritzie has figured. He is aging and may not be the best fighter among the civilians who are cashing in while their brother fighters are in the Army, but he undoubtedly rates as one of the biggest attractions in the field. Fritzie is exceptionally strong in Pittsburgh and in New York. His followings in those cities are big. He enjoys popularity because he usually gives the boys what they seek—action.

* * *

HENRY ARMSTRONG is following in Zivic's footsteps. He is building a stable of boxers to help keep him busy and to pay expenses when he decides to hang up his gloves. The one-time triple world champion, since coming out of retirement, has amassed a small fortune. He has taken part in bouts that have enabled him to obtain almost a quarter of a million dollars as his share of the receipts, and he is not through yet. His biggest gate will come when he clashes with Ray Robinson, the outstanding welterweight, shortly after we go to press.

Three lads are now under Hank's management—Cecil Hudson, Terry Gibson and Gene Johnson. The former champ expects to have a stable of six.

Armstrong has always been a gate magnet in New York and other areas where he fought when at the height of his career, and now, though he is much on the down grade, the fans continue to honor the great little ringman by attending his bouts regardless of his opponent. Including his last fight in New York, that with Sammy Angott, he drew a total of 247,991 persons, who paid $1,056,044 to see him in action.

Three of the thirteen New York fights were outdoor affairs. The Barney Ross bout, which grossed $160,000, paid by 28,270, at the Garden Bowl; the second fight with Lou Ambers, $137,927, paid by 28,116, and the clash with Lew Jenkins, $111,472, paid by 22,014, the latter two at the Polo Grounds.

The remaining eleven were all Garden matches. Previous to the bout with Beau Jack, which drew $104,976 and 19,985, the high was the $102,190, contributed by 19,205, for Armstrong's first meeting with Ambers. The first Ambers battle didn't draw his biggest Garden crowd, however. This distinction belonged to his last fight there, his knockout by Zivic, which was witnessed by 23,466, who, at lower prices, paid $78,242.

Here's a sum-up of Armstrong's Twentieth Century S. C. gates:

Opponent	*Receipts*	*Attendance*
Petey Sarron	$34,736	11,858
Billy Beauhuld	38,282	13,880
Enrico Venturi	32,444	11,952
Barney Ross	160,000	28,270
Ceferino Garcia	79,931	13,712
Davey Day	29,008	11,021
Lou Ambers	137,927	28,116
Lou Ambers	102,190	19,205
Pedro Montanez	59,575	19,146
Lew Jenkins	111,472	22,014
Fritzie Zivic	29,212	13,063
Fritzie Zivic	78,242	22,466
Beau Jack	104,976	19,985
Sammy Angott	55,502	13,303

In his most recent battle, the return engagement with Willie Joyce in Hollywood, Armstrong received $14,839.60 out of receipts of $46,839.60. The popularity of Armstrong may be gauged by the fact that in almost every bout in which the former triple champion has engaged since last January, the receipts have been $40,000 or more. This is indeed a great tribute to a great little fighter.

Henry, at thirty-one, is not the ball of fire he was when he tackled Petey Sarron to win the world featherweight crown; copped the lightweight crown from Lou Ambers and dethroned Barney Ross to win the welterweight championship, but he's still one of the best drawing cards in the game. He doesn't move about the ring as fast as he used to when he ruled the roost, and his endurance isn't what it was several years ago, but he still possesses enough on the ball to take into camp the best of the civilian fighters who are able to oppose him.

In his last battle with Joyce, the Chicagoan made Hank look bad in the first four sessions, and then Joyce faltered. He found that it wasn't wise to stand and trade punches with Hammering Henry. In the long run, Hank proved the superior.

In their first engagement Joyce won the tilt, but left the arena with a broken jaw that kept him on the sidelines for three months and in their return bout, Hank won and put his rival out of commission again. A stinging right cross broke Joyce's jaw again and Willie fought the rest of the mill on sheer grit. He put up a game exhibition and boxed beautifully, but couldn't catch up to his opponent despite the fact that Armstrong tired perceptibly.

* * *

SHORTLY before we went to press, I paid a visit to Fort Monroe in Virginia to show the sound pictures of famous fights one day and to referee some bouts the next, and what I saw at that beautiful camp convinced me more than ever that boxing will be the nation's leading sport after the war. The interest taken by the men in the camps in things pugilistic is simply amazing, considering that many had never attended a boxing match prior to joining the colors, and most of them had never put on a glove before taking a fling at the game as part of the recreation program.

The Army has done wonders with boxing. The instructors know how to teach and their assistants are all competent men. Those in charge of the boxing shows pair their men far better than do most of the nation's professional matchmakers. As a result, the boys in camp have become dyed-in-the-wool enthusiasts.

Fort Monroe was the forty-third camp I have visited since the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, and I get a bigger kick out of my work with each showing of the pictures or the refereeing. The Special Service sections of our Army are doing a wonderful job for our boys. Take it from me—I have observed their work in many sectors.

* * *

A FEW weeks ago I received a letter from Geneva, Switzerland, containing considerable data on famous European fighters I had seen in action in Europe and some of whose bouts I had refereed. The message contained the information that eighty-seven of the outstanding boxers of Germany, France, Italy, Holland and Belgium have been killed or wounded in action and that seventeen are missing—either prisoners of war or are unidentified dead.

This information was not a surprise to me, because of the record of our own fighters in this World War. Almost four thousand of our professionals and several more thousand amateurs are in the service. Already death in action has taken more than a dozen stars and many have been wounded in the battles at Attu, Northern Africa, Sicily and the South Pacific.

The whereabouts of Max Schmeling are unknown. The last heard about him, says our informant, he was spending a furlough in Hamburg.

That is easy to understand. When I visited Max in Europe, he told me that the bulk of his savings were invested in apartment houses in Hamburg, the best real estate center in Germany. But the British, who failed to get Herr Max at Crete, where he was wounded and for a time was reported as killed, evened the score with Schmeling.

Their terrific, sustained bombardment of Hamburg, a war production center, has left nothing but a pile of rubble of Maxie's possessions. When the

(Continued on page 35)

YOUNG *in* SOUTH PACIFIC

Garvey, Who Beat Freddie Cochrane, on Combat Duty With Marines — Donald Sandham, His Tent Mate

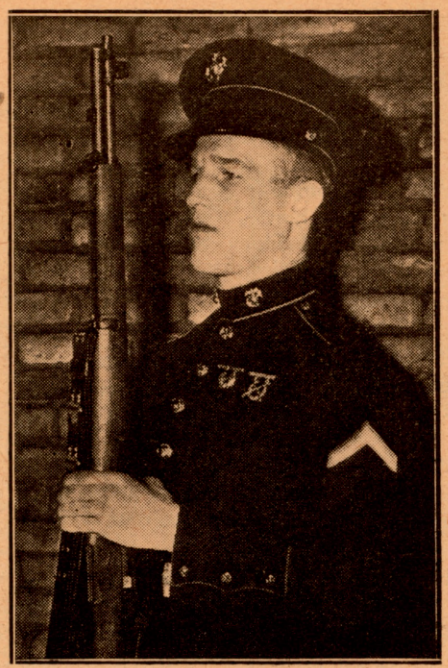
By T/S JOE MORANG, U.S.M.C.

SOMEWHERE in the South Pacific (Delayed)—You would think that a boxer who could whip the welterweight champion of the world and had proved it in a non-title bout, would want to stick close enough to that champion to catch him in a ring again some time when the blue chips were in the pot.

But Cpl. Garvey C. Young, a strictly Marine Corps leather-pushing product out of Akron by way of Boston and incidental sleeper jumps, would rather have a first crack at the Japs than another at Coxswain Freddie (Red) Cochrane, the incumbent upon the 147-pound throne.

Garvey figures that Cochrane can wait; the Japs can't. Besides, Freddie's crown is frozen for the duration, along with the world titles belonging to several other guys of assorted weights, while the season has been declared permanently open on the Japanese.

Young differs from all the other ranking Leatherneck leather-slingers in that he was a Marine before he was a nationally known ring figure, reaching his peak subsequent to enlistment, not prior to it.



Garvey Young, champion welterweight of the Marines.

"Carrying out the duties of a Marine corporal is my full time job," he will tell you. "Boxing is just a sideline."

That explains why he was more interested about the firing line in the South Pacific than the one in Madison Square Garden and why he continued to request combat service until his request was granted.

Garvey is twenty-four, which, as fighters go, is youthful enough to indicate that his future is pretty bright and that the war, even if it should be of several years' duration, is nothing but a temporary check on his career, provided he lives through it.

* * *

YOUNG'S convincing victory over Cochrane in May, 1942, came as something of a jolt to pugilism's laity, for while the inner circle of club and big time boxing knew his record and respected it, the average fan had never heard of him, or, having heard, had failed to remember.

But behind his triumph over the world's welterweight champion lay a background which, in itself, is proof that the victory was not a fluke, as has been suggested, or a flash in the pan, as also has been suggested.

Young was only fourteen years old when he began, as he phrases it himself, "hanging around" a Cleveland gymnasium run by the legendary Suey Welch, whose stable at that time was headed by K. O. Christner, a heavyweight contender, and Gorilla Jones, middleweight champion of the world.

The future Leatherneck made his pro debut as a substitute in a four-round curtain-raiser on a program featuring Fritzie Zivic. Remember that name! Garvey, who weighed 103½ pounds before a badly needed haircut, met and whipped Petey Pirrone, brother of the better known Patsy and Paul of the battling Cleveland family.

From that night on, he followed a long, red leather trail that led ever upward and was to be checked only nine times in 103 fights. He fought all through the vicious club cards of Ohio and Indiana while victory tumbled over victory in profusion. Bout distances grew from four, to six, to eight, to ten rounds.

But he didn't attract more than widespread local notice until he fought and defeated Jimmy Vaughan in 1937. At the time Vaughan was rated high as a lightweight.

The Vaughan victory opened up a new vista for Garvey, by now eighteen years old and full of pep, visions and left hooks. He entered it with a thundering triumph over highly rated Harry Weekly, and went on to spearhead an invasion of new territory by knocking out Buster Carroll, Southern welter champion, in Tampa, Fla.

The trail led on to Texas, where Manuel Villa and Domingo Torres were added to the swelling list of victims and to Colorado and New Mexico, where he waded through and cleaned out all available opposition.

New York was just beginning to notice that there was a Garvey Young when he returned to Akron, where they used to make tires. Nobody could be found to oppose him. He tried Cleveland, with the same answer.

That was in August, 1940. Garvey figured that if he couldn't find his own fights, he'd join an outfit that specialized in fighting of all shapes, sizes and descriptions without stipulations in weight, odds, or reputation. He became a private in the United States Marine Corps.

Young went through training at Parris Island and after finishing the recruit depot course, tarried at that South Carolina resort spot just long enough to knock out the welterweight champion of the Atlantic Fleet, one Tom Sharkey, Jr.

Nobody around Savannah or Charleston wanted anything to do with him of a professional nature, but business picked up considerably when he was transferred for duty to the Navy Yard in Boston, which he since has adopted as his home town.

In a fashion by now typical, he proceeded to wade through the list of New England eligibles, knocking the spots off all comers. Then, early in 1942, the Marine Corps began looking around for a Leatherneck to be its representative against the Navy in a bout with Sailor Fred Cochrane at Madison Square Garden. It was to be the headline attraction of a big program designed to swell the needy coffers of the Navy Relief Society.

Two Marines stood head and shoulders above the rest of the aspirants. One, of course, was Garvey Young. The other was Pvt. Donald Sandham of Chicago and Bayonne, N. J., who now is doing duty and sleeping in the same tent with Garvey. The two battlers met in Boston, with Young winning the right to oppose the sailor.

So you see, it was no fluke victory. The Leatherneck had plenty of schmaltz, as the vernacular puts it, and fully deserved his triumph, even though it did surprise a lot of people and caused a mild financial concussion among bookmakers along Jacobs' Strand.

Mike Jacobs took one look at *(Continued on page 44)*

33 YEARS AGO JOHNSON FINISHED BOILERMAKER

Jack's Fifteen Round Knockout of Jeffries at Reno in 1910 Is Recalled by Fistic Oldtimer

By RIGHT CROSS

IT can't be! Just imagine! Thirty-three years have passed since Jack Johnson knocked out comeback Jim Jeffries under a blazing sun at Reno, Nevada, on July 4, 1910. The seasons surely roll along!

The circumstances surrounding that fight are well known to all students of the ring. Jeff, who had won the world's heavyweight title from Bob Fitzsimmons, retired in 1905. He decided to let Marvin Hart and Jack Root fight it out for the succession.

At Reno on July 3, 1905, Hart, weighing 190, stopped Root, scaling 171, in the twelfth round.

That made Hart the champion—in the eyes of some experts.

On February 23, 1906, at Los Angeles, with Jeff as referee, Tommy Burns, weighing 180, won from Hart in twenty rounds—and announced himself the world champion.

Burns then proceeded to eliminate Jack O'Brien, Bill Squires, Gunner Moir, Jack Palmer, Jem Roche, Jewey Smith and Bill Lang. Squires was whipped thrice. They were a sad-looking lot.

On December 26, 1908, at Sydney, New South Wales, Jack Johnson knocked out Burns in the fourteenth round. That made Johnson the champion.

However, there were, of course, doubts. Jeff still was around. He was persuaded to come back. The day he signed to meet Johnson, the Boilermaker weighed almost 270 pounds. When he faced Johnson, Jeff scaled 217, Johnson 208.

* * *

O'BRIEN, Tony Ross, Al Kaufman and Stanley Ketchel all had failed in their attempt "to bring the title back to the white race" and Jeffries finally had consented to return to the wars to satisfy public clamor. Well, here are a few of the more intimate details just to freshen up your mind.

Jeffries, having once made Johnson "eat crow" in a San Francisco poolroom, was always of the opinion that the Negro lacked "heart." That fact, coupled with the chance to collect one more big purse, prompted the Big Fellow to sign articles at Hoboken, N. J., on February 1, 1910.

Every big-time promoter in the country was in New York hoping to land the match and it was agreed that all bids were to be opened at one time, the highest bid to be accepted.

"Tex" Rickard's bid of $101,000 was the highest. The next best was $65,000. "Tex" had overestimated the gambling instinct of the competition.

Johnson on the road while training for the fight with Jeffries. Today, a run around a small park over a two-mile stretch looks like bog work for the fighter, but not in the days of the old school, when a ten-mile run over the mountain districts was a daily occurrence.

The fight, originally scheduled for San Francisco, was forced to Reno when Governor Gillette announced that it would not be tolerated in California. Rickard made the change without a whimper, sold the partially built San Francisco arena for kindling wood and built a new one at Reno. The fight was witnessed by 60,000, and they paid $270,755 at the gate. Rickard refereed the battle and counted Jeffries out in the fifteenth round.

* * *

NOW we come to the part that has been debated for years. No man ever trained as Jeffries did for that engagement. He weighed almost 270 pounds, the day he decided to "come back." For months he ran ten miles every morning. Following the roadwork he would stretch out on a table to have Roger Cornell, his trainer, pinch, pound and push the fat from his stomach. In the afternoon he would spar with Jim Corbett, Joe Choynski, Bob Armstrong and Sam Berger.

The day before the fight, he weighed 217 and, according to Cornell, was almost as good as ever. The day of the fight he still weighed 217 pounds, but when he stepped into the ring it was apparent immediately that something was wrong.

Jeff seemed dazed as Billy Jordan introduced him to the crowd. He stood with legs spread as though bracing himself to keep from falling. When the battle started, he moved slowly, hit slowly, thought slowly. Then it was that the "doped" story was born, the story of how one of his trusted "friends" slipped a drug into a cup of tea the day before the fight, a drug that dulled Jeff's brain and partially paralyzed his limbs.

That is the one angle on this historic struggle which is still hidden in the shadows. Maybe it is true that Jeff was drugged, that the long delay before he entered the ring was due to his seconds being unable to arouse him from a nap in his dressing room.

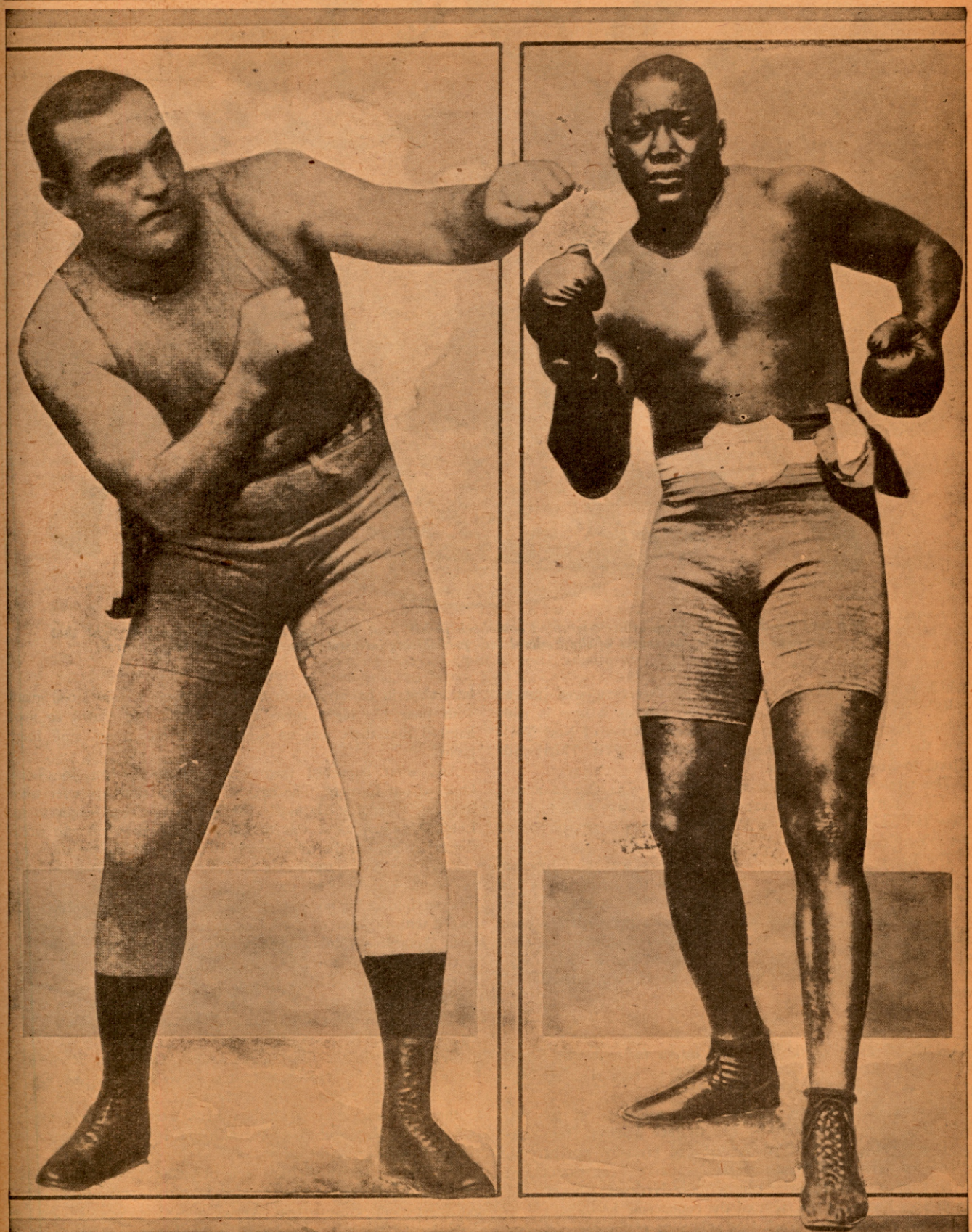
* * *

I SHALL never forget the doings following the news in New York that Johnson had knocked out the Boilermaker. I was then a reporter for the old New York *Press*, which later was absorbed by the *Morning Sun*, of which I was Sports Editor, and I was assigned to cover the New York Negroes' reaction to Johnson's victory.

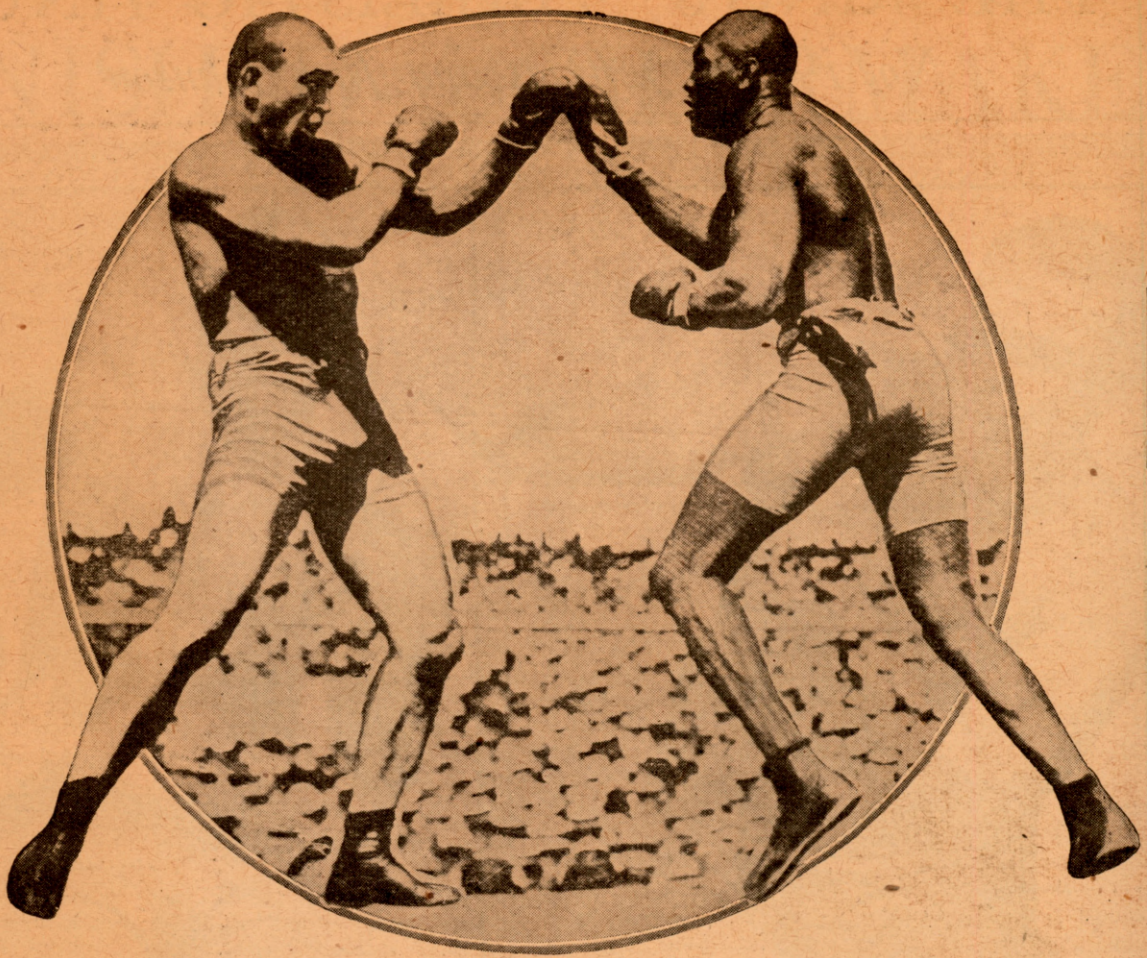
Harlem, then, was not like the Harlem of today. In those years the Negro had not penetrated into that section of New York to any extent. The section

"THE RING'S" PUGILISTIC PINUPS

No. 1—Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson



It was on July 4, 1910, at Reno, Nev., that Jack Johnson knocked out Jim Jeffries, who had retired as world heavyweight champion, in the fifteenth round of a contest that stands out as one of the highlights of ring history. In the above, Jeff is on the left, Johnson on the right.



The final stand of Jim Jeffries in his attempted comeback in his bout with Jack Johnson. It was this fight that brought about the enactment of the Federal law prohibiting interstate transportation of film pictures.

which now is a Negro city in itself, at that time, was just as thickly settled with the good old Irish folk as it now is with colored people, and the heart of the Negro section of New York was the San Juan district, extending from West Thirty-fifth Street to Sixty-sixth Street.

The week after the fight, when Johnson was due to arrive in New York to begin a vaudeville tour, I was told to keep close tab on Jack and Baron Wilkins' Hotel, the rendezvous of New York's leading colored sportsmen.

The Baron, one of Johnson's chief backers, was with Johnson in the West, but his place of business and the street where his hotel was situated, was the hangout of Negroes from every part of the city during the week following Jack's great victory over Jeff. In fact, the scene in New York's colored section and that of Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston and San Francisco was an exact duplicate of what took place in Harlem after Louis' triumph over Carnera.

* * *

ON the occasion of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, it was feared that if the Negro won, there would be race riots all over the country, especially in New York.

But no riots developed. It was on the afternoon of July 11, 1910, that I came into New York with Jack Johnson from Chicago, and unlike the predictions that had preceded our arrival, instead of race riots, Johnson and his party were surrounded by an admiring throng of 10,000 or more Negroes, who cheered themselves hoarse at the sight of the conquering hero.

The greeting in New York was only part of the big reception that Jack received all along the route of the Twentieth Century Limited, and as a result of the throngs that packed the stations where our train stopped, we reached the Big City just five hours late. Captain Langtry, with his 125 policemen, who stood guard with their big night sticks handy, found the crowd so good natured that there was no necessity for any rough stuff being pulled.

And what happened then was duplicated when Joe Louis knocked out Carnera. The days of the race riots are over when it comes to sports. Naturally the Negro race was eager to see Louis win, just as it was to see Johnson carry off the world championship, but the colored race is a fine sporting people.

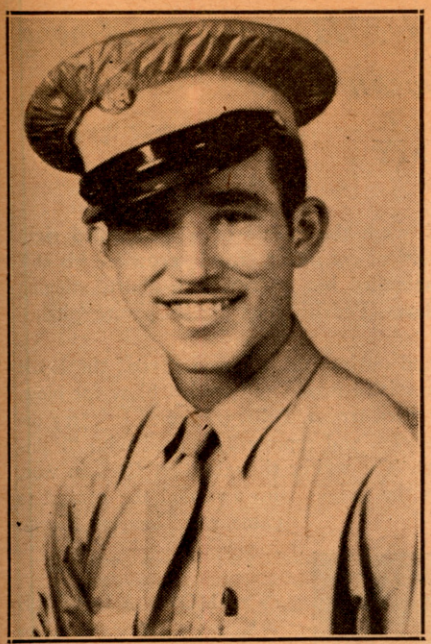
When the police were able to clear a path for Johnson after the train had reached the Grand Central Station, Jack was ushered into a big automobile, and with about fifty other cars loaded with the elite of the Black Belt and about thirty reporters from America's leading newspapers, including yours truly, we started on our way towards Johnson's stopping place near Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street.

The police gave full credit to Johnson for the fine manner in which the entire affair was handled. When he reached New York, in his first interview, he said:

"Why bring in the Black Race against the White Race? My battle with Jeffries was not a contest between Black and White, but between two athletes who were out to establish their right to the heavyweight championship. Let's treat the whole matter in a sporting light and avoid any talk that is likely to antagonize either my people or the white folk."

In Chicago, where there was a turbulent black section, and an equally turbulent white, it was Johnson's presence of mind and his general attitude that averted a riot. He avoided the big drinking parties that were tossed in his honor, and on the ride to New York he likewise avoided such parties. Whatever drinking he did was done in his own drawing room, where he and his wife remained throughout the trip. *(Continued on page 39)*

With Our Fighting Men



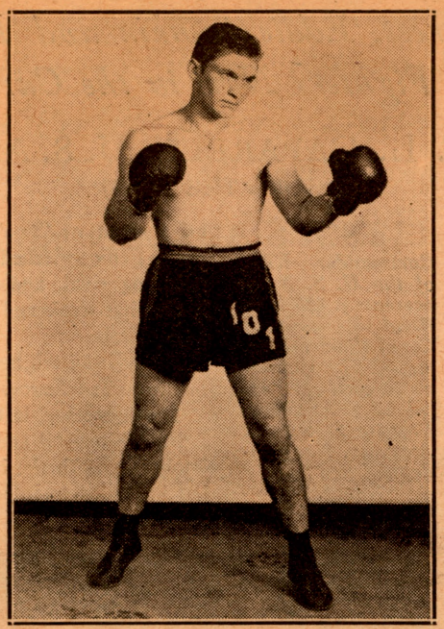
Cpl. Mario Rivera of New York, boxer, trainer and orchestra leader.

CPL. MARIO RIVERA

CPL. MARIO RIVERA, a trainer and handler of boxers in New York prior to joining the Army, is now stationed at the Omaha Radio School. Mario trained Ossie Rodriguez, fine New York club featherweight fighter. He also took charge of Ray Puig, pleasing Tampa lightweight, and Pepito Rivera, New York bantam, who is now one of the stars of Camp Stewart's excellent boxing team.

Rivera is a Puerto Rican—a real Latin from Manhattan. He is nineteen years old and has been in the Air Force for the last six months. He did considerable boxing as an amateur in Puerto Rico.

Mario is kept busy at camp. In addition to attending school, and boxing, he also is a member of the camp orchestra. Since joining the Army he has seen service at Fort Dix, Atlantic City, Seymour Johnson Field in North Carolina, Hammer Field in California, and now at Omaha.



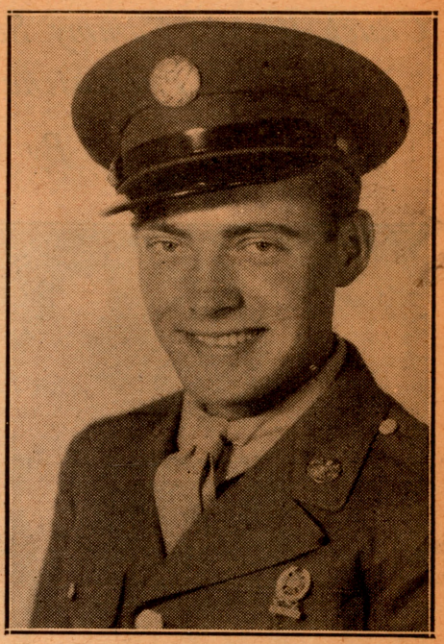
Cpl. Vic Exton, star California amateur.

* * *

CPL. VIC EXTON

CPL. VIC EXTON, a former California star amateur, is also at the Omaha Radio School. As a simon-pure he won 36 out of 38 bouts on the Pacific Coast and hopes, when the war is over, to take up professional boxing as a career. During his off time, he boxes with Cpl. Rivera and when at school or studying, he operates the radio with his chum.

Exton is a splendid boxer. He has a sharp jab and can handle himself well in the ring.



Buddy Gomer, who lost a close decision to Dave Jiminez in Camp Kohler middleweight championship bout.

PVT. BUDDY GOMER

PVT. BUDDY GOMER, former correspondent for THE RING Magazine, is one of the outstanding boxers in the Army. Buddy recently lost a close decision to Dave Jiminez in the middleweight championship contest at Camp Kohler, where he held the crown. He has had a total of 78 bouts. He is a former pro and at one time held the Mississippi Valley A.A.U. middleweight title. He is a member of the Signal Corps.

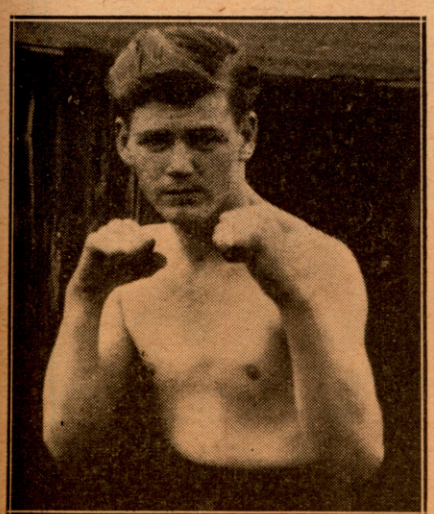
Two years ago he was selected as the best prospect of the month by THE RING. Buddy is twenty-three years old.

* * *

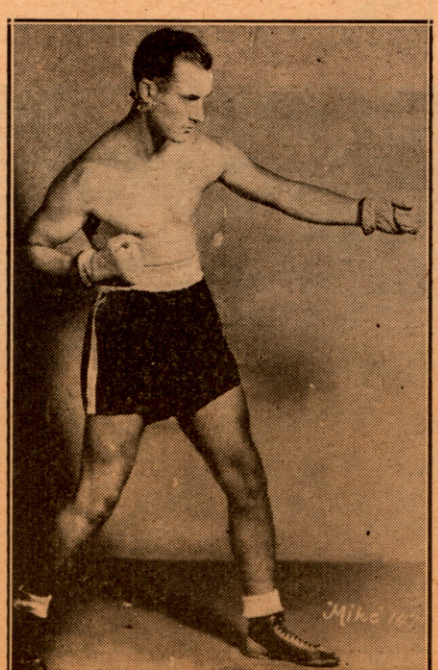
DICK RUSSELL

DICK RUSSELL, who promoted several hundred amateur shows in the Mid-West with his partner, Les Showers,

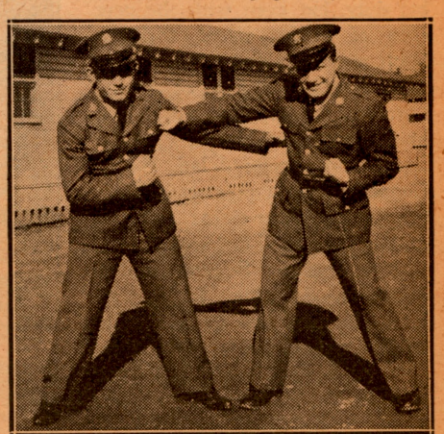
(Continued on page 39)



Mike Vezina of Montreal, who is in the Canadian Army.



Mike Musulin, in the R.C.A.F. of Canada.



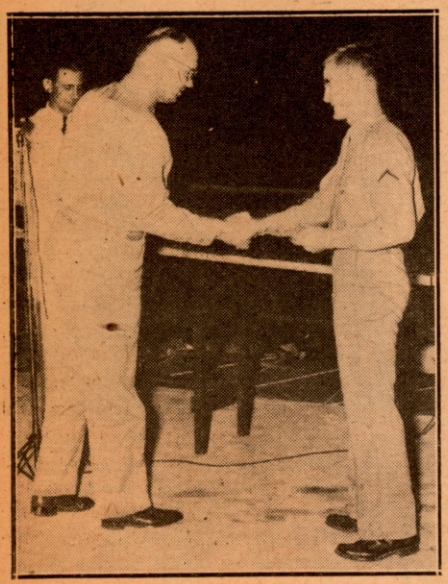
Sgt. Al Roth, former star New York lightweight, is doing a swell job in the Army. He is a boxing instructor and helps in the recreation department of his outfit. Here we see Al (right) and Cpl. Anthon C. Nigro, somewhere in the Caribbean.

ARMY BEATS NAVY

Chuck Woods, Sammy Secreet, Eddie Rankin and Pedro Hernandez Among Professional Fighters Now in the Caribbean Zone

By P. L. CAPARELL, U. S. ARMY

(Special to THE RING)



Commander King of the U. S. Navy presents a $25 War Bond to winner of Canal Zone boxing match. The runner-up in each class received $10 in War Defense Stamps in Army vs. Navy Independence Day bouts.

BOXING came into its own again in the Caribbean zone during July after a lapse of many months during which only a few contests were staged, mostly by Sgt. Al Roth, former lightweight contender. Competition between the Army and Navy, a show in which thirteen events were staged, was the highlight of the month. The affair was held in the Balboa Punch Bowl and was witnessed by a huge gathering.

Few of those who had taken part in previous boxing shows were listed in the competition because they have been sent on combat duty, but even with the new crop of boxing talent, thrilling bouts were on view.

By far the best fight of the entertainment was that in which a handsome Leatherneck, Johnny Latta, and a colored lad, Henry Cooper, were the opponents. They are junior lightweights and the milling they exhibited would have kept a Madison Square Garden crowd on edge. The Marine won in a slugging bee in which he held the upper hand from the start.

In a hand-to-hand duel that brought the fans to their feet, Felix "Flash" Crespin, the Army's latest bantamweight sensation, dropped a questionable decision to Pedrito Nieves, in a three rounder punch-filled with action. Floored in the first canto for the brief count of "two" through the effects of a well timed right cross, Felix switched position, got into a crouch, crowded his stiff punching rival, and pummelled his midriff with short, stinging hooks that weakened Nieves. Pedrito, hurt and desperate, pitched back wildly.

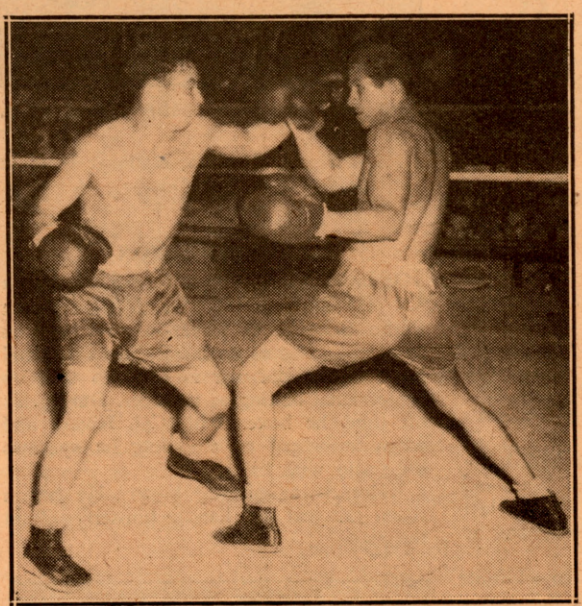
Though outweighed and outreached, Crespin forced the battle in the second frame. He mixed inside and traded blow for blow.

The aggressor, in the third fracas, Felix continued to carry the fight. He bobbed and weaved and repeatedly scored with "right-hooks" beneath the heart. The writer thought that Crespin won, but he failed to impress the judges who awarded the contest to game, stout-hearted Nieves.

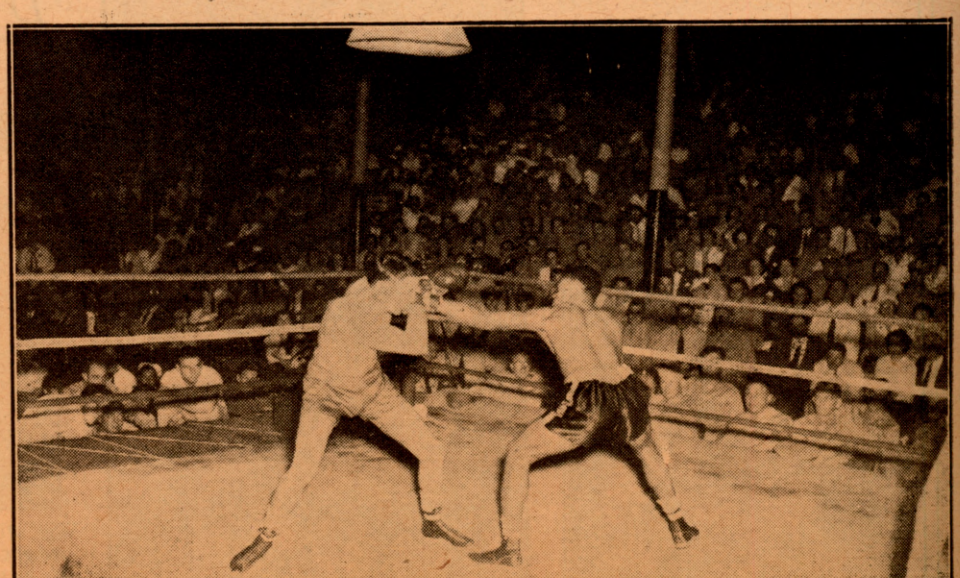
* * *

RAMON ALPERS provided an upset when he beat the Navy's champion, Bill Dickey, by a slight margin. A fast, shifty boxer, with an excellent left jab, Dickey cast all science to the winds to score a quick "black-out." Alpers, a fair body puncher, slipped beneath the wild "right" of Dickey and

(Continued on page 44)



Bantam Felix "Flash" Crespin of California (left) lands his left to the eye of Pedrito Nieves of Puerto Rico, an Army featherweight. Nieves copped the bout on a split decision. It was a close, interesting contest.



Johnny Latta of the U. S. Marines (left) and Henry Cooper, a colored lightweight, engage in a slugging bee before a packed arena. Latta came out on top.

Shades of a Fighting Trio

Romance Radiating From All-Time Ring Record Book Recalls Careers of Freddy Welsh, Aurelio Herrera, Young Corbett, Who All Passed Away in Summer of 1927—Short Periods Between Deaths of Famous Lightweights Was Singular Feature of Their Eventful Histories

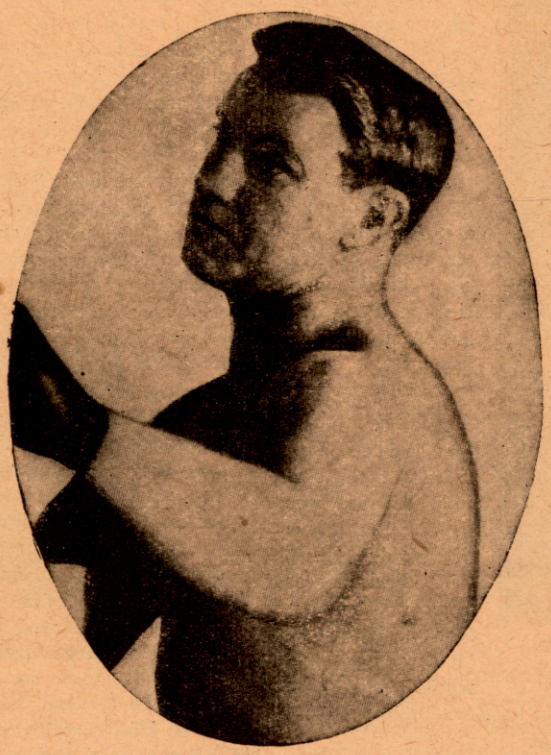
By GEORGE TICKELL

EXCEPT for ardent fight fans and students of fistic history, tabulated ring records make somewhat monotonous reading. Yet here and there prosaic dates and figures occasionally bring to colorful life memories of achievements of great gladiators to one who reads between the lines, so to speak.

A phone call to THE RING Magazine office the other day asked for information regarding the fighting careers of former lightweight champion Freddy Welsh, Young Corbett and Aurelio Herrera. The delver for knowledge supplied the necessary details, and then leaned back to meditate on the romantic drama which seemed to leap from between the sternly practical pages of Nat Fleischer's All-Time Ring Record Book.

For here were three of the greatest lightweights of Queensberry days, who, in their time, were topliners in the sport news, and all of whom passed over to the great majority during the summer of 1927.

By an odd coincidence, only a few hours separated the deaths of Herrera and Corbett. The former died in a San Francisco hospital after a lingering illness of several weeks; the latter succumbed to an attack of heart disease in his native burg of Denver, Colo. The double event occurred on April 10, 1927. On July 27 of the same year Freddy Welsh expired in his New York home.



Young Corbett, a champion who possessed a terrific wallop.

Dandy scrappers every one! Corbett and Herrera were the most sensational of the trio. Each belonged to the hard-socking, knock-'em-dead-with-a-wallop contingent. Welsh was strictly a scientist, a foxy, cagy performer, who fought along conservative lines, made monkeys out of the sluggers and out-clevered the clever ones. He never was a popular idol, because he never took a chance. Fight crowds are never strong for the scientific sharps; they applaud them when they win, but not in a wholehearted way. The man with the punch always has the strongest fan-following.

* * *

JUST the same, Freddy Welsh went serenely on his way making fight history. He never worried as to whether the mob liked him or not, and he didn't have to care, for he kept on winning consistently. A perfect master of defense, he was nearly always a sure bet not to lose, even if he didn't win. In other words, if the going got too rough to suit him, Welsh went into a tortoise-like crouch, blocked every punch that was hurled at him, and drove his opponent frantic as the latter tried vainly to penetrate his shell. He was ever a good gambling risk.

Though born in Wales, he learned all he knew about boxing in the United States. His first fight was in Philadelphia with Young Williams, and he won on a six-round knockout. That was in 1906, and during the following year he fought nineteen six-round, no-decision bouts in the Quaker City, after which he began to venture farther afield and very soon his name was listed high in the lightweight ranks.

In his subsequent career, Freddy built up an extraordinary winning record. His first setback was at the capable hands of Packey McFarland, who took a decision over him at Milwaukee in ten rounds. But at Los Angeles a few months later, he held Packey to a twenty-five-round draw. He went on to beat a host of good men, and on May 30, 1910, he and Packey had it out again, this time before the National Sporting Club of London.

A draw in twenty rounds resulted. Both were master scientists, neither would take a slugging chance, and they never met again in the ring, leaving the question as to which was the supreme "win-on-points" artist unsettled.

On July 7, 1914, Welsh realized his life's ambition by whipping Willie Ritchie in London and winning the world's lightweight crown. He held on to the crown for over three years.

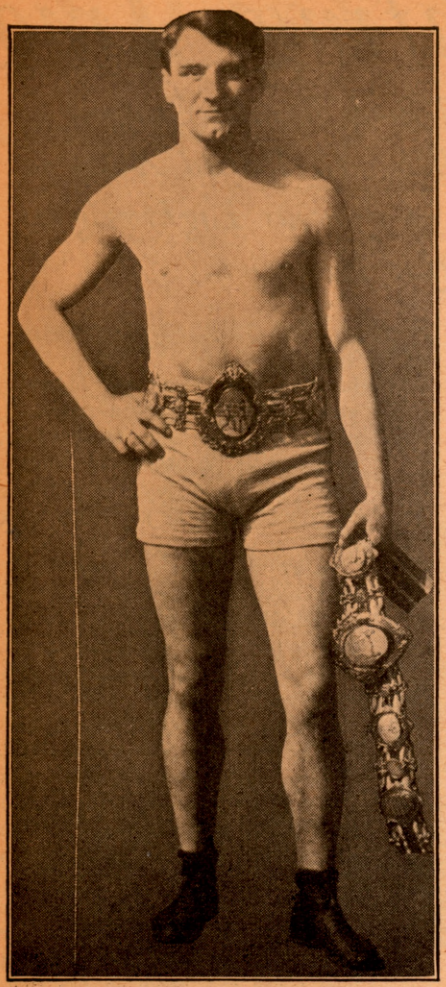
There was a new star gradually coming into sight on the pugilistic horizon in the person of Benny Leonard, pride of New York's East Side. Leonard had watched Welsh box many times and studied his every move. Benny had been beating all the good lightweights East and West, and was carefully edging his way toward a match with the champion.

On July 28, 1916, Leonard boxed a bout of ten rounds, no decision, with Welsh at Brooklyn. During that encounter Benny got a much-desired line on the champion. That was always Leonard's style. A glance at his record shows that in many cases he did a sort of scouting job with an opponent in a first battle, acquired the knowledge he wanted, and knocked him cock-eyed in a second meeting. Leonard, as clever as they made 'em, was an artist at winning on points. But—he also possessed a deadly kayo wallop, and turned it loose with a frequency which endeared him to the fans.

In the year following, or to be exact, on May 28, 1917, Leonard got a shot at Welsh's title in New York City. The shot landed plumb on the target, for Welsh was kayoed in the ninth round.

Welsh won a few fights after losing his crown, defeating Willie Green, Willie Jackson, Bert Forbes, and winding up his long ring career by boxing a ten-round draw with Clonnie Tait at Winnipeg, Canada, on August 22, 1921.

His fighting record stretched over a period of nearly sixteen years. During that time he lost two points decisions, one to McFarland, the other to Matt Wells, and took the full count for



Freddy Welsh, who won crown from Willie Ritchie.

the first and only time when he lost the lightweight title to Leonard. Thus, out of 155 battles, but three defeats were listed against him.

There have been more colorful boxers in action than Freddy Welsh. But he cannot be denied a place on the register of great lightweights. A master scientist, gifted with a high degree of intelligence, he was a credit to his chosen profession, had a host of good friends in the better walks of life, was happily married and enjoyed unbroken domestic happiness.

* * *

BOTH in character and fighting style, Aurelio Herrera was the direct antithesis of Freddy Welsh. The Mexican was a wild, harum-scarum, happy-go-lucky individual whose great ring asset was the possession of a terrific right-hand wallop that usually meant curtains for the chap it landed on.

He might have been a champion had he taken better care of himself, but he detested the training grind, and was seldom in really good shape for a scrap. Yet during his eleven years of active ring service, he engaged in eighty-one battles and scored forty-eight clean knockouts, which is pretty fair evidence as to the efficiency of his deadly right mawley.

To say that Herrera carried the hardest punch of all men in his class sounds like a pretty broad assertion. Yet any veteran of the game, fighter or boxing critic, who saw him perform will back up that claim as being the petrified truth. So will anybody who crossed arms with him in the ring. When Herrera socked 'em, in nine cases out of ten they stayed socked and they stayed down!

The Mexican was anything but a fancy boxer. He used his left hand mainly for the purpose of making an opening through which to send that devastating right. He never swung the right. It was delivered either straight to the jaw, or as an uppercut, and it was always a short punch, traveling only a few inches. But its effects were certainly dynamic!

Nor was he much on showy footwork either. He boxed flat-footed, shuffling around the ring in a style reminiscent of that other socking gent, Bob Fitzsimmons. He never rose on his toes, and of course the flatfoot stance gave him an excellent base from which to get in the full force of his lethal punch. When that punch came, it came with the speed of light, a glove-thunderbolt if there ever was one!

He had twenty clean knockouts to his credit when he tangled with Terry McGovern at San Francisco on May 29, 1901. Terry was then at the height of his fame, and Sam Harris took him to the Coast to meet the sensational Mexican. The latter had a few pounds in weight advantage, but as was usual with him, some of this was excess stuff, while McGovern was in the very pink of condition. Terry won on a knockout in the fifth frame, but he had several extremely close calls before he finally got home a decisive punch and ended the fracas.

* * *

IN after years McGovern was wont to give frank testimony to the effectiveness of Herrera's punching power. Said Terry: "Nobody I ever met in the ring equalled Herrera as a punisher. Neither Oscar Gardner, Joe Gans, Young Corbett nor anyone else ever hit me so hard. He had the wallop of a middleweight. Before I stopped him in that fifth round, I felt as though I had been mauled for forty rounds. He almost broke me in two every time he landed on me!"

Young Corbett, who was kayoed by Herrera in five rounds, was every whit as emphatic as McGovern in tabbing the Mexican as the most deadly puncher among the lightweights.

"Of all the wallops I ever sampled, Herrera's was the toughest," declared Corbett. "Terry McGovern had a great punch in each hand, but the best Terry had was nothing compared with that Greaser's right. It was the nearest thing to a mule-kick I ever felt. He'd have been a champ for sure if he could only have kept away from liquor and taken some care of himself."

The last sage observation had a lot of truth in it, but it surely was a case of the pot calling the kettle black, coming from the source it did. For his convivial habits and neglect of training was what eventually put Young Corbett on the down grade.

It was a tradition in ring circles that Herrera used to drink a quart of whisky in his dressing-room before a fight. That was stretching it a bit. But the Mexican's usual practice was to take a swig or two of liquor, or of his native argaudiente or mescal before entering the ring. For that matter, there were plenty of other scrappers who liked to take a sip of Dutch courage prior to the call of time.

But Herrera went much further than that. The writer saw him take on two men in one night at the Pyramid Club of Chicago. That was in 1904 and his opponents were Kid Abel and Kid Farmer. Both were local favorites and hard punchers, and each was scheduled to go six rounds with Herrera.

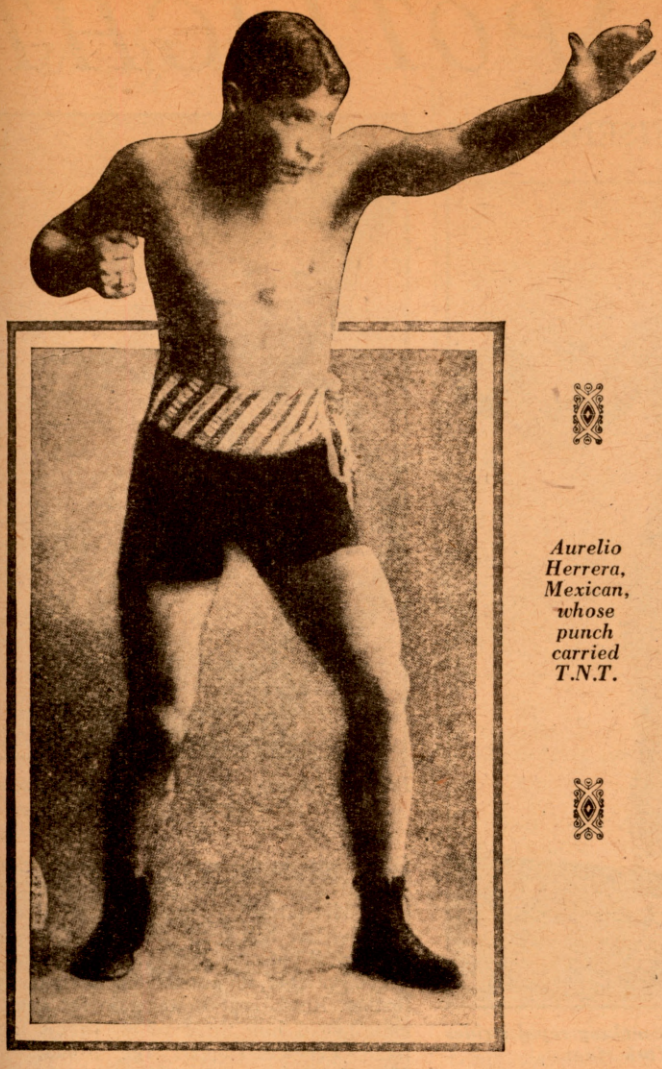
When the Mexican came to his corner, his retinue of handlers followed him, carrying six bottles of beer which they deposited in a handy spot. Before Aurelio stepped forward to receive the referee's instructions, he motioned to a second, who opened a bottle and handed it to his principal. Herrera drained the amber fluid to the dregs in a few gulps and a murmur of astonishment ran through the ranks of the press stand. None of us had ever seen anything like that before.

* * *

THE general opinion was that the swarthy battler must be either half drunk or crazy. But he was neither. Kid Abel was the first to face him. Herrera shuffled around carelessly as Abel rushed him, blocking a two-handed assault on his body, and jabbing in a rather perfunctory fashion. The Mexican seemed little inclined to fight, and Abel continued to be the aggressor and was loudly cheered when the round ended.

The second frame was much the same as the first, with the local man rushing and Herrera contenting himself with lazily warding off the attacks. Neither had sustained any damage and we were wondering where that far-famed punch of the visitor's was. The crowd began booing the Mexican, who only grinned as he went to his corner and drank another bottle of beer. Came the third frame and Abel, encouraged by the plaudits of his admirers, opened up with all he had. The Kid rushed Aurelio to the ropes. Herrera broke away and retreated. In came Abel headlong. Then it happened!

Abel's guard was down for a second as he swung for the body. Like a striking cobra, out flashed Herrera's right—straight and true to the chin. Abel collapsed as though struck by lightning and never moved a muscle as he was counted out. The victor languidly walked to his corner and refreshed himself with another beer.



Aurelio Herrera, Mexican, whose punch carried T.N.T.

It was stipulated in the articles that Herrera was to be allowed a half-hour rest between the bouts. But this Aurelio disdained, stating that he was in a hurry to get out of there and requesting that Kid Farmer be trotted out pronto. Meanwhile he drank his beer. Accordingly Farmer made his appearance, but he didn't linger long on the scene. A powerful youth, chockful of confidence, his nerves were apparently unshaken by the disaster which had happened to Abel, and he set sail for Herrera in cyclone fashion.

Back went the Mexican in shuffling retreat, with Farmer crowding him persistently. Not thirty seconds of the round had elapsed when Herrera's right darted for the target. This time it was a short uppercut that caught Farmer on the chin. The punch lifted the Chicagoan fairly into the air, his feet flew up, his head went down and he crashed to the floor as limp as an oyster! It took the loser's seconds fifteen minutes to bring him back to consciousness.

* * *

ANOTHER of Herrera's victims who always claimed that the Mexican was the hardest-hitting lightweight of his day was Kid Broad. The Kid was an abnormally tough bit of scrapping machinery who had fought the best of 'em and certainly knew what he was talking about. He was fighting Herrera at Butte, Mont., in 1903, and doing very well up to the fourth round. Then his chin collided with the Mexican's right, and Broad took a swift trip to dreamland. The Kid afterwards swore that he could feel that punch for over a week.

It was Herrera who decisively checked the upward climb on the pugilistic ladder of Benny Yanger, the spectacular little Chicagoan, who first as a featherweight and then as a lightweight was forging ahead rapidly and looked like a champion in the making.

They met at Butte on June 13, 1904. Yanger was fast, a slugging two-handed hitter and as aggressive as a pit terrier. He was carrying the fight to Herrera at a tremendous pace as they went into the eighth round and it looked like two-to-one on the lad from the Windy City. But the Mexican suddenly unloosed that right thunderbolt. It flashed upward and crashed under Yanger's chin. Benny left the floor as though lifted by invisible wires. He went up in the air, twirled around and came down head foremost, landing on his side and breaking his shoulder blade. Yanger was out for nearly twenty minutes.

Sheriff Jack Quinn was afraid that the stricken fighter might never come to. He put Herrera under temporary arrest, refusing to let him leave the building for the time being. Meanwhile doctors worked hard over Yanger and finally succeeded in restoring him to his senses, and Herrera was released from custody.

Probably the most important of Herrera's battles was one that he lost—the combat with Battling Nelson. Manager Billy Nolan brought the Durable Dane to Butte for the Herrera engagement. They met on September 5, 1904, three months after the Yanger tilt. Nelson got the decision at the end of twenty rounds, but he certainly knew that he had been in a real scrap when the session was over. In the ninth round Herrera put his right on Bat's jaw and literally stood him on his head in the center of the ring.

He took nine seconds before arising, and the chances are that no other lightweight would have got up at all. But there was only one Battling Nelson! Although he was weak and wobbly when he regained his feet and had to clinch repeatedly to save himself from a kayo, he fought on in his usual bulldog fashion to victory.

* * *

THERE used to be a legend to the effect that Herrera wasn't altogether game, but those who saw him fight Nelson knew that to be entirely false. The contest was a slam-bang affair from start to finish, with both men fighting like fiends, and if Herrera had wanted to quit he would have found plenty of excuse for such action. For Nelson, after that ninth round, fought like a vengeful wildcat and landed some terrific punches.

But the Mexican was in there to do or die and milled like a fury to the last. He was groggy at the finish, but wanted to keep going. When Referee Duncan McDonald stepped between them and raised Nelson's hand in token of victory, the dazed but game Herrera lurched forward, unwilling to stop, and his seconds had to grab him and force him to his corner.

Nelson paid full tribute to Herrera's punching powers. Talking the battle over later the Dane said:

"When Herrera hit me on the jaw in that ninth round, I was sent spinning around like a pinwheel and then down I went with a crash. I was dazed but I could hear the referee count and I got up at nine. I was dizzy but managed to stall the round out. Later I came back strong and outslugged him. But believe me, he was dangerous right up to the twentieth and last round. Whenever his right lashed out there was dynamite behind it.

"If ever there was a harder puncher than that Mexican, I never saw or felt him, and I faced the toughest there was. Say, when that fight was over, my head seemed to weigh a ton. I had a big bump on my jaw and a headache which lasted several days. In my opinion he was the hardest walloper in the lightweight class that ever wore a mitt!"

* * *

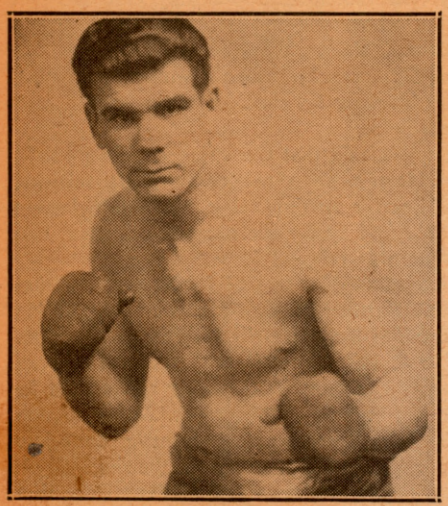
BILLY ROTHWELL, or Young Corbett, as the ring knew him, may not have had quite the extraordinary punching power possessed by Herrera. But he rated a pretty close second to the Mexican. His prize punch was also a right, but delivered in different fashion from that of Herrera.

Corbett scored most of his knockouts with a short, overhand right that carried the whole weight of his body behind it. The punch went over like a flash and it was with this sledge-hammer sock that he started McGovern on the path to defeat in the opening round of their memorable engagement at Hartford, Conn., on November 28, 1901, a fray which ended in the second frame, with Terry kayoed for the first time in his life.

In point of intelligence Corbett rated higher than Herrera. Except for the way in which *(Continued on page 42)*

IN FISTIC SPOTLIGHT

By FRED EISENSTADT



Arnold Deer, Indianapolis middleweight, who shows promise.

LEW MAXWELL

A YOUNGSTER who is making rapid strides in getting to the top of his class is Lew Maxwell, a durable lad with a wallop. What makes him a standout is his calm, matter-of-fact style in the ring. Lew boxes coolly. He wears his adversary down methodically with short punches to the body, chopping blows to the head.

Maxwell weighs 130 pounds, but he generally fights men outweighing him from seven to ten pounds. In his scrap with Johnny Dudley, a clever and hard-socking 140-pounder, Lew almost finished him with a short hook to the chin. Dudley's cleverness saved him. The bout was called a draw. Maxwell also fought draws with tough Al Guido, rugged Ruby Garcia and speedy Julio Gallucci.

Maxwell was born in Asheville, N. C., on March 3, 1922. He was left an orphan. At an early age he and his guardians moved to New Jersey. After a year of high school, Lew got a job as a printer. He started boxing amateurs in November, 1940. After winning nine out of eleven, he turned pro a year later under the care of Teddy Williams. Since then he's won twenty-one out of thirty contests, scoring knockouts over Steve Ozga and Johnny Griffin. In his latest showing, Lew took a six-round decision over Tommy Rotola in a sensational battle.

Lew Maxwell, who is making rapid strides in New York rings.

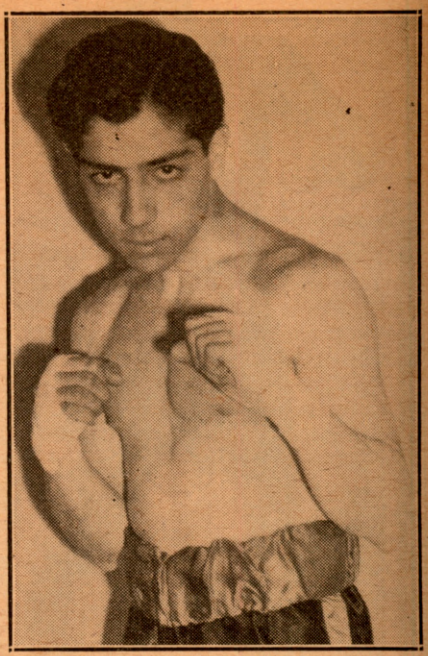
A strange human interest sidelight pertaining to Maxwell, which would make a grand "Believe-It-Or-Not" for Ripley, is this:

For years Lew has been seeing a lad in his neighborhood, passing him daily and giving him no more thought or attention than he gave other passers-by. Then, recently, Lew was introduced to the fellow. In exchanging conversation, Lew discovered that the other was his twin brother! They had been separated at the death of their parents, when they were tots, and neither had known or heard of the other all these years. Neither knew of the other's existence.

* * *

FREDDIE RUSSO

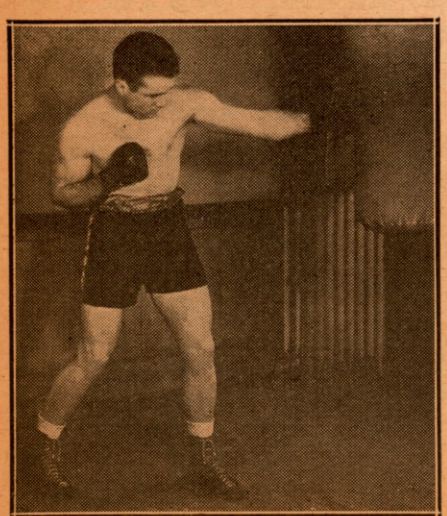
FREDDIE RUSSO, a featherweight from Rahway, N. J., has entered the ranks of the professionals after rolling up a fine record as an amateur. While among the simon-pures, he won eighteen contests, all in which he engaged. He carried off the New Jersey Golden Belt title in the novice class last year and the New Jersey Golden Gloves title in the open featherweight class early this year.



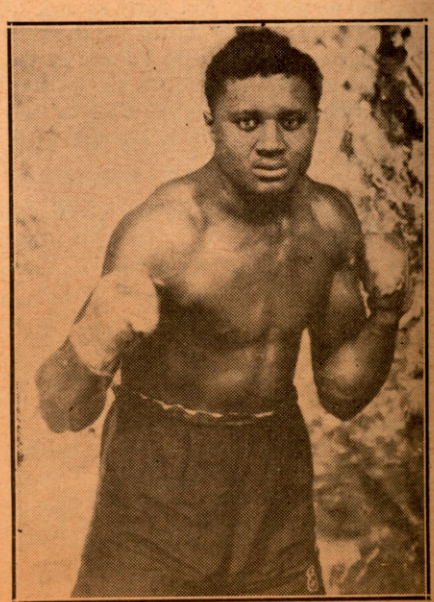
Freddie Russo, a featherweight of promise from Rahway, N. J.

Freddie turned pro last April, and since then he has had eight contests, of which he won all but one. Among his victims was Steve Botteger, an outstanding New Jersey feather. Russo beat Botteger in six rounds and floored him three times. In his first fight, Freddie stopped Ike Rolland of Newark in a round and then he kayoed Candy Custer of Newark in two. He beat Honey Fitzgerald, halting him in one, and stopped Frank Van, a veteran, in four. Billy Commodore of Newark was kayoed in one, and Jimmy Robinson of Newark, who outweighed Freddie by thirteen pounds, was stopped in three, as was Pat Corky O'Brien of Denver, Colo.

(Continued on page 43)



Fitzie Fitzpatrick, Cleveland middleweight.



Ray Brown, heavyweight from Jacksonville.

Service Boxers in Spotlight

THE boxing scene at Camp Lee, Virginia, has been dominated during the summer swing sessions by the crack 6th QM Regiment boxing team, headed by a quartet of camp champions, Cpl. Joe DeBuono, 165 lbs.; Pvt. Ben Pelter, 175 lbs.; Pvt. Bill Verdon, 145 lbs.; and Pvt. Paul Midiri, 125 lbs.

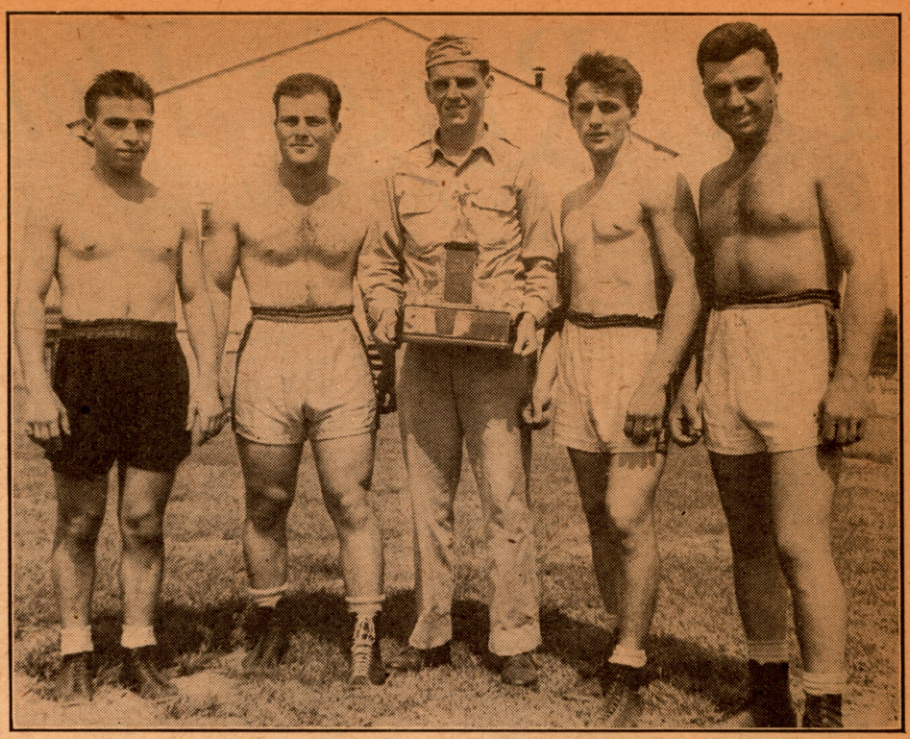
The team won the Camp championship in the June tournament, placing six men in the finals to completely outdistance the field. The tournament embraced a field of 40 entrants, representing every unit in camp.

Cpl. DeBuono, in addition to making a successful defense of his previously-won 165 lb. crown, was selected as the camp's outstanding white boxer. DeBuono, who comes from a fighting Philadelphia family of five boxing brothers, was easily the class of the tourney and had little trouble in disposing of his three opponents on the road to the title. Joe got his start in Philly under Midget Wolgast, and although he retained his amateur standing, he worked out quite a bit with some of the better pros in and around the City of Brotherly Love.

Midiri, well-known to New York City amateur fans, built up a 'rep' in the Big Town while fighting for the C.Y.O. organization, and was about to turn pro when the Army took a hand in his immediate future. Verdon, also hailing from Philly, started out his camp fighting as a 135-pounder, but stepped up into the heavier weight class for the tourney and proceeded to blast his way to the title. Pelter, the only champ with little or no previous experience, came along fast under the tutelage of DeBuono during pre-tourney training, buggy-whipping a trio of opponents to win the 175-lb. diadem. Pelter is a Los Angeles boy, and had only a slight acquaintance with the squared circle on the California coast.

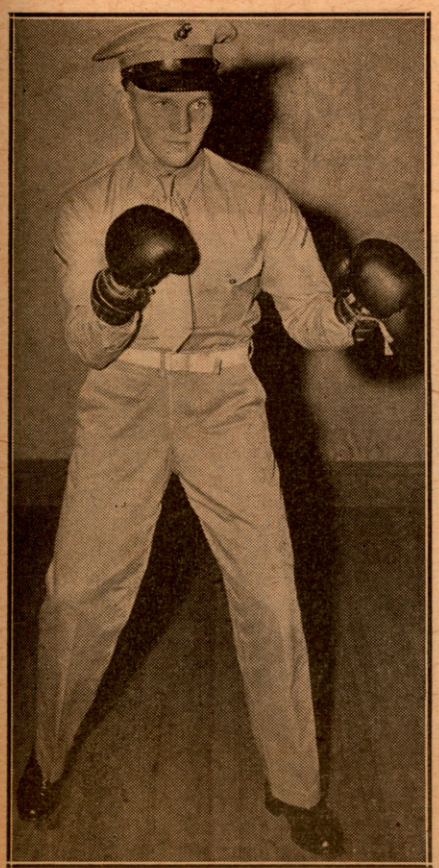
Following quickly on the heels of the Regiment's triumph in the Camp tourney, Capt. O. T. McCall, Special Services Officer, who supervises Regimental athletics, staged a Regimental Novice tournament which attracted 70 entries, the first and biggest event of its kind on the post. The tourney ran three days. None of the boys had ever fought an organized bout before.

Co. C, coached by DeBuono, won the Regimental trophy.

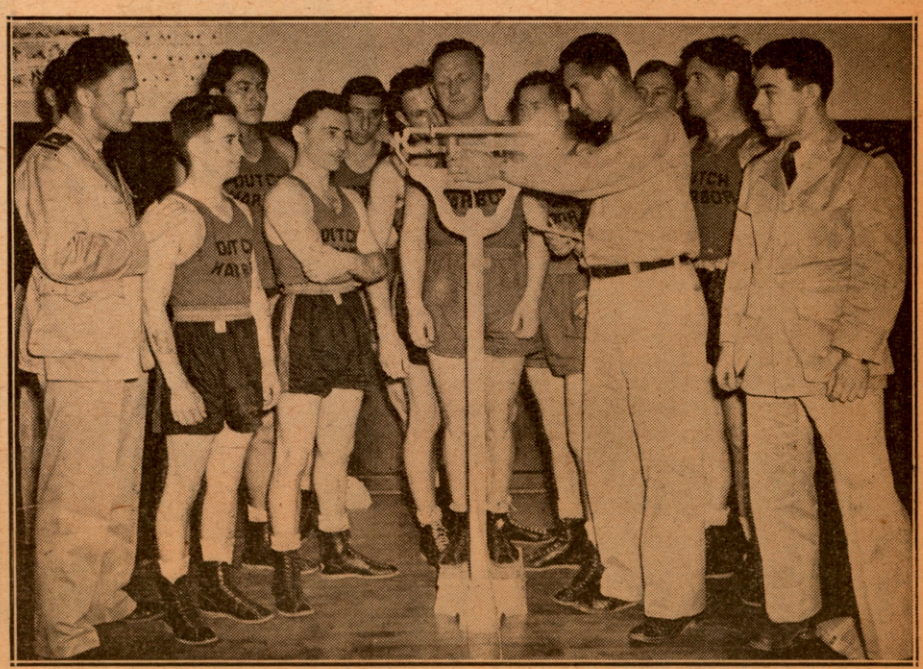


Photo, Public Relations Office, QMRTC, Camp Lee, Virginia

Left to right—Pvt. Paul Midiri, 125 pounds; Pvt. Ben Pelter, 175 pounds; Capt. O. T. McCall, holding camp boxing trophy; Pvt. Bill Verdon, 145 pounds; Cpl. Joe DeBuono, 165 pounds, the camp's outstanding fighter.



Artie Levine, the Brooklyn middleweight, who has been seen in Madison Square Garden and in other clubs in and around New York, is now doing his chores for Uncle Sam. Artie, during his spare time, enjoys donning the gloves. He hopes to make the grade as a boxing instructor. He is stationed with the Marines at Parris Island.

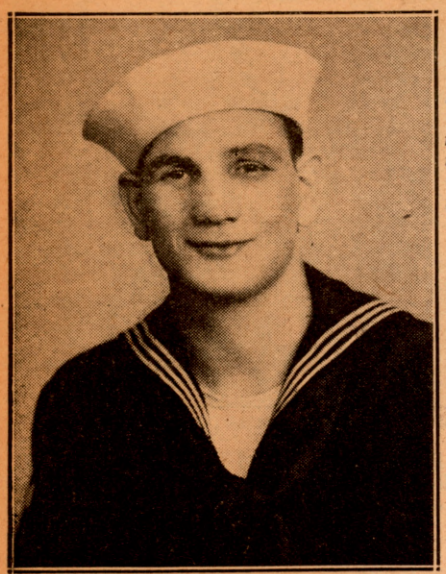


Above is a picture of the Dutch Harbor boxing team in Alaska. Left to right—On scales, Red Noble, 145. He is being weighed-in for a bout with one of Billy Soose's Kodiak fighters by Chief Specialist Bill Graham of Kodiak. First row—Ensign Duffy, coach; Stitt, 120 pounds; Garcia, 135 pounds; Johnson, 160 pounds; Hewitt, 126 pounds; Creegan, 195 pounds, and Ensign Cornacchi. Back row, left to right—Totla, 155 pounds; Simon, 175 pounds, and Bogan, Chief Specialist.

The Ring's Honor Roll

Chalky Wright Latest Former Title Holder to Join—Enters Maritime Service—Coley Welch Discharged From Navy Because of Punctured Eardrum—3097 Pros Now in Armed Forces

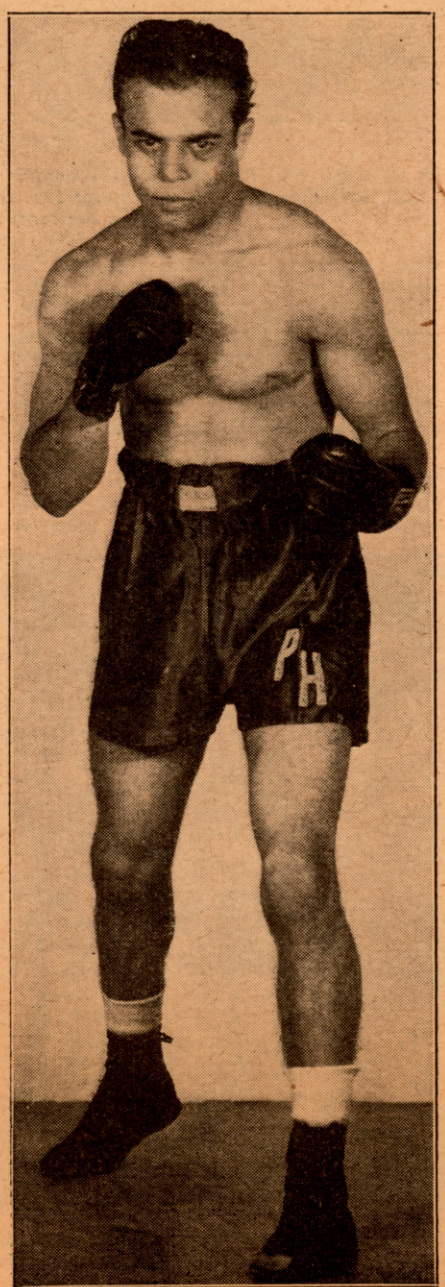
By THE OBSERVER



Sammy Secreet of Pittsburgh, who is now stationed in the Caribbean zone, where he has participated in several bouts.

Nicky Jerome, who fought half a dozen champions, is at the Edgewood Arsenal School. He is a New York boy.

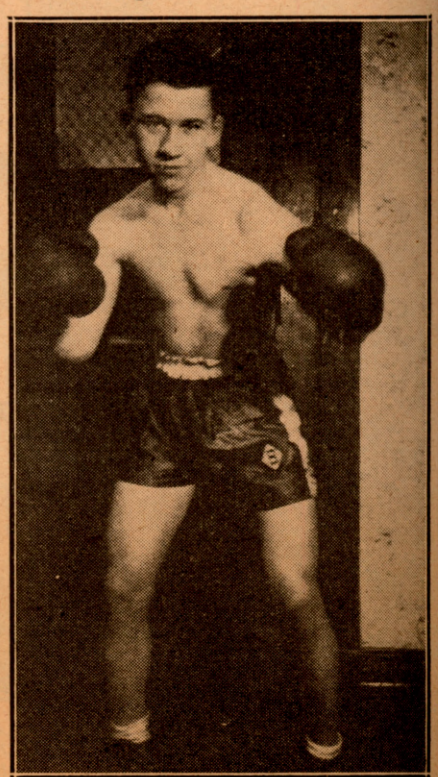
THE draft has brought to light the fact that many of our star boxers are suffering from eardrum injuries and that many famous athletes, men with record-breaking performances, baseball players of national renown, and wrestlers whose skill in the roped square have made them top drawing cards, are physically fit to perform in their specialty but unfit physically to serve in the ranks of the service men. The medics at the induction centers have been amazed at the number of draftees from among famous athletes whom they have been forced to reject. Especially so among the boxers.



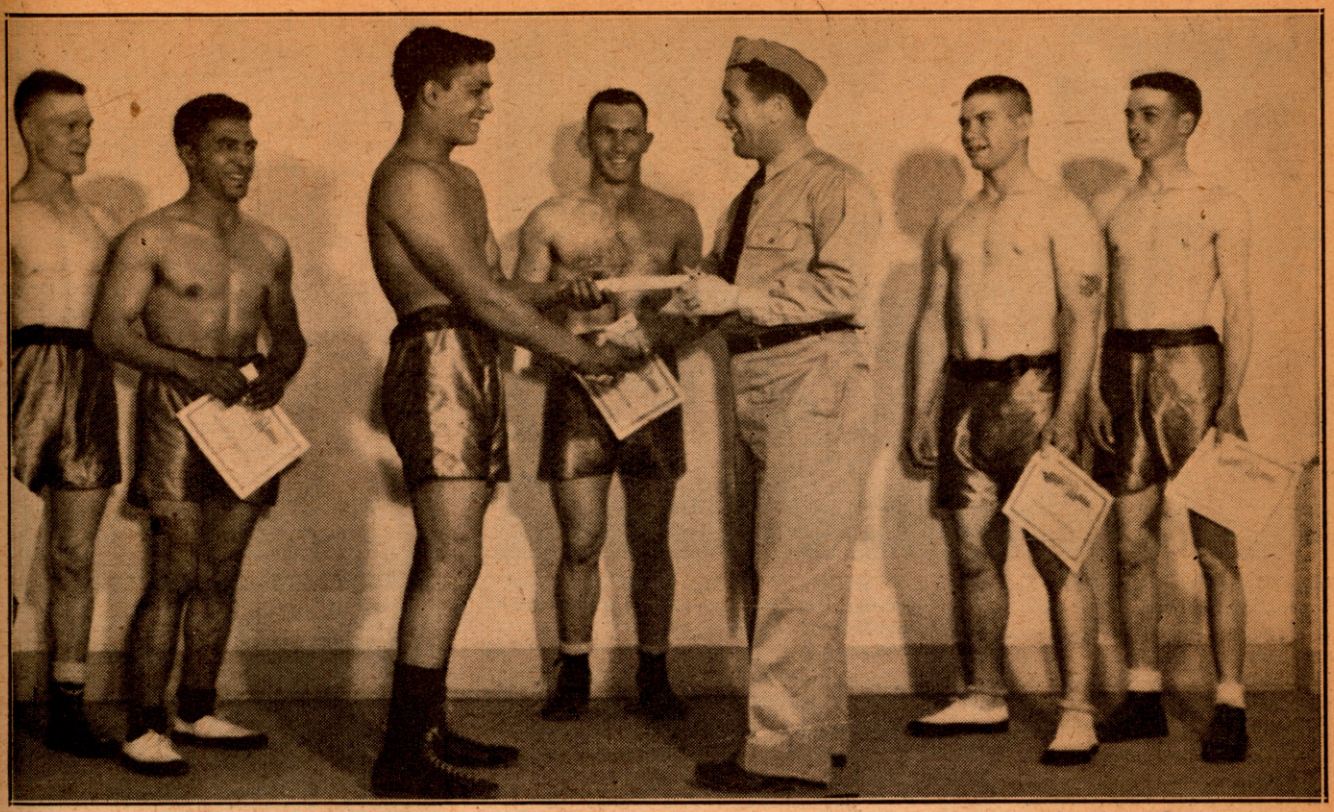
Though the armed forces as of July 15 had a total of 3097, about thirty per cent of whom are in the Navy and the Coast Guard, we must not overlook the fact that a large number of these got into the service only after hospitalization, while others were operated upon after joining the colors in order to save themselves from an honorable discharge.

Jimmy O'Gatty of New York. Jimmy, for the first time in fifteen years, is in the East. He is teaching boxing at Shank Field in the Aviation Engineers' Air Signal Corps.

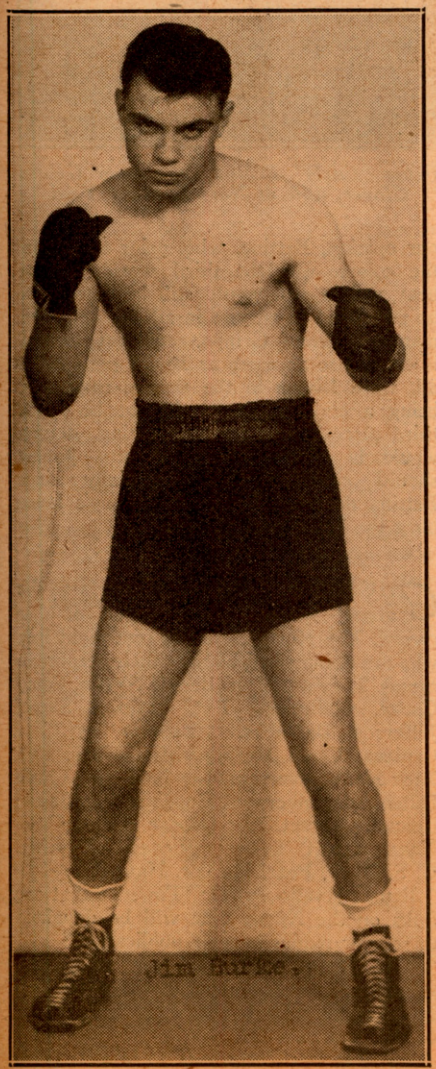
Pedro Hernandez of Puerto Rico, another good pro fighter, who is stationed in the Canal Zone area.



Paul Block, an outstanding boxer at the Army Air Forces Basic Training Center in North Carolina.



Boxing champions of the Farragut Naval Training Station, second largest station in the world, are being presented with their certificates of awards emblematic of the coveted title they won. It is estimated that 3,000 boxers competed in this tournament that lasted eight weeks. Presenting the diplomas is Barney J. Felix, boxing director of the station and former New York City referee. Left to right—Artie Harrison, welterweight champion; Lee Lucero, lightweight champion; Al Quintero, light-heavyweight champion; Russell Bradford, middleweight champion; Felix; Bobby Walker, heavyweight champion, and Gene Wallace, bantamweight champion.

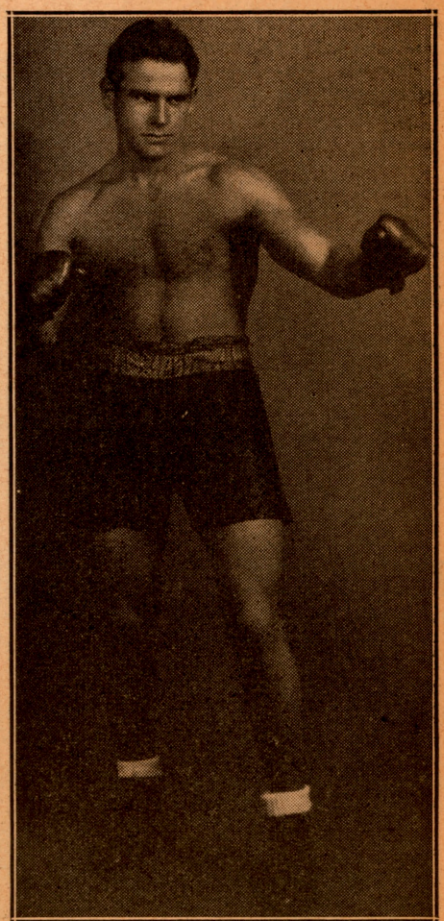


Jimmy Burke, a West Palm Beach light-heavyweight prospect, serving in the Navy.

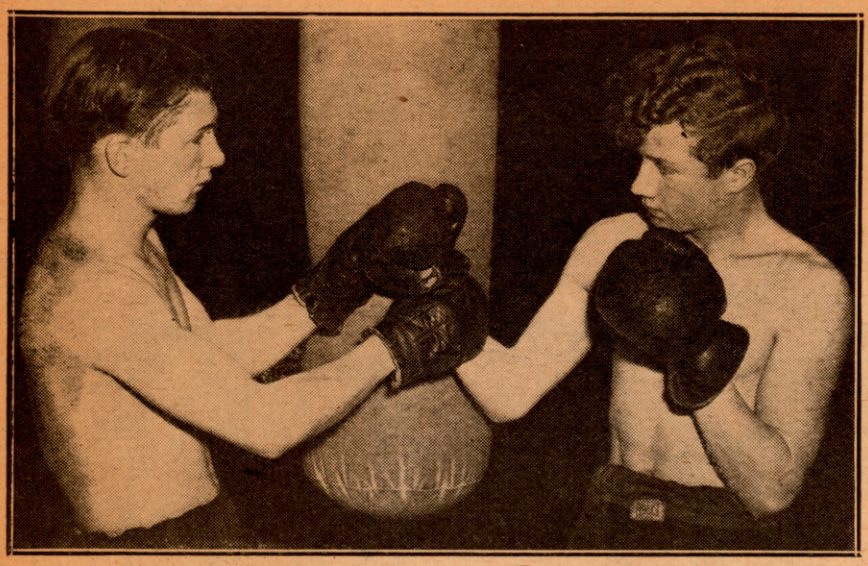
Our record shows that thirty-seven boxers have been discharged because of ear injuries and about two dozen because of leg injuries. The most prominent in the last named class was Tami Mauriello. Among the nationally famed men of the fistic profession who have been discharged in recent weeks are Allie Stolz, stomach ailment; Milo Theodorescu, ear injury; Bobby Ruffin, ear injury; "Bandit" Romero, ear injury; Terry Young, ear injury; Jackie Wilson, former N.B.A. feather champion, ear trouble; Lulu Costantino, ear drum rupture, and Coley Welch, ear drum puncture. Welch had been in the Coast Guard for many months before his discharge.

* * *

THE list of war wounded among boxers continues to illustrate the extent to which they are aiding the cause of democracy. Among the more prominent of those reported are Jimmy Davis, who lives in Linden, N. J., and who has engaged in almost 150 contests as a pugilist. He was injured in both legs on Attu.



Andy Anderson, boatswain's mate, stationed in Panama. He is a good middleweight prospect and teaches boxing when the opportunity presents itself.



"Bootsie" (left) and "Fuzzy" Sprouse from Virginia. They hail from Richmond. "Bootsie," whose name is Wesley, is a private somewhere in England and his brother is doing duty at Seymour Johnson Field.

Jimmy Jenkins, another New Jersey boy, who held the 126-pound amateur championship and fought as a pro under the name of Frankie Arditto, was killed on convoy duty. He had won the lightweight championship of the Navy at Norfolk.

Elby Pettaway, Houston boxer, an amateur and pro champion of Texas, was killed in a plane crash.

* * *

Many of our boxers are overseas. The Ring Editor has received word from quite a number from Tunisia, India, Iran, Egypt, New Guinea, Australia, England, Iceland and Sicily. The lads are scattered to all parts of the world and are doing a swell job. Wally Hally is in England, where he has been putting on boxing shows.

The Ring Editor will be delighted to receive the names of former and present-day boxers who are overseas, for listing in these columns.

* * *

Georgie Leone, former New York ring man, who spent half a year in the Canal Zone, now is stationed at Camp Carson, Colorado. Before coming north, he defeated Joe Cooper, getting a six-round decision, although Leone had been out of the game for four years. That's what the Army does to an athlete.

* * *

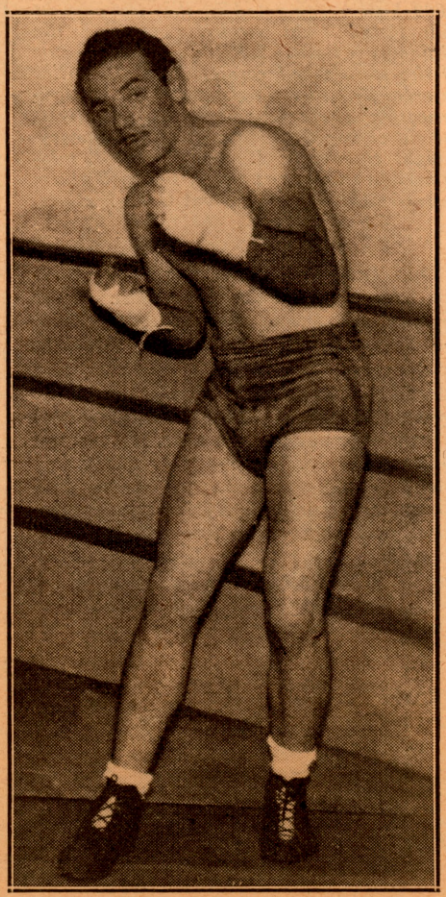
THE latest former world champion to enter the service is Chalky Wright, who was dethroned as feather king by Willie Pep a few months ago. Chalky, who has been listed as an "old man," joined the Maritime Service and swore he was thirty-one. Thus he settled the question of his age.

Wright is slated to serve as a physical instructor at Hoffman Island. He is the thirty-third world champion to get into the service of Uncle Sam.

* * *

Bob Montgomery, claimant of the world's lightweight title, with the backing of the Pennsylvania and New York Commissions, has purchased 1000 copies of The Ring Magazine for October, which has his picture on the front cover, with a request that these be added to the magazines the Editor ships overseas to our soldiers monthly. Montgomery's gift, like that of Michael Genovese, New York fight promoter, who recently purchased 2500 for the same purpose, is deeply appreciated.

Last month 7000 Ring Magazines were shipped to our men overseas. Letters received from the boys in the service urge continuance of this war service for the duration.



Leo Karp, one of California's boxers, who is doing sea duty in the Mediterranean. Leo is well known in Hollywood, where he did all of his boxing.

CPL. MELIO BETTINA, a member of the Military Police, with a roving assignment and instructor of boxing to his outfit, has four brothers in the Army, making a full house of five for the family. Beacon, N. Y., citizens are proud of the patriotism of the Bettina family and point with pride to the five-star flag in the window of the Bettina home.

Melio has boxed only once since he entered the service. He scored a one-round kayo over Lou Brooks, and since then, Larry Atkins, Cleveland promoter, has been trying hard to get Jimmy Bivins to accept a match with Melio, who can obtain forty-eight hours off for the fight, but Larry is finding it difficult to obtain Jimmy's signature to a contract, because Bivins thinks he is entitled to forty per cent. In

Bruce "Curly" Trollinger, former Golden Glover, now at Norfolk Navy Yard.

our opinion, Bettina, who, prior to joining the colors, was the third world ranking heavyweight and would still be there were he permitted to engage in all the fights his manager, Jimmy Grippo, could get for him, is entitled to as much as Bivins gets. After all, were Bivins in the service instead of being a civilian, he would not be up in third place in our monthly rating. Bettina would be placed ahead of him. Jimmy should consider that, especially since Bettina defeated Bivins in Jimmy's home burg the latter part of 1941.

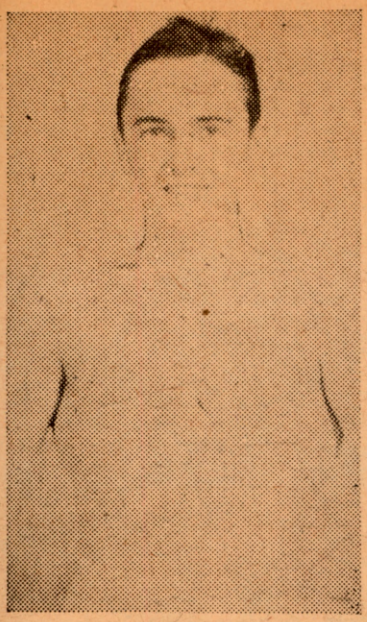
* * *

CHICAGO has sent many boxers to the armed forces and is proud of that record. The North Side has sent eight lads who are doing good work in their respective camps. They are: Pvt. Bennie Avello, Camp Cooke, California; Pvt. Carmine Sacco, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; Pvt. Joe Capiana, Camp McCain, Mississippi; Pvt. Nick Kanel, overseas, London; Sgt. Frank Dutch Eder, overseas, London; Pvt. James Connolly, Grant, Ill.; George Kanel, U. S. Navy, Great Lakes; Richard Nehring, U. S. Navy, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

Bennie Avello writes: "I'm sure that our folks on the North Side will be delighted to see our names in your publication."

The Ring Editor is happy to publish monthly photos and short stories about former boxers who are now in any branch of the service.

All that is necessary is to send a good,



Donald Goulette, Burlington boxer, at Fort Eustis.

fair-sized, clear picture, preferably in uniform, with a story about yourself, written on one side of the sheet. Here is our Honor Roll for this issue:

* * *

CPL. NICKY JEROME

JUST as he was in the prize ring—one hundred per cent fighter—so is Cpl. Nicky Jerome (Nickolas Gerolamo in private life) a fighter in Uncle Sam's Army. He was one of the first ringmen to join up and help liberate the world from the clutches of barbaristic leaders.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1915, Jerome began boxing as a pro in 1936 under the direction of Jimmy Dixon. He clashed with the best bantams, feathers and lightweights in the country. His aggressive, hard-fighting style made him a great favorite with the fans—and he never let them down.

Nicky twice defeated Lou Salica, who was bantamweight champion of the world. He won over Baby Yack, Canadian 118-pound title holder. He trounced Vincent Dell 'Orto, featherweight champion of Italy. He took the measure of Pancho Leyvas, Mexican 126-pound champ. He held the great Kid Chocolate to a draw. His list of victories over good men in the three classes in which he fought is too long to mention here. He held his own with Sixto Escobar when the Puerto Rican held the bantam title. Also with Harry Jeffra, who was both bantam and featherweight champion, and with Joey Archibald, holder of the 126-pound title.

It was Nicky Jerome who first saw the great possibilities in Beau Jack as a fistic sensation. It happened when Beau won over him after a hectic fight, that Nicky told him to head for New York; that Jack was sure to become a success.

Jerome, while a terror in the ring, is mild-mannered outside the roped square, an exceedingly polite and personable young man. He has made hundreds of friends while boxing and still has those friends rooting for him now that he's in the greatest battle of his life.

Cpl. Nickolas Gerolamo is stationed at the School of Detachment at the Edgewood Arsenal.

Jerome has been in the Army for fifteen months and says he likes the set-up. He is a world traveller. Before donning the khaki he went to Australia.

* * *

BOOTSIE AND FUZZY SPROUSE

DOWN in Virginia amateur boxing just isn't mentioned without the names of the Sprouse brothers, Wesley and Harry, better known as Bootsie and Fuzzy. The pair from Richmond are confining their fighting to the Army. Pvt. Wesley is stationed somewhere in England, while Pfc. Harry is at Seymour Johnson Field, North Carolina.

Bootsie, the older, has engaged in 100 bouts against the best simon-pures in his weight class throughout the Eastern and Southern States. The cagy Richmonder captured the Virginia welterweight championship in 1941, despite the fact that he weighed in at 136 and spotted his opponent eleven pounds in his opening round tourney test. Stumpy Bootsie then eliminated the defending champion in the finals.

Just about as wide as he is tall, free-swinging Bootsie was always willing to fight anyone, any place and any time. His opponents included Ennis Johnson, the former Eastern Golden Gloves lightweight champion; Felix Stevens, four-time all-Southern lightweight titlist; Herbie Gambardella, Eddie Brickner, Jimmy McCready, Carroll Neece, Duke Hettrick, Leo Marcopulis, all former state title holders; Norman Jones, Frankie Sullivan, Irish Norman Ryan, Chief Bussey, Wilson Bradshaw, Les Baker, and a host of others.

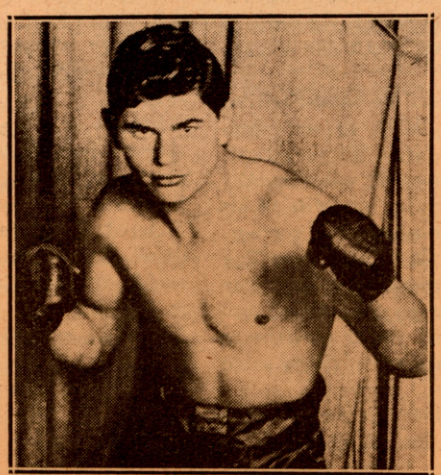
Sprouse was floored only by Jones and never has been knocked out. He won well over 85% of his battles.

* * *

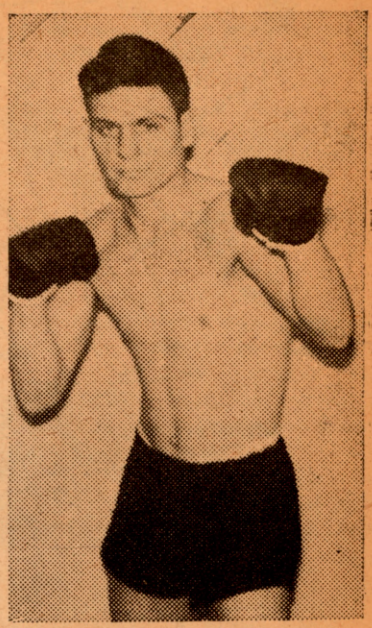
JIMMY BURKE

A FEW months ago, THE RING Magazine selected as its leading light-heavyweight prospect of the month, Jimmy Burke of West Palm Beach, Fla., and today this lad is a member of the Navy and hopes to carry on his boxing when the war is over. In the meantime he is keeping his eye on the ball by participating in his favorite pastime at his camp.

Burke, although one of the youngest pro-



Tommy Misko of the Coast Guard. He hails from Detroit and is a light-heavyweight.



Chick Blair, former lightweight star of Burlington, Vt., in U.S. Marines.

fessional boxers in Florida, has earned the praise of the experts for his ring ability and his clean, clever boxing. In fifteen contests as a pro, he lost only one bout. None of his opponents, with the exception of the one who beat him, went over three rounds. Burke scales 170 pounds and is just short of six feet. In another year, he will be a heavyweight. He is now stationed at a naval air station in Florida, where he has as his boxing mates a splendid aggregation of pros, including Georgie Abrams, the ranking middleweight contender.

Burke is managed by Baron Pate, who developed among others such good talent as Jimmy Hatcher, Clarence "Cotton" King, who is also in the Navy, Buster Tyler and Dixie Oliver.

* * *

ANDY ANDERSON

STATIONED in Panama as boatswain's mate, second class, is Andy Anderson, popular middleweight from Scotia, N. Y. Andy had an impressive record while fighting in and about New London, Conn. In his eight professional fights he had six knockouts and two decisions. At present he is acting in the capacity of physical instructor to the Navy boys.

Andy is middleweight contender for the military championship of the Panama Isthmus.

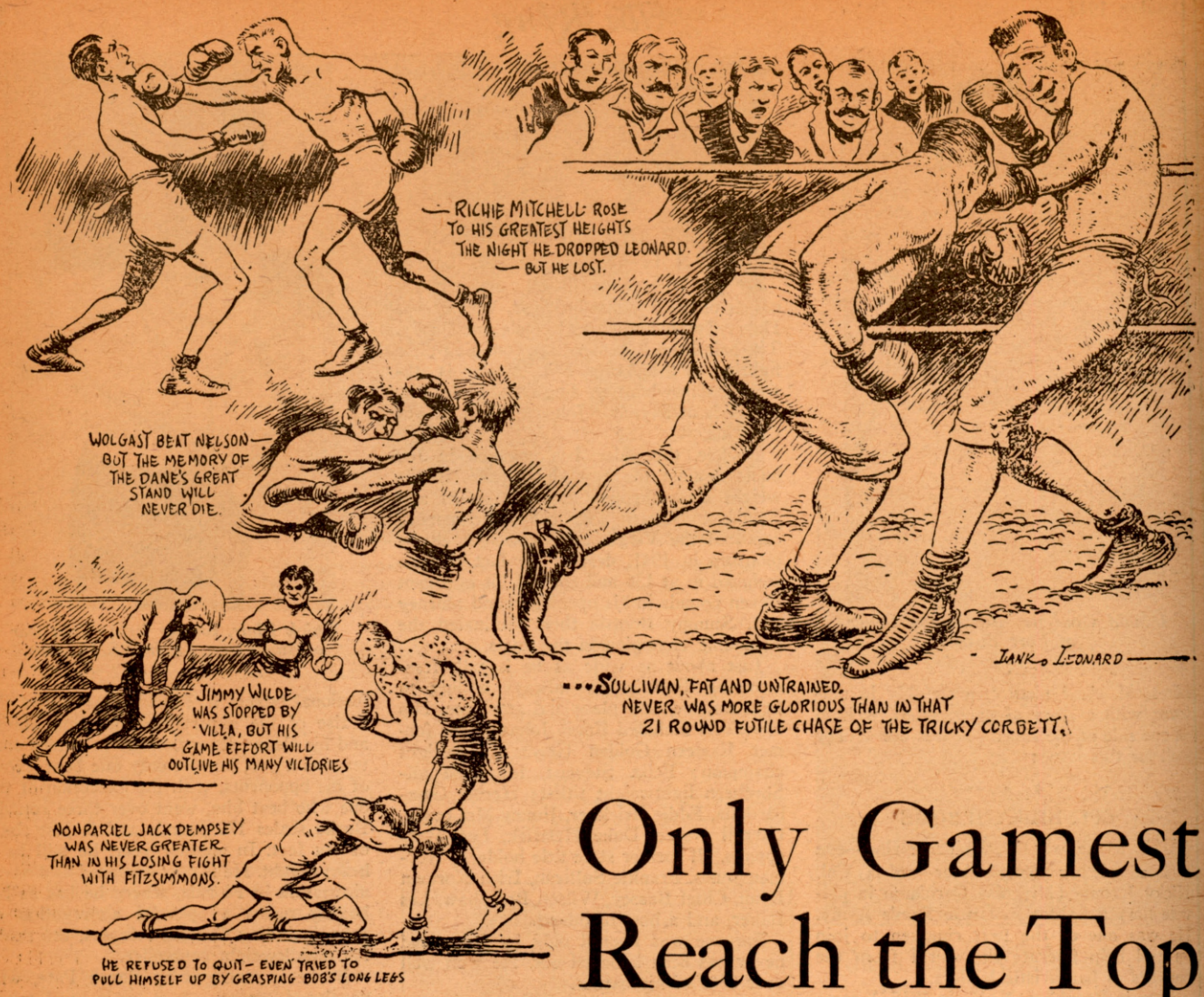
* * *

PAUL BLOCK

A LAD from Kalamazoo, Mich., Paul Block, is one of the outstanding boxers at the Army Air Forces Basic Training Center in North Carolina. He is a former Golden Gloves battler, who started boxing at the age of fifteen. Paul has just turned eighteen. He was born on February 21, 1925, and started his boxing career at fifteen.

Paul had hoped to exhibit his wares in the Golden Gloves bouts in the Garden last year, but crushed a finger and couldn't participate. Now he is fit as a fiddle. He has engaged in seventeen bouts and has never kissed the canvas.

(Continued on page 45)



Only Gamest Reach the Top

Only Surviving Member of Trio of Jacks—of Which Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, Jack McAuliffe and He Were Members

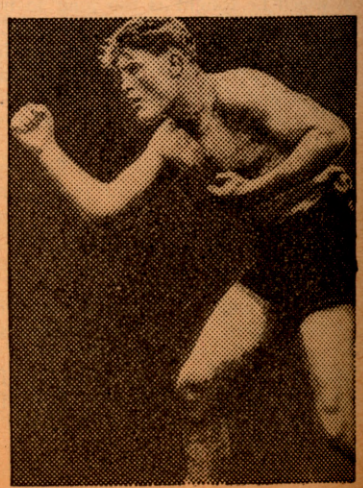
By JACK SKELLY

IT takes game men in this hustling world to reach the top of their class in almost every walk of life. No weak-hearted statesman, railroad president, political leader, boxer, artist, writer, painter or big commercial man ever climbed to the top of the ladder of fame and fortune by cringing cowardice. I think the game men are born with pluck and courage and do not acquire it.

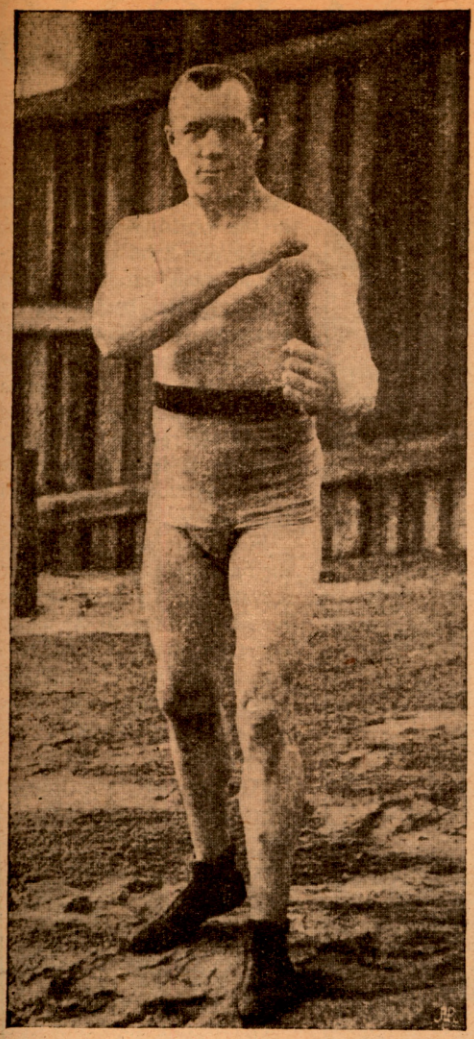
My dear old pal, Jack Dempsey, was one of the gamest fellows I ever saw put up his hands in the ring. When we were boys together, learning the cooper's trade, Jack, from the very start, showed his wonderful gameness. He never backed water morally or physically, when it came to a showdown. The majority of his many fistic triumphs were wholly due to his unlimited courage. Often when he was weak and exhausted in a hard, gruelling battle, with a heavier and more powerful opponent, I have seen his handlers ready and anxious to throw up the sponge, but Dempsey never knew what quit meant and would continue to fight with the pluck of a gamecock until the other fellow cried "enough."

Jack McAuliffe was another game fighter of the Dempsey school. When he fought Jem Carney, the English champion, at Revere Beach, near Boston, many years ago, he was a very sick boy and should never have been allowed to enter the ring. His backers wanted to forfeit, but McAuliffe absolutely refused, and insisted upon taking the chance to save his backers' money. It was a long, punishing, skin-glove battle of seventy-four rounds, with the odds greatly against the American champion, who suffered terrible agony during the four hours and forty-eight minutes that he was battling, but he never showed the slightest inclination to stop.

Finally the rough ringside mob broke up the mill, and Frank Stevenson, the referee, declared the contest a draw. No inducements could ever get Carney in the ring again with McAuliffe, either in the



Al Palzer, a game fighter, who amazed New Yorkers when he turned the tables on Bombardier Billy Wells.



Gus Ruhlin, who gave Carter a terrific shellacking in the early rounds, but had the tables turned on him toward the finish.

Tommy Ryan, Paddy Gorman, "Young" Mitchell, Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Maher, Billy Myer, Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, Charley Mitchell, John L. Sullivan, Bill Bradburn, Joe Choynski, Dan Creedan, George Dixon, Tom Sharkey, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Jake Kilrain, "Kid" McCoy, Joe Goddard, Frank P. Slavin, Gus Ruhlin, Martin Flaherty, "Spike" and Dave Sullivan, Frank Erne, Johnny Griffin, Jimmy Barry, "Kid" Carter, Terry McGovern, Jimmy Britt, Austin Gibbons, Peter Jackson, Danny Needham, Eddie Lober, Mike Leonard, Mike Everhardt, Joe Gans, George McFadden, Willie Fitzgerald, Tom Tracey, Johnny Van Heest, George Siddons, Solly Smith, Dal Hawkins, Tommy Shortell, "Spider" Kelly and Ike Weir, all of whom fought like game men and didn't stall like some of the present-day stars.

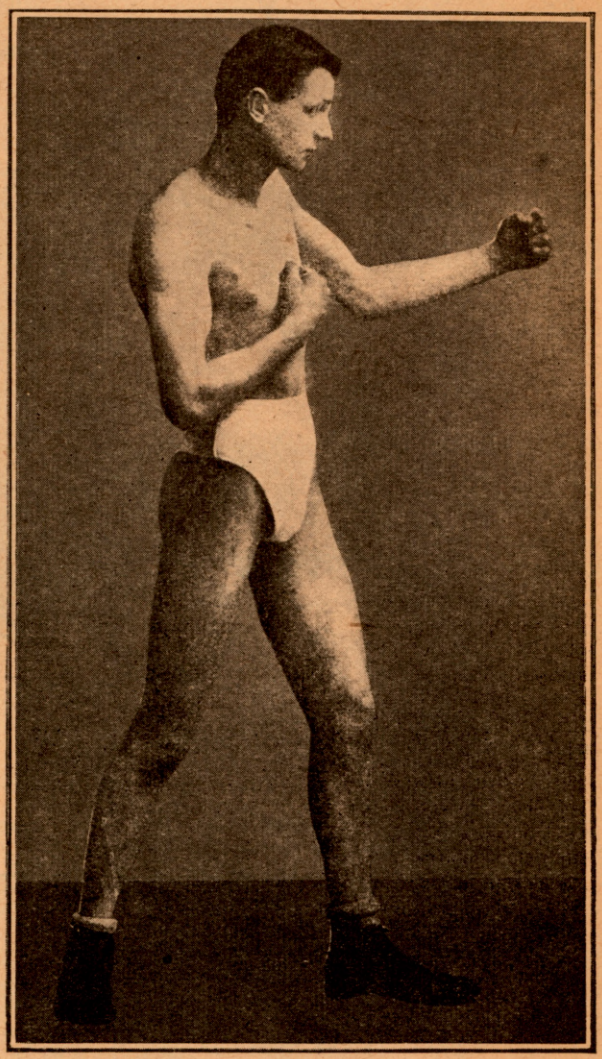
* * *

BILL BRADBURN, one of the old-time fistic gladiators, has been out of the ring for years. He is located in Pittsburgh, Pa., in the real estate business, and is now quite a genial and popular commercial man, respected by all good citizens of the Smoky City. Bradburn, not many moons ago, had quite a big bank roll stored away in the vaults of a Pittsburgh banking institution that suddenly closed its doors and went up the flue.

In this, Mr. Bradburn also showed his gameness, although he may have lost some of his fistic ability. So a couple of days before the bank blew up, hearing that the institution was a bit shaky, he strolled down to the bank and demanded his coin from the cashier. That gentleman tried to explain to the former boxer that payments had been temporarily suspended owing to this, that and the other thing. There was a roar and a crash and Mr. Bradburn had the limp cashier by the neck. The trembling bank president appeared and tried to soothe the game intruder.

"My money," said Bradburn, "and be quick about it. Never mind about pressing the button for your bank cop. If he comes to that door I'll first break the back of this guy in my hands and then yours, and then I'll throw him through the window. Hand my money out."

And the white-faced, trembling bank president did as he was ordered. Only one man of many thousands got back his savings of a lifetime, and that man was Bill Bradburn—game fighter—the one man who knew how to handle a crooked bank concern.



Kid Carter, Brooklyn fighter, whose heart was as stout as his body was strong.

Nearly all the noted political leaders of New York City had to fight their way up, not only with their brains, but with their fists as well. Boss William M. Tweed, although a very peaceful man generally, was always ready to fight at the drop of the hat in his younger days, before he became the leader of Tammany Hall.

Those who knew John Kelly forty years ago can recall his fistic ability. Many a hard scrap around election time proved Kelly's grit and physical power. It was this pugnacity, along with his big brain, that made Kelly the undisputed leader of Tammany for many years.

Dick Croker, who followed Kelly as leader, also was a game fistic battler. One of his first notable victories was over "Reddy" Haskins in a formal ring battle in a cellar on the East Side. Croker's next victim was Pat Kelly, whom he defeated in the back room of a saloon at Third Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street.

Then he walloped out Dick Lynch one fine Sunday morning in Jones' woods in 1866. It was a terrific contest, lasting almost an hour. After defeating Matt Green and Danny Leavy, Croker gained considerable prestige on the East Side and he was elected an alderman at the age of twenty-six, with the consent of Bill Tweed.

"Fatty" Walsh, once leader of the old Fourth Ward, was also a game fighter. Away back in 1859, he was matched to meet "Thunderbolt" Mike Norton, afterward a state senator, for $1,000 a side. Mayor Tiemann, however, had both men arrested and bound over to keep the peace. Walsh was afterward elected to the assembly and later was the

(Continued on page 44)

WITHOUT WEAPONS

By BARNEY J. FELIX

(Chief Specialist, in charge of boxing at Farragut)

FIGHTING without weapons—good, hard, tough, hand-to-hand combat, finally came into its own on the Island of Attu when our boys took the measure of the Japs, and the island, too. Hand-to-hand combat took its deserved place in modern warfare and its place among such highly-touted masters of destruction as gunnery, landing forces and extended order. It was our first great test and our boys made good with a vengeance.

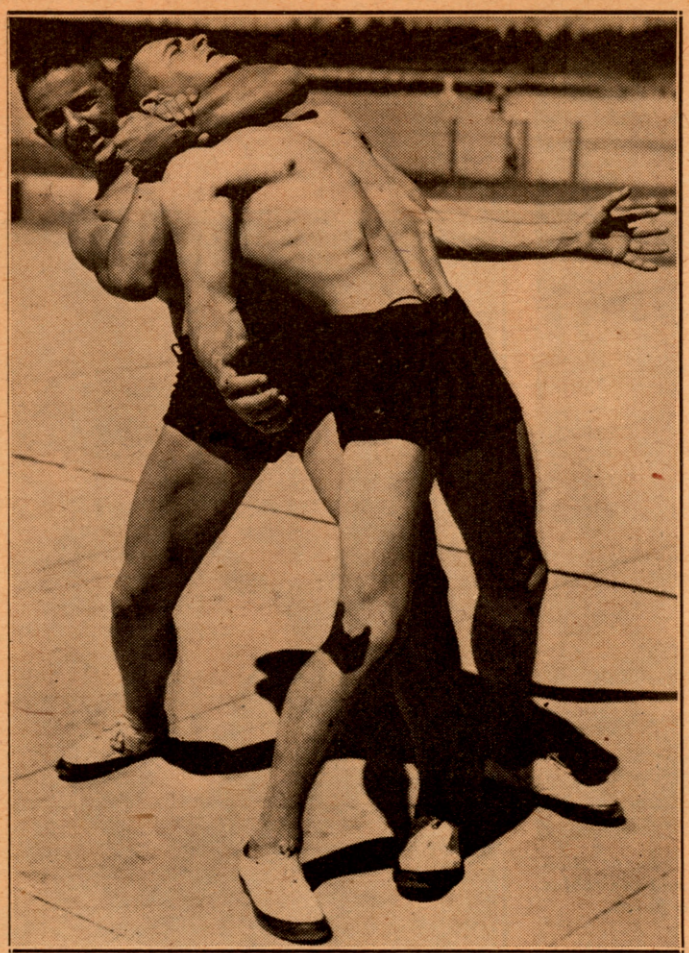
Research told us that the Jap would not stand up with his fists and fight—they gave us positive proof of the fact, when they pointed out that the Jap, before the war, kept clear of the professional boxing game. We learned that the Japanese did not enter boxing teams in the Olympic Games and that the reason they originated the game of jiu jitsu four hundred years ago was because they are naturally sneaky and like to get in there and bend low, sneak in and grab you by the coat sleeves, throw you bodily, strangle and then put the finishing touches across.

They did not want, and still do not want, any part of a left hook or a right cross. If they could not do it the sneaky way, why take chances on open, clean fighting.

Everything the Jap stands for is unfair and unsportsmanlike. We in the game of sports knew that long before our diplomats learned it was so. For example, not many of our American folk knew that the head coach of the Japanese Olympic team of 1928 was expelled from the Games for cheating. This was kept quiet. It was hushed because the diplomats didn't want "an incident."

And some day someone is going to expose the ardent indulgence of the Japs in the art of Hari-Kari, which is the sacrilegious method of destroying oneself to save face à la Japanese. Killing oneself isn't an act of bravery. To us, it is the most cowardly act a human being can perpetrate.

We who have the responsibilities of teaching hand-to-hand combat to our thousands of recruits coming out of Farragut, which incidentally is the second largest naval training station in the world, realize the job we have in hand and are leaving no stone unturned to give our boys the best. When a Farragut boy finds himself without weapons on an enemy beach head, and is facing a Jap, also without weapons, you can be assured that the Farragut lad is fully prepared to engage in mortal combat with the enemy.



"The Harlem Mug"—Two recruits at the Farragut Naval Training Station in the Far West are demonstrating the "Harlem Mug," which they are taught in the "Dirty Tactic" program. This hold was introduced at Farragut by its boxing director, Barney Felix.

First, he has been taught the finer points in boxing after a course in the fundamentals. He has been taught the theory and style of professional boxing and has been given enough hours of practical work to be able to defend himself to his advantage.

He has been put through mass boxing drills and told how to keep his hands up, and most important, why. He has donned boxing gloves and has been given an opponent his size and weight and was told to go in there and show us what he has learned.

Our boxing staff consists of 35 assistants and chiefs. When a drill is given, with or without gloves, these instructors keep moving in and among the recruits, instructing and correcting.

The recruits are not only told the why and wherefore but they are also told many things about their opponents, the Japs, which might come in handy. Being trained here on the Pacific Coast, we take it for granted that most of our graduates will see action in the Pacific war theatre. However, we do supply the receiving stations in the East, as well. In any event, our men are given the inside dope on the habits and idiosyncrasies of the opponent. He is given a course in dirty tactics, how to break a strangle hold by leverage and how to go on the offensive immediately thereafter by applying the Swedish Head Blow or other sure-fire holds.

Billy Hausman, Farragut's greatest boxing champion. A middleweight, 19 years old, he has been invincible in Farragut tournaments, so much so, that the Navy is keeping him at Farragut as one of their boxing assistants. According to Barney Felix, Farragut's boxing director, Hausman is a replica of the once colorful Ruby Goldstein—he also dumps them with a left jab. Hausman will show in New York after the war.

Work around the genital region is stressed, because we know how sensitive that region is to any kind of a blow or squeeze. I go on record as stating that no matter how tough or big a man is, if you get to him below the belt and apply a blow to his groin, you cut him down to half your size and you are ready to finish him off in any manner you please.

We even dug into the files of the thug and found something useful which we have named the "Harlem Mug." This hold has no reflection upon that district known as Harlem in the confines of New York City, though it first did originate there.

The opposition is approached from behind and the assailant throttles his Adam's apple with the crook of the elbow. This is a very effective hold and usually does the trick.

Once I tried to prove the effectiveness of this hold before a class, after which I promised myself that I would never try it again. The lad whom I used in the

"Mass Boxing Drill" (above)—Each of the recruits at Farragut receives compulsory boxing instruction. It is a "must." The above shows the stance they had taken before any instruction was given to them. The picture below it shows the improvement after Boxing Director Felix began working on them. "Keep that right hand high and protect the button," shouts Barney through the loud speaker.

demonstration was exceedingly tough and had plenty of guts. I put the pressure on and then told him to try and break out of it. He tried hard, but to no avail; in fact, he tried too hard.

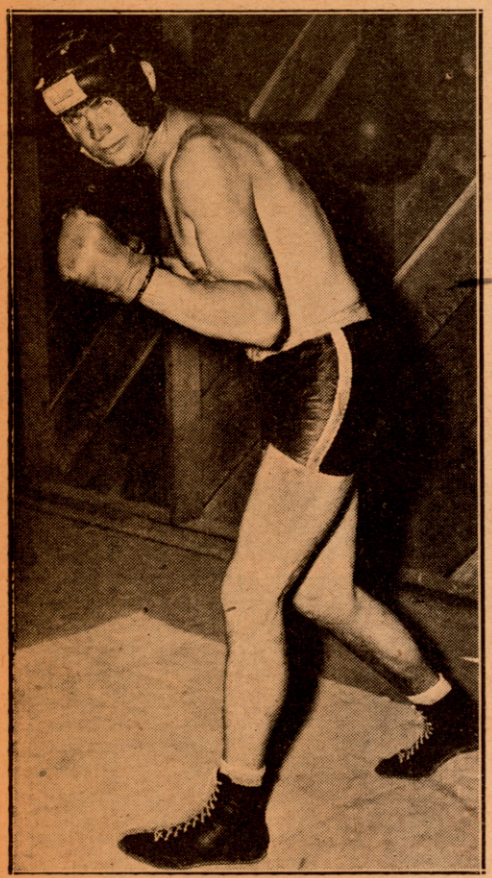
When I did release the pressure, he fell to the platform and was in pretty bad shape for a while. We got him around to himself, but not before plenty of worry on my part. However, his case proved the point to the class. Since then, we have never given a realistic demonstration of the Harlem Mug. Rather, we tell the boys what had happened and one quick application is sufficient to satisfy them.

(Continued on page 39)

MIKE YURKE STARS

Is Outstanding Light Heavyweight at Yuma Army Air Field—Red Cone, Clemson College Star, Undefeated in Eight Starts—Airmen Go Strong for Boxing in Desert Region

By SGT. "CHUCK" EWING



Mike Yurke, undefeated light-heavyweight at Yuma Air Base.

BOXING is Number One on every Yuma Army Air Field soldier's "Hit Parade." An active athletic department, under the able direction of Capt. Clemitt L. Swagerty, and with the fullest encouragement of Col. James W. Andrew, Commanding Officer, has for the past seventeen weeks put on a regular Tuesday night eight-bout fight card at Yuma's Doan Field. Each week thousands of fans, both civilian and servicemen, jam the floodlighted stadium to watch the cream of the Desert Training Center and Air Force boxers perform. Besides the regular bouts, special events such as jiu jitsu and judo matches, battle royals and dirty fighting exhibitions are given.

Week in and week out, certain performers have dominated the show. Some of them are: 147-pound Air Field mechanic Bob Matson, 140-pound sorrel-topped Sgt. Red Cone, 170-pound leather tough Staff Sergeant Iron Mike Yurke, 130-pound clean fighting Marine Tony Castro, giant 210-pound Marine heavyweight Howard Lewellyn, and Johnny-come-lately-hard-hitting 145-pound Irish Kid Barry of the Infantry.

Bob Matson, a Mormon boy from Salt Lake City, entered the ring for the first time at Doan Field. Matson's long left and speed have given him nine victories in ten battles.

Red Cone, co-captain of Clemson College's red hot boxing team, is undefeated in eight straight fights in Yuma. Red holds victories over Cal Carroll, Texas corporal from Uncle Sam's Tank Destroyers, Mark Umile of the Las Vegas Flying Gunnery School, and Sgt. George Bahner, Engineers, to mention a few.

Iron Mike Yurke, from Pittsburgh, and presently attached to the Engineers, has so far dominated the light-heavyweight division. He has won seven bouts in as many starts and must now take matches with heavyweights.

Tony Castro has proven one of the most popular of the local battlers by dint of a blasting right hand and a world of speed.

Howard Lewellyn, 210-pound, six feet, two inches giant, has shown the Army,

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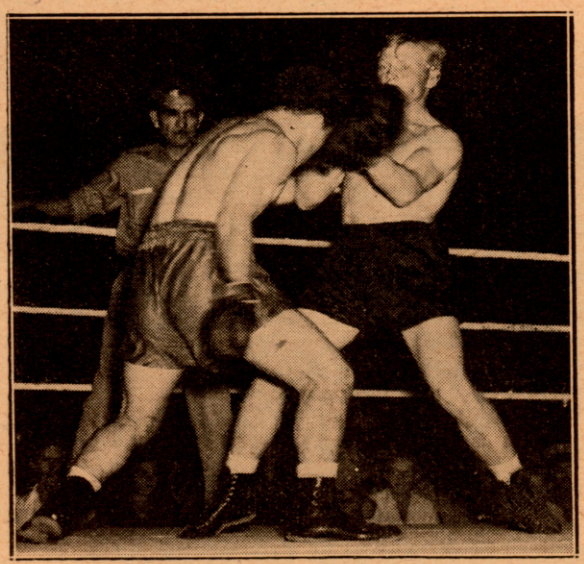
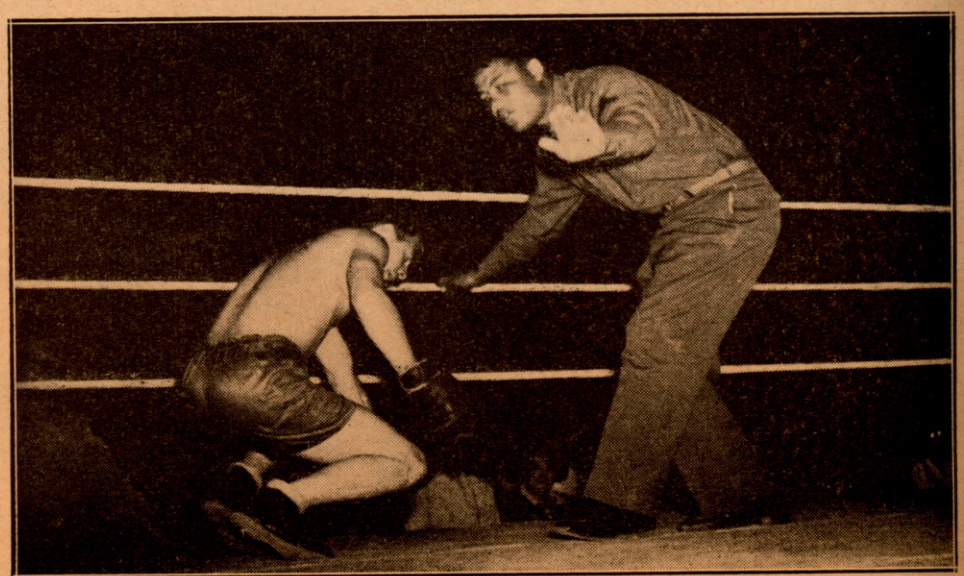


Welterweight Champion Red Cone parrying Mark Umile's best efforts.



Joe Louis counts out Sam Clayton, 170-pounder, after Marv Dreisback, a Marine, dropped him with a left hook.

AL JIMINEZ

AL JIMINEZ was a prominent boxer in the Rocky Mountain region for a dozen years. He retired in 1941 after having had more than 60 fights. He was recognized as a club fighter and a crowd pleaser.

Al is now in the Merchant Marine and has seen action on foreign soil. He has been in the service one and one-

Al Jiminez, fighter from Rocky Mountain region, who is now in Maritime service.

half years, and during that time has been in many parts of the fighting zones.

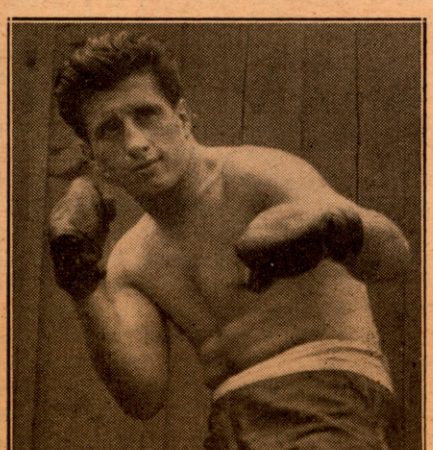
Al is thirty years of age and lives in Denver, where he had half of his fights. On his arrival in New York a few weeks ago for a two weeks' furlough, Al brought to THE RING office some U. S. invasion money for THE RING Museum, and promised to bring more relics from the war zone on his next trip.

HUGO BONACCI

THIS nineteen-year-old Syracuse boxer, who won the 1942 Golden Gloves welter title and built up a record of twenty-seven consecutive victories, is now "somewhere in the Pacific" with the Coast Guard.

Bonacci, a spectacular slugging type of fighter, is still active with the gloves, but has grown into a light-heavyweight, added more power to his punch and has compiled several knockouts entertaining the boys in his company.

After the war Bonacci plans to join the pro ranks. If



Hugo Bonacci, Syracuse boxer, who is in the Pacific with the Coast Guard.

Hugo has retained the speed and punch he showed while campaigning as a welter, the light-heavyweight division will find him formidable opposition, for Bonacci is one of those fearless, offensive fighters who likes to rip in and blast away with both hands.

A professional shows how it's done.—Cpl. Nicholas McRadu, known to fight fans as Mickey Walker, and a member of the 87th Chemical Bn., Camp Rucker, Ala., brings his special skill into use in the Army. Here he's giving judo instruction to First Sergeant Billy M. Fann of Quitman, Ga. Top photo shows Mickey explaining first steps in how to toss a Jap over your shoulder. Note his grip on the sergeant's wrist in lower picture. Mickey is conducting classes in boxing and wrestling during his free time, and has a battalion team coming up with which he'll challenge any unit in the camp.—[Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

JACKIE PATERSON, the boxing pride of Scotland, won his world's championship contest at Hampden Park, Glasgow, on June 19 in such decisive fashion that he stands out as the best flyweight in the world in spite of anything anyone may have to say to the contrary.

The New York Athletic Commission has already given him full recognition as world's eight-stone title holder, no doubt to get a word in before the N.B.A. had the chance to declare Little Dado in on the idea. But Dado, from what I have learned, could not live with the hard-hitting boy from Ayrshire, and it will be many a long day before any flyweight is discovered capable of standing up to his heavy punching.

Paterson beat Kane—had him counted out—in sixty-one seconds from the opening bell. That's a world's record in itself, as Nat Fleischer's All-Time Record Book will testify. No fighter at any other of the weights has ever won a world's contest in so short a time. And, remember, this particular bout was staged under full championship conditions and was under the jurisdiction of the British Boxing Board of Control. Paterson made 111¾ pounds (7 stone, 13¾ pounds) at the official weighing-in. Kane was a pound lighter.

In case anyone wants further proof that Jackie Paterson's claim to world honors is well-founded, let us look into a few historical facts. Benny Lynch, also of Scotland, was universally declared flyweight champion of the world when he outpointed Small Montana, Filipino, on January 9, 1937. On October 13, that same year, he knocked out Peter Kane, a very formidable challenger.

America then sent Jackie Jurich (not American champion, but a boy who had given Montana a close fight) to fight Lynch, but the latter came overweight at the scales and was accordingly deprived of his title. Kane and Jurich were then matched for the vacant crown and on September 22, 1938, they met at Liverpool, Kane winning on points over fifteen rounds.

Kane was then accorded universal recognition as world's champion, but had to give up the title when he found difficulty in making the weight, this being in 1939, since when there has been no claimant to the crown although the N.B.A. hoisted Little Dado to the throne, a fact which THE RING would never recognize.

Jackie Paterson became British flyweight champion when he knocked out Paddy Ryan in thirteen rounds. He became British Empire champion when he outpointed Kid Tanner (British Guiana). Then Peter Kane decided that he could make the weight after all, but was not permitted to reclaim the world's title he had once discarded. Instead, he was adjudged leading contender and finally matched with the Scot for the vacant crown.

* * *

I HAD a word with his manager, Pat Collins, after the Kane contest and it is Jackie's ambition to remain a flyweight until the end of the war when he will gladly meet Little Dado or any other American flyweight who disputes his claim. As for Dado and the N.B.A., let me quote from the July, 1940, copy of THE RING, page 57:

"With Little Dado not weighing less than 115 pounds in recent bouts . . . . the California title now rests between Manuel Ortiz and Little Pancho." Well, if Dado finds it at all difficult to make the requisite 112 pounds for a flyweight title fight and eventually clashes with Paterson, he should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest what happened to Peter Kane, who tried a similar feat.

For in spite of Paterson's punching—and this would have beaten Kane in any case—the main cause of Peter's sensational one-round knockout defeat was due to the fact that first of all he won a victory over the scales, but it took so much out of him that he had little left to take into the ring against his Scottish opponent. In his anxiety to make the weight, the Liverpool lad overdid it and came in a pound less than was necessary. This meant he had reduced himself nine or ten pounds, which is a whale of a lot for a flyweight.

Immediately after he jumped off the scales, Peter was given a pint flask of hot soup to drink and was then hurried off to a meal. He may have regained some of his strength in the six hours that elapsed before entering the ring. But he had not had time to strengthen his nervous resistance. This was obvious from the first punch he took—a right jab that travelled only six inches and hit him a shade too high on the jaw. But it knocked him over like a shot rabbit and he never recovered from the blow.

Southpaws are generally reckoned to carry the bulk of their punching power in the left hand, but it was Paterson's sharp-shooting right that brought about Kane's downfall. The Scots boy has the knack of banging this hand home with a lightning-like stroke and it carries his full body-weight behind it, although the distance it travels is no more than six inches. His left carries the full weight of an ordinary fighter's right, so it can be concluded that when he sails into action he is able to let loose devastating salvos from either hand.

* * *

BETWEEN 35,000 and 40,000 fans crowded into the famous Hampden Park Football Ground and sat for an hour in pouring rain waiting for the championship fight to be put on. An awning was stretched over the ring itself, but the wind blew the rain beneath and the canvas became saturated.

A heavy spread of sawdust just prior to the boys entering the arena helped to give them a dry surface and the rain stopped as Peter Kane was seen coming from the dressing rooms, carried on the back of his manager. The spectators gave him an encouraging cheer, but it was nothing to the roar that went up as the little Scot came "riding" towards the ring. People four miles away in Glasgow heard this mighty ovation.

No time was lost in the preliminaries. Referee Moss Deyong called the fighters together for the briefest of "lectures" and the world's flyweight title scrap was on. Kane skipped in from his corner, hands hanging low as usual, chin high, and a confident look in those Eddie Cantor eyes of his. Paterson came out in a half crouch, hands held well up and a dour expression on his lean face. He allowed the English lad to come to him, and it was Peter who tried the first punch, a left lead that was a trifle short. Moving fast, Kane tried another left that reached the chest, then swung his right. But like a flash Paterson whipped in a left to the chin that turned Peter's head and drove in the shortest of rights that found the other side of the jaw and Kane was shaken.

Hastily retreating, the former champion plainly showed that he had been hurt, but he moved off again and as Paterson came gliding after him, tried another left which again fell short. Dancing about, Peter came in with a rush to try his famous one-two punches, left lead and following right, but Paterson beat him to the punch with a short right that travelled a mere matter of inches—a crisp wallop that, although it found the target a trifle too high, was hard enough to bowl the English lad over to land on his back with his legs kicking.

To the utter amazement of the spectators, Peter rolled over, found his knees, and rose to his feet at the count of "four." All expected him to make the most of the count, but Kane did not know what he was doing. He faced his rival, made some effort to raise his hands in defence, but was immediately caught with a left and then another paralyzing right that sent him careering headlong into the ropes. Instinctively his left glove grabbed at the top cord, but he was out to the world and he began slowly to sink to the canvas. Without wasting a second, Paterson stepped in to deliver two swift rights to the chin, the second one landing a moment before the stricken boxer's knees touched the boards.

Ordering Paterson away, the referee took up the count from the timekeeper and bawled the advancing figures into Kane's ear. But Peter was deaf to all sound except the buzzing in his bemused brain. He remained clutching the top rope and on his knees, and when the "Out" was called, had to be lifted and carried to his corner. In spite of the shortness of the contest, the vast

crowd went mad with delight and eight stalwart policemen had to fight a passageway for Paterson back to the dressing-rooms.

The contest had lasted sixty-one seconds, including the count. It was a tremendous victory. Paterson, who was born in 1920, is thus in his twenty-third year, and provided he can keep within 112 pounds, will remain champion for a long, long time.

Although I realize that your regular correspondent, my friend, Johnny Sharpe, has already written an excellent account of Paterson's great victory, I feel that the additional facts which I have submitted make it worth your trouble to use my item in "Letters From Our Readers."

GILBERT E. ODD,
England.

* * *

PLEASE accept this note of thanks for sending me a copy of THE RING Magazine, for which my brother Tom made arrangements.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of meeting you in Jacksonville, Florida. You were the third man during the Tommy Tucker-Gomez fight, and you also auctioned off one of your famous white gloves for the Red Cross.

Of all the sportsmen that I know, you have done more for the boxing world and have helped the servicemen to a great extent.

Not only for myself, but for all of the men in the service, I thank you for your great help and knowledge that you have unselfishly bestowed upon us.

Thanking you again, I am,

GEORGE J. EPHREM,
U.S.S. P.C. 1202,
Fleet Postmaster, New York City,

(Thanks, George. Your family must be mighty proud of the fine patriotic spirit of the Ephrem boys! Every branch of the service in which you and your brothers are serving knows of your excellent work for our cause. Brother Tom has been doing a splendid job for the men in the armed forces by keeping up their morale with his columns of boxing news. My heartiest congratulations to the "Fighting Ephrem lads." I'm happy and proud to be numbered among your friends.—THE RING Editor)

* * *

JUST a few lines to let you know that I'm still knocking around these parts in the South Pacific and I'm well and doing fine. I saw the letter I wrote to you in the April issue of THE RING. It sure was swell of you to publish it. Thanks again for your kind thoughts.

Nat, the boys out here really appreciate THE RING and just can't wait for it to come in. So you can imagine the trouble I go through when I get it.

We had a boxing tournament here several weeks ago and I wanted to go in, but they didn't have an opponent for me to fight, so I had to drop out. It was an Australian fight card, with the exception of one American whom I took care of and he scored a win. He was a top-notch amateur a couple of years ago. He hails from Rochester, N. Y., and was managed by Sam Porcelli. You know the lad. He is Paul Laventino, but was known in the boxing game as Koby Paul. The Australian fighters had plenty of guts, but were not the scientific kind.

I'm wishing you all the luck in the world, and God bless you and keep you well. Say hello to Police Chief Inspector Silverstein in Mount Vernon, N. Y., Tony Ferrera, Tami Mauriello and to all the boys at Stillman's for me.

So long, Nat. Keep the presses rolling and we'll keep 'em flying!

PFC. JOE GRISANTI,
Somewhere in the South Pacific.

* * *

I AM a Canadian soldier serving in England. I am at present in the hospital, and have just heard the fight between Jackie Paterson and Peter Kane for the flyweight championship of the world.

I believe that Jackie Paterson is superior to any American flyweight contender, including Little Dado. The way he kayoed Kane tonight proves it!

Paterson's ability places him on a standard above that of Jimmy Wilde and other great flyweight champs, as myself and all Great Britain's boxing fans consider.

As regards our own Canadian lads, all of my regiment, and, in fact, the majority of the Canadian Army Overseas, think Johnny Greco will be the next lightweight champion of the world. I am a steady fan, and certainly believe he will rate with other Canadian champs such as Tommy Burns and Jimmy McLarnin.

I think you did perfectly right in saying that we should abandon duration championships, as the credit is really due to the real champs who are in the armed forces.

For the past four years I have not missed a copy of THE RING Magazine and have found great interest in every issue.

I have been training and boxing a bit and hope to enter the Army competitions this year.

CPR. R. E. IRWIN,
Royal Montreal Regiment.

* * *

I'VE been a RING reader for ten years. It's a wonderful magazine. I hope you print this letter in "Letters From Our Readers."

In the August issue you stated that Manuel Ortiz was the first Mexican ever to hold a world's title. In my book, he is the second. The first one was Battling Shaw from Laredo, Texas. He won the junior welterweight title from Johnny Jadick and lost it to Tony Canzoneri. Shaw was one of the leading lightweights in the country. He beat such fighters as Tommy Grogan, Ray Kaiser, Lou Avery, Joe Ghnouly, Johnny Jadick (for title) and several others. His last fight before he retired was with Young Peter Jackson in Los Angeles. Jackson at the time was the pride of the Pacific Coast until he ran into Kid Azteca, another Mexican, who whipped him.

I am not taking away any credit due to Ortiz. He is a credit to boxing and we Mexicans are proud of him. But I think Battling Shaw should be given consideration. Shaw is now a cop in Laredo, Texas, my home town.

ERNEST TREVINO,
Camp Hoon, Calif.

* * *

JUST a few short lines to enclose herewith a report by Henry Rose on the Paterson vs. Kane flyweight "battle." Henry Rose, in my opinion, is what Dan Parker is to the U. S. boxing public; in other words, a very reliable and excellent judge of boxing, and his summary of the fight bears out what I say.

The fight (if such it can be called) was to be relayed to the boys in North Africa and it started at 8.13 p.m., but was over by 8.14 p.m., and as the North Africa Forces weren't coming on the beam till 8.15 p.m., they missed it all. Even Jackie Paterson, who was going to say a word over the "mike" to his brother in North Africa, could not get through the madly enthusiastic Scottish crowd, who once more saw one of their own race vanquish Peter Kane again, as did Benny Lynch six years ago.

By the time this letter reaches you, I'm sure that the big drive of the Allies will have started and we all can confidentially look forward to Hitler and Company getting as big a hiding as ever anyone has ever had. THE RING is not now available over here owing to various reasons, but we can keep up to date with the boxing news which is given over the radio here for the U. S. Forces, though when this war is all over, I am going to become a subscriber to ensure my copy. I have little other news, only to say that tomorrow, being the second anniversary of Hitler's biggest mistake (attacking U.S.S.R.), is so different from last year when he was attacking in full flight, and this is another nail in his coffin.

Well, here's to better times to us all on both sides of the Big Pond.

C. J. ROBINSON,
Liverpool, England.

Moran, Stark, Wallach With Marines in South Pacific

By John F. Reilly

(Marine Corps Combat Correspondent)

SOMEWHERE in the South Pacific—A Marine Recreation Post far from civilization. Tar-papered walls, bare plank benches. A battered piano and a movie screen. An improvised boxing ring and boys wearing gloves.

A far cry from Madison Square Garden, yet the stocky, smiling marine with the cauliflower ears didn't seem to mind. Once the world's fourth-ranking featherweight, touring Europe with the champions, here he was plain Private First Class Theodore R. Maranda, of 610½ Washington Street, Bay City, Michigan, stationed at a lonely dot in the Pacific.

His life had been spent boxing—387 fights with only three knockouts, and now at 33, he was a little old for the game, but not too old to teach it to others. But through training young marines, and his youth spent in working under Harry Greb and Walk Miller, manager of Tiger Flowers, Teddy mastered the art of training as well as boxing and today, his knowledge of fisticuffs has been a great asset to him in his role as a marine.

The fighters warmed to their work and hot sandy rocks that usually echoed to nothing but gooney bird chatter, resounded to the training crisp:

"Keep your hands up, Clay. Cool down, you're throwing 'em wide. Elbows in! Time!"

Under the name Pat Moran and later under his own name, he fought such men as Kid Kaplan and Benny Bass and Sammy Mandel.

His boxing career started when he stepped into a gym in response to a sign that read "three rounds five dollars."

The former Pat Moran did such a good job in the ring that day that they doubled the five and told him to report tomorrow.

He had been boxing ever since until his enlistment in June, 1942.

A broken hand and hard times forced him occasionally to work as brakeman on the Santa Fe, but even then, he coached the neighborhood kids in the proper way to commit Marquis of Queensberry mayhem.

Today, Moran is doing a swell job as a marine. He is one of several thousand former and present day boxers who have answered the call to arms and are stationed in every part of the world with the Army or Navy.

He once tried to be a jockey up in Canada. But, as he tells the story, "The horse reared and left me at the post."

He tells how he licked Barney Ross, but not in boxing. He followed Ross on a rifle target at recruit camp, he says, and beat Barney's score by 30 points.

Also in the South Pacific are two New Yorkers who fared well in the boxing game, Private Harry Wallach and Corporal Fred Stark. Staff Sgt. Maurice E. Moran of the Marine Corps Combat Correspondents, writing about them, says, "they loved a fight so they couldn't keep away from the Big One," is the way they put it when asked about their present work. That's how they explain their enlistment in the marines.

Corporal Stark is a personal friend of Fred Apostoli, now on duty with the Navy, somewhere in the North Pacific. Wallach is a former Olympic champion. He competed in the 1924 games. Stark lives in New York City and is a member of the Nordacs, a famous sporting club.

The two often meet at marine amateur boxing shows and talk over past events from "back there."

Medical Outfit in Africa Makes Good Use of RINGS

By Pvt. Tom Ephrem

THE 60th Station Hospital, a Medical Unit situated somewhere in North Africa, has set a record for other outfits to shoot at. This unit has seventeen yearly subscribers to The Ring, and these seventeen soldiers bring joy and happiness to the hospital patients. Here's how:—

We have found in our work at the hospital that many of the sick, especially the wounded, crave for good reading material. Many ask for reading matter on sports. Hence the seventeen who get The Ring, after reading the magazine, pass the book on to the hospital library and when the lads under our care are through reading the publication, each magazine has passed through the hands of several hundred wounded and sick American soldiers.

Among the seventeen who are doing this splendid work in keeping up the morale of the lads are: Mike Puceloskie, former C.Y.O. champ from Chicago; Dominic "On" Sarlo of Chicago; Joe Sette, school chum of Eddie Shea of Chicago; Ed Moroney of the same city; Al Feldman and Vincent Gallivan from the Windy City, and Gene Krotz of Bellwood, Illinois. Those who come from Pennsylvania are: Mike Nodich and Salvatore Lauri, both from Philadelphia; Tressler from Confluence, and Sinar Sundelin of Sharon. Others are Adam Just of Sheffield, a fine all-around athlete; Alexander Gerneus of South River, N. J., and Alfred Taylor, Springfield, Mo.

Gets Trainer's Bug

By Tech. Sgt. Joe Morang, U.S.M.C.

SOMEWHERE in the South Pacific (Delayed)—Pvt. Walter T. Andrews of Hartford, Conn., has acquired a trade through his service in the Marine Corps. He's going to be a fight trainer.

Before he enlisted in October, 1942, Pvt. Andrews had tried just about everything in the book. He was successively a laborer, carpenter, riveter, printer, fisherman, and a boxer.

He arrived at this South Pacific base a few days before the Marines decided to form a boxing squad to compete against the other services, which at that time were in complete control of pugilistic affairs. A veteran of twenty-three professional bouts, and a former stablemate of such fighters as Bat Battalino and Jimmy Leto, Andrews reported for training.

With a squad composed at that time solely of amateurs, Andrews stood out among the other boys like a Flying Fortress in a flight of P-38's. It was apparent that he would be of far more value as a trainer and instructor than as a boxer. Forthwith he was transferred to the Athletic Officer for duty and placed in complete charge of the boxing program.

Since then he has built up a formidable aggregation of leather-pushers, which has been taking an average of six out of eight bouts in every program. He arises with his fighters in the wee hours preceding reveille and paces them in eight to ten miles of roadwork. In the evening after working hours, he bandages hands, supervises workouts, referees and frequently acts as sparring partner for members of the squad.

He likes the job, and after the war he hopes to get one in some gymnasium, preferably around boxing-conscious New England, and make the training of fighters his life's work.

Pvt. Andrews is the son of Mrs. Veronica Andrews of 80 Capitol Avenue, Hartford, Conn. He has two brothers, one of whom is in the Army and the other is a worker in a vital war industry.

With U. S. Troops in Australia

By Arthur Greaves

A FEW weeks ago, the American soldiers and the Australians engaged in a series of well matched bouts in the Brisbane Stadium and the U. S. Army and Navy boxers won the two principal bouts. Johnny Hudek, a Navy lad, with a well-timed right to the chin knocked out Sid Gray, Sydney welterweight, in the fifth round, while Nat Grey, a U. S. Negro member of the Army, knocked out Eddie Markham of the U. S. Navy in the fourth round in the other event.

The 500 spectators, most of whom were U. S. servicemen, gave Hudek a rousing reception for his artistic finish of Sid Gray. The Australian papers, commenting on the bouts, said of that kayo, "It was as artistic a knockout as has been seen hereabouts in many months. The wallop travelled only about ten inches." Hudek weighed 146 to 140 for his victim.

Nat Grey, a well built colored lad with considerable punching ability, wore down his rival and at the end of the fourth round, Markham's seconds tossed in the towel. The supporting bouts ended as follows:

Tex Pigeon, 154, outpointed Roy O'Day, 156; Les Duffield, 118, outpointed Johnny Terror, 126, three rounds each.

Tommy Birch, Australia, 112, outpointed Joe Cruz, U. S. Navy, 113, four rounds; Ivor Wilson, 171, U. S. Army, knocked out Des Casey, Australia, 166, two rounds.

This was the most sensational bout of the day. The winner was out on his feet when he landed the blow that brought victory.

Ray Swinton, 163, R.A.A.F., stopped Red Lambert, 162, two rounds; Al Pittman, 164, U. S. Navy, outpointed Tiger Harris, 165, U. S. Army, eight rounds.

The arrival of additional American troops in Australia and New Guinea, especially in the big cities, has brought

(Continued on page 39)

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 10)

war is over, and should Schmeling survive the Allies' attack, he will probably have to start working for a living—unless, of course, he has funds hidden in American banks. I have a sneaky notion that such is the case. He once told me had a huge deposit here to avoid the tremendous tax he would have to pay in Germany. Perhaps our F.B.I. can locate some of Max's horde and seize it to help our war debt.

* * *

BOXING suffered a severe loss in the recent death of Murray Lewin, president of the Boxing Writers' Association of New York. Murray, who joined the *Daily Mirror* staff the day before that paper made its first public appearance in New York on June 23, 1924, was its boxing editor until his illness forced him to relinquish his duties. He knew boxers and boxing as few in the profession.

He was an active fighter both at sea and in the ring during the first World War, when he won the Navy championship, and from the time he joined the *Mirror* until the onset of his illness, he covered every match of importance throughout the country. He sat in on every heavyweight championship fight during the past two decades and most of the other titular contests. He was an excellent judge of boxing and was one of the best prognosticators.

Boxing lost a solid supporter in his passing.

* * *

WHEN Charley Johnson fought Paul Hartnek at Oakland on August 5, Charley did something that has not been seen in a ring battle in many moons. He called over the referee just before the bell for the fourth round sounded and said:

"I'm tired. I don't want to continue. I've had enough."

That was a sensible thing to do after Johnson had been pummelled all over the lot. Hartnek, who scaled only 183 to 220 for the Los Angeles heavyweight, jolted Johnson with rights to the jaw in the first three rounds so often that Charley didn't know with what he was being struck.

The fight went into the record books as a fourth-round kayo, as Johnson failed to come out for the fourth after the bell had sounded.

* * *

LUIS FIRPO is seriously planning to bring his heavyweight, Abel Cestac, to this country for a campaign. Cestac's latest victory was a ten-round win over Feliciano Brizuela in Buenos Aires. Although Firpo has been raving about his protege and reams of copy have come north from his native land extolling the fighting qualities of the newcomer, ring experts who have written to me say that Cestac is just an ordinary fighter who can be put away by any of the ranking heavyweights in jig time.

Well, Americans have always been suckers for foreign palookas, and Firpo will have no trouble putting his man across on our unsuspecting fight fans once the ballyhoo gets under way.

ADD to the pro pugilists who made good with a vengeance on the battlefield the name of another hero, Sgt. Stanley Hasrato, former Yonkers High football player and later a pro boxer. Stanley led some men in the original landing party at Attu, and when an assault by the Japs killed his gunners, he took over the machine gun and mowed down plenty of yellow men before frozen feet disabled him.

He was removed to a hospital in Oakland, Calif., where he is now convalescing.

* * *

MEYER ACKERMAN, a staff member of THE RING, whose work on the monthly ratings and the New York notes has made him nationally known in fistic fields, is taking his basic training with the tank corps at Fort Knox. Meyer likes the Army, but would much prefer to be in the Public Relations department, for which he is far better fitted.

He knows how to gather material, is thoroughly versed in newspaper work and should be an ideal addition to the Public Relations or recreational department.

* * *

AUGUST 10 was the 200th anniversary of the first rules in boxing, known as Broughton's rules. It was on that date in 1743 that Jack Broughton published the first code after which all subsequent rules were patterned. He posted his rules in his saloon and henceforth, until the London Prize Rules were adopted, his code was followed in all matches.

The Marquis of Queensberry rules were adopted about 150 years later and until the adoption of the Walker Law, were used in all glove bouts.

In Sunny California

(Continued from page 51)

years ago, now operates a cafe in Hollywood and referees on the side. Dolan, still loyal to his home town, has named his place 'Frisco Cafe.

Armstrong and Joyce fought in a sixteen-foot ring, which didn't help Willie's cause any . . . . Wilmington Bowl and Pasadena Arena, long closed to amateur boxing, have reopened with simon-pure programs. There are now five amateur clubs operating in the Los Angeles area . . . . Ralph Volke, well-known trainer of Los Angeles, is now in the Navy . . . . Lee Lewis did a swell job in publicizing the Armstrong-Joyce show . . . . Tony Mar, the lightweight that Jimmy Fitten imported from Mexico, is the Chinese-Mexican who fought in Los Angeles under Martin Zuniga a few years ago.

Among the pro boxers to enter the services since my last report are Al Sanchez, Johnny Meyers, Richard Arce, Ray Arregon and Louie Robles . . . . Those from the amateur ranks to sign up with Uncle Sam are Johnny Brown, Curley Rooks and Danny Burns . . . . Dave Landau has replaced George Leonard as matchmaker for Dave Fouts, Long Beach promoter.

Gig Rooney, former manager of Jackie Fields, ex-welter champion, conducts an outdoor training camp just outside of Los Angeles. It is a colorful spot, having been a winery, and the dressing-rooms are old wine barrels. Rooney calls it Arena Gardens. Lou Nova and Willie Joyce were training there last month.

Joe Stone, former Los Angeles featherweight, who is doing a fine job for Uncle Sam as a Chief Specialist at a naval training station in California, was home on a short furlough. It was Stone's first vacation in twelve months of hard work. Joe not only directs thousands in self-defense exercises, but also stages weekly boxing programs for the sailors and officiates as referee at San Diego fight clubs.

Angelo Gileno, one of Los Angeles' best amateur scrappers a few years ago, is now a sergeant and stationed in Alabama. Gileno was on the team made up of such amateur stars as Red Green, Wesley Sellers, Bobby Bonger, etc. Angelo was home on a furlough last month and to prove that he can still go, he accepted a match at the Southwest Arena and disposed of his opponent in two rounds.

The Los Angeles *Times* staged a two-night amateur boxing tournament at the Hollywood Stadium that produced more exciting, slam-bang action than has been seen in local amateur rings in years. This carnival of fisticuffing, termed the *Times* Victory Tournament, was confined to Army, Navy and war plant boxers. About 130 entered the meet and it required 91 contests to decide the winners. The title of Victory tournament seemed to work like magic on those in charge of the show, as well as the contestants, for the bouts were run off with the precision that is shown on the firing front and production line. On the first night, 49 contests were staged in seven hours. On the second night, 42 contests were run off in six hours.

The tournament, first boxing event ever sponsored by the *Times*, was a financial success. The profits were turned over to Army and Navy relief organizations. Robert H. Svensson, chief of the *Times* promotion department, was in charge of the tournament, ably assisted by Henry Learned of the A.A.U. as head of the Rules Committee; Willie Ritchie, Chief Inspector for the State Athletic Commission, and Harry E. Winkler as Director of Bouts.

Lt. Rudy Vallee and his Coast Guard Band furnished the music.

Results of the finals in each division were as follows:

112—Bill Perdew (Vultee Aircraft) won by default.

118—Ponce Jurado K.O.'ed Fred McEvoy in two.

126—Mario Formentino (Fort Ord) decisioned Louis Filippo (Arrowhead Rubber Co.) in three.

135—Irwin Weinberg K.O.'ed Don Cady (Menasco Aircraft) in two.

147—Wendell (Punchy) Hayes (Menasco Aircraft) decisioned John Soney (Army Air Corps, Hammer Field) in three.

160—Everett Putnam decisioned Albert Padilla in three.

175—Pete Morelli (Camp Haan) K.O.'ed Chas. Mackenzie (Western Wire Co.) in the first.

Heavyweight—Vincent Pellegrini (Camp Cooke) K.O.'ed Lugean Warren (North American Aircraft) in two.

The team trophy was won by the Naval Air Base, whose team was in charge of Nick Delich.

Standout boxers were Irwin Weinberg, 135; Everett Putnam, 160; Pete Morelli, 175, and Vincent Pellegrini, heavyweight. Weinberg, who is from Brooklyn, is a nephew of Jackie Fields, former world's welterweight champion.

AT GUNTER FIELD, ALABAMA

GUNTER FIELD, ALA.—All Gunter Field and thousands of citizens from nearby Montgomery gathered at the Air Base's Hornsby Bowl to witness the second semi-annual carnival of fistiana staged by the Special Service and Physical Training Departments for the Army Emergency Relief Fund.

More than 7,000 fight fans jammed the open-air arena and watched twenty soldier scrappers, matched by the former Southeastern welterweight champ, Lt. Fred O'Banion, battle their hearts out for the fund. Sgt. Petey Sarron, who lost the featherweight championship of the world to Henry Armstrong in 1938, refereed the fights.

Leatherpushers from four southern Army air fields competed in the slugging series. Represented were Craig Field, Alabama; Bainbridge Army Air Base, Georgia; Maxwell Field and Gunter Field, both in Alabama.

In the first bout, Charles Gunn and Larry Bass, from Gunter and Craig, respectively, fought to a draw. Both boys suffered bad cuts above the left eye so Sarron stopped the melee.

The second go saw Dan Herring of Bainbridge win the duke over August Ruggero of Craig. Ruggero once challenged for the featherweight world's title in Madison Square Garden.

Lee Baker, a Maxwell Field M.P., scored a T.K.O. over Pete Sullivan, Craig Field, in 1.40 of the second round.

Henry Ousley, wearing Gunter's colors, took a decision from Tommy Ankridge, working for Craig Field.

Best match of the night was fought between Bill "Arkansas Traveler" Grace of Maxwell, who pummeled J. W. Williams, from Bainbridge. Grace carried off a very popular decision.

M. Z. L. Mackey, fighting with a deeply cut chin suffered in a sparring match a few days before the fights, kayoed his opponent, Andy Tulli, from Craig Field, in 1.55 of the third round.

John Billick, Gunter, won his fight when he downed Craig's Aubrey Rebold in 1.35 of the first.

John Buday of Gunter kayoed Charles Heberling, Maxwell, in 1.30 of the first round.

Connie May, Craig Field, took a decision from Tony Forti, Maxwell, in a slugfest which saw both battlers toss themselves out of the ring in the third stanza.

Two Negro sluggers finished the event with Leroy Whipple of Craig whipping William Gould of Gunter easily.

A CORRECTION

On July 6 at MacArthur Field, Joe Governale defeated Sonny Wilson in eight rounds, and not Sonny Horne, as listed in THE RING.

SEA-GOING BOXERS DEFY ENEMY BOMBS

Returning With Convoy From Sicily, They Celebrated Rout of Italians and Germans With Card of Eleven Bouts in Northern Africa

By HARRY DWYER, CSM

(Somewhere in North Africa—Special to THE RING)

WHEN the Allied forces invaded Sicily, they used for their weapons tons of lead and steel, but when eleven pairs of sea-going boxers took their quarrels inside the 24-foot enclosure, all they had were flaying lefts and rights. And that was enough to draw the plaudits of thousands of fighting fans who turned out, paying no attention to a bombing attack which always hung over their heads. Never has the old saying, "Baseball and boxing follow the flag", been exemplified more so than here in Northern Africa from where our ships made the trip to Sicily.

Eleven boxing bouts and one heavyweight wrestling match rounded out as nice a fistic program as the armed forces have seen since the first bomber went over Mussolini's home territory. It was a sort of celebration entertainment and a most enjoyable one. It was a home-made affair from start to finish with the boys from the convoy ships, having just returned from Sicily, pitching in, and before two hours had gone by, rigging the ring and all the fixin's for the evening's doings.

Only one of the settos wound up in a draw, while two of the scrappers had their lights dimmed when the fatal ten was counted over them. One bout was stopped and the others completed the distance of three heats.

When a sailor wants entertainment, nothing is going to stand in his way and that is just what the lads from the Navy and Coast Guard started out to do—and finished the job in grand style. Empty gasoline containers were gathered with planking and dunnage placed upon them for the ring deck. Then, canvas was borrowed and the tarpaulins were stretched across, forming as fine a ring as the one in your favorite boxing club at home.

* * *

PAT PATANIA, carrying 123 pounds of dynamite in his wallops, crashed with "Vic" Hardy, at 125, and came through in a sizzling bout to take the duke and the honors of scoring the first win of the evening.

Patania carried the fight to his opponent from the very first bell and never let up until the final bell rang.

"Blondy" Walters and Rip Tyler, the latter a hard-hitting Negro fighter, came to blows in a lightweight contest, with Blondy taking the honors at the finish. For three heats both scrappers drove hard rights and lefts into each other's frames, causing the crowd to yell with excitement.

Pal Paliotta took the measure of Rebel Vaughan in a junior welterweight scrap with Pal being on the sending end of the leather bullets while the Rebel caught them hard and fast.

Early in the battle, Paliotta had the Rebel gasping for breath from the fusillade of potent punches that landed in his midsection.

Davy Davis had an easy time of it in his leather tussle with Chief White Eyes and took the duke in the first heat when the referee stopped the bout. A heavy right caught the little Sioux Indian flush on the nose and drew blood. When the flow of claret could not be stopped the bout was halted and Davis' hand raised as the winner.

Another tough argument with the gloves was between "Whiskers" Engleman and "Buddy" Bergonia, a pair of middleweights who threw everything at each other but the water buckets, Engleman winning the duke at the end of the hostilities.

"Carry" Caramico proved a soft spot for "Bull" Bullard in their middleweight setto, when the former pushed over a bevy of dynamic blows which floored Carry for a nine count, the bell saving him from further punishment.

In the second frame Bullard went at it again and drove Caramico to the deck two separate times with a powerful right, the second trip being the last for Caramico when he was counted out.

"Con" Consolo stood toe-to-toe with Jo Snoke in a fast moving middleweight bout with both lads slugging it out for a fare thee well. Wallops fell fast and heavy upon the battlers but Consolo's carried the most sting and he was awarded the palm.

Floyd Arpiiy took the rhythm out of Speedy Edwards when he clocked him at the closing moments of the first round with a powerful right to the face followed by a flock of blows to the midsection. Edwards, a clever Negro lad, started off with plenty of gusto but was slowed up by the devastating punches of Arpiiy.

Nessel "Dick" Road, who did a lot of fighting around the Los Angeles area as a heavyweight, drew Johnny Myhasuk as an opponent. Myhasuk, a ring veteran from Philadelphia, and Road delighted the customers with their way of throwing leather.

Pummeling each other with every punch in the catalogue the two heavies finally tired toward the finish and the bout was called a draw.

* * *

THE biggest upset of the evening was the main event in which Lew Jenkins, former lightweight champion, dropped the decision to Barney Bernard, flashy Negro boxer. Jenkins, far from his old style of fighting and with extra weight added, failed to solve the riddle of the Negro lad's style and had to be content with playing second fiddle. For three rounds the two scrappers went at it hammer and tongs, but the long left of the Negro boy worked to perfection and he copped the duke.

An added attraction to the evening's program was the heavyweight wrestling match between Lou Plummer, internationally-known heavyweight wrestler and former enigma of the leading lights of the grunt and groan game, and Johnny Henryak, top-notcher from Minnesota.

The bout went twenty minutes and delighted the fans from start to finish with Plummer taking the nod at the windup. Lieut. Comdr. "Uncle Ole" Swenson, USNR, former well-known wrestler of a few years back, refereed the match and received a fine hand from the crowd as he entered the ring.

While boxing has always been a favorite sport with the sailors, in my many years of active service I have never seen such a deep interest in it as in this war.

The bouts in North Africa have been far above par. Those in charge of the program have done a swell job and the entertainment furnished the men of the service stationed here has made a hit. The boys have their work cut out for them during the day and when the periods of relaxation come, a fight-hungry mob surrounds the improvised ring to watch the fun.

Let no one tell you that boxing isn't going to be bigger than ever when this job of wiping our enemies out is completed. In every part of the world, wherever American lads are in training for combat duty—Northern Africa, England, Iceland, Egypt, Iran, China—and I've been to all—boxing is the first love among our armed forces.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

LEN WADSWORTH, Sudbury's scrappy Canadian middleweight champion, earned an easy payoff in his non-title bout with Dave "Killer" Viau in the main bout of Promoter Max Alper's card of the month at the Stade Exchange. After staging a first round flurry that had the champ on a careful defensive, Viau lost his nerve. He went down twice without being hit in the second round and finally went down for the count in the third from a swishing right to the jaw.

The semi-final also came to an abrupt finish when Sam Cynamen's eye was so badly cut that he couldn't come out for the third round against dusky Ralph Walton. This was a tough break for the fans as well as Cynamen as it had the earmarks of a dandy scrap. Walton had a slight lead. They are lightweights.

The preliminaries furnished some good battling. Henri Parre earned a close verdict over Yvan Cote in a six-rounder, though Cote finished strong. Like the Walton-Cynamen bout, these lightweights would be a good rematch. Jerry Poliseno, amateur welter star, made a brilliant pro debut by outsocking the Merchant Navy veteran, Dick Conners, in a four-rounder. The opening four-rounder was a thriller, with Allan Earle battling Leo Methot, popular local 130-pounder, to a draw.

On the previous show, Alper's first July card, Lulu O'Connor, Canadian flyweight king, knocked out Marcel Drouin of Quebec in the first round. O'Connor's furious assault had Drouin down twice before he was felled for the count.

In the co-feature, Dave "Killer" Viau, fighting with more savagery than ever, stormed into Johnny Houlston from bell to bell and stopped the Welshman in the third heat. Johnny was not in condition due to the short notice he got when asked to sub for Leo Maher.

Their previous bout had been a corker, with Viau gaining a hairline verdict, so Houlston was a logical substitute when Leo Maher was ruled out for coming in at 176, eight pounds over the contracted weight of 168 pounds. Viau came in at 159 and the commission rightly would not permit a 17-pound difference.

The prelims were good. Jackie Brace and Jean Paul Green fought a sizzling six-round draw, the best fight of the night. These welters would make a good rematch. Brace is the smarter and faster boxer, but Green is a heavy puncher and twice had Brace in distress, though missing badly much of the time. Dick Conners stopped Johnny Manders in four heats, and Ross Taylor scored an impressive win over Kid Gagnon, who subbed for the soldier middle, Jim Lampitt, in the opening four-rounder.

STRAY SHOTS—Wilfe Shanks, popular Montreal middleweight, had been going great guns in his campaign of United States rings since leaving here at the start of the summer until he was halted in a round a few weeks ago. Previously he had beaten Carmine Baglino, Leon Anthony, Georgie Williams, drew with Jerry Maloni, and kayoed Johnny Walker, Frankie Falco, Coolidge Miller and Jackie Hawks.

Shanks was Max Alper's best drawing card in Montreal and Alper wants to show him here again before the outdoor season is over . . . . he figures he can pack the Stade Exchange with Shanks against Al Evans or Len Wadsworth, Canadian middleweight titlist . . . . George Sheppard is handling Shanks in the States for his manager.

BOXING IN MAINE
By CHUBBY McPHEE

PORTLAND—The ups and downs of Lisbon's Maurice "Lefty" LaChance in the featherweight crown chase and the sudden return to ring activity of Portland's Coley Welch, New England middleweight champion, spotlighted Pine Tree State ring doings for the month.

LaChance, boasting a No. 4 ranking among the featherweights, knocked off Billy Bates of Pittsburgh in nine rounds at Providence, R. I., but dropped his New England crown at Hartford, Conn., when he lost on an eighth-round technical knockout to Sal Bartola of Boston—a butt opening a bad gash near Lefty's eye. At the time the Maine lad was out front and going better than ever.

Coley Welch, practically inactive since he enlisted in the U. S. Coast Guard two years ago, was returned to the wars when the service passed him an honorable medical discharge because of an injured ear. Coley immediately went into training to defend his title, figuring on a rise among the remnants of the 160-pound class.

Providence, R. I.—Lefty LaChance, Lisbon, Me., added to his stature as New England featherweight champion by knocking out Billy Bates, Pittsburgh Negro, in the ninth round of a feature tilt at Providence Auditorium.

Portland—Mario Colon of Puerto Rico offered stubborn resistance to Lefty LaChance in a ten-round top event at the Exposition Building but couldn't prevent LaChance from winning a unanimous victory. The lead was Lefty's all the way and he won eight of the ten chapters—but Colon was willing and rugged for all the way.

Jimmy Cook of Portland, making a comeback, just shaded Tony Campo of Boston in a bristling six-rounder; Lightweight Billy Constance of Dover, N. H., was given an unpopular decision over Eddie Polo of Portland in four; lanky Bert Chisholm of Rochester, N. H., had too many guns for plucky Bert Harriman of Portland and won in four, and the opener saw Fern Pelletier of Lewiston even up his series with deaf-mute Eddie Butts of Portland.

Bangor—Jackie Fisher of Waterville made it two-and-two in his series with walloping Waddell Washington of Springfield, Mass., by flattening the Bay State Negro in the first round of a scheduled eight-round main bout at the Chateau. Seven weeks' previous, Washington had pinned a seventh-round kayo on the central Maine southpaw.

Hartford, Conn.—Lefty LaChance saw his New England featherweight championship go winging out to the breezes of Hartford's outdoor auditorium when he lost on an eighth-round T.K.O. to Sal Bartola of Boston—and the Maine mittman was out front at the time. An accidental butt by Bartola split open a bad gash near Lefty's eye and forced commission doctors to halt the tilt just before the ninth round got under way.

The score sheets of the referee and wire service reporters showed Lefty clearly out front at the time and, as has been his custom of late, coming like wildfire as the milling progressed. Which sad ending has brought forth considerable speculation concerning a means of saving a winning fighter from just such losses—and the most popular suggestion seems to be that, at the time of such an accident, a check should be made of the officials' score sheets up to that time and the decision awarded accordingly.

Portland—Buddy Jones, colored middleweight, whose win string is unbroken in Portland rings, scored a second-round knockout over Jackie Fisher of Waterville in one end of a twin-eight feature bill here. A terrific right to the Fisher mid-section ended the fray after Fisher had pounded Jones almost at will for a round and a half.

Jimmy Cook made it two in a row over chunky Tony Campo of Boston in an eight-rounder and this one, too, brought howls from some of the faithful who figured the Bostonian's closing rush should have earned him at least a draw.

Young Johnny Cesario of Boston, rapidly becoming a favorite here, pulled the unexpected when he blasted Henry LeGasse of Old Town to sleep in the third round of the semi-final. It was LeGasse's first knockout loss in 251 battles. Bert Chisholm of Rochester, N. H., stopped Jack Drum of Portland in the third, and Everett Ladd of Westbrook shaded Teddy Savasuk of Winslow in the opener.

Bangor—A ten-round skirmish between Soldier Montoya of Fort Devens (Loren McCarty, Bangor native) and Jackie Fisher of Waterville was postponed when Fisher sustained an eye injury while working at the Bath Iron Works.

The show, proceeds of which were earmarked for the Bangor-Brewer Servicemen's Council, will be held as soon as the Waterville portsider is ready, Promoter Forest Fleming said.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BILLY COLBERT

AUSTIN, MINN.—Jackie Graves of Austin got his revenge as he outpointed Tony Janiro, Youngstown, O., national Golden Gloves featherweight champion, at the Austin Fair Grounds in a scheduled three-round bout. An enthusiastic crowd of 4000 cheered the verdict, which enabled Graves to call it even with Janiro, who beat him for the featherweight title at Chicago. The pair traded punches viciously at close range through most of the third round and Graves had a slight advantage by his greater experience. Johnny Sokol was the referee; Johnny DeOtis and Max Winter, the judges. Graves weighed 124½ pounds; Janiro, 129 pounds.

Other bouts were: Dave Thompson, 119, Albert Lea, outpointed Don Nelson, 113, of Austin, in three rounds. Benny Thompson, 118, Austin, won a close decision over Johnny Wittrock, 115, Mankato, in three rounds. Syd Joyce, 135, Mankato, knocked out Buss Tierney, St. Paul, 139, in two rounds. Louis Kottke, 146, Glencoe, Minn., outclassed Dick Lane, 150, Austin, three rounds. Stan Malespy, Albert Lea, 155, outpunched Ralph Fogarty, 148, Rochester, in three rounds. Sgt. Jim Bielstein, Fort Snelling, outpointed Gene Fessmaier, Morton, Minn., in three rounds. Both boys weighed 179 pounds. Frankie Janiro, Youngstown, O., 155, outpointed Verne Basseler, 156, Des Moines, in three rounds.

The show, sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, drew a gate of $3,980. Len Kelly was the matchmaker.

Minneapolis Armory—Jim Bielstein, 189, Fort Snelling, won the decision over John Weber, 190, Minneapolis, in the main event of three rounds. Mike Fischer, St. Paul, 179, won the decision over Joe McCauley, Anoka, 181, in three rounds. Jimmy O'Hara, 167, St. Paul, won the decision over Mike McCarthy, 170, St. Paul, in three rounds. Buss Tierney, 137, St. Paul, won the decision over Kenny Olafson, St. Paul, 136, in three rounds. Harvey Ronglin, 139, St. Paul, won the decision over Ed Lange, Minneapolis, 135, in three rounds.

The 1941 Mid-West Golden Gloves champion in the lightweight division from Omaha is now stationed at a pre-flight school in Minnesota. His name is Clinton Weissenbach . . . . Fred Lenhart, White Bear, Minn., heavyweight, is now the chief of police in Haines, Alaska . . . . Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight and referee, is making plenty of money on a defense job in Alaska . . . . Remember our address: Billy Colbert, Hamm Bldg., St. Paul, and send in your news for this column before the fifth of each month.

Mike McNulty, former St. Paul boxing manager, is now running shows in California. Mike knows the game from A to Z. He was the former manager of Johnny Ertle, bantamweight champion in 1917, and Jock Malone, middleweight.

Ken Pearson, St. Paul heavyweight and Golden Gloves champ in 1938, is now a policeman in Minneapolis. Ken was a very good heavyweight in the amateur ranks.

Bobby Ward, St. Paul lightweight in 1917, and a veteran of the first World War, is now stationed in the state of Washington with the Marines. He boxed the best boys in his weight.

It's now Lt. Johnny Hanschen of the Anti-Aircraft Division. The heavyweight boxer stopped off on furlough in Minneapolis, just long enough to give a few pointers to his ring protege, Welterweight Arnie Heiderich, who, Hanschen says, has a definite future in the boxing game.

Jimmy O'Hara, St. Paul light-heavyweight amateur boxer, is the best prospect in the Northwest at this time. His last three opponents failed to go the distance and he is gunning for bigger game. He bars nobody in the amateur ranks.

Kenny K.O. Olafson, St. Paul welterweight, is training for the best boys in his division. As a beginner, this boy shows a lot of promise. He won over Buss Tierney in a return match recently.

Jerome (Jerry) Coleman, St. Thomas' College boxer and all-around athlete, was accidentally drowned at Superior, Wis. Jerry also coached Wilson High School teams and had a host of friends in the Twin Cities.

Gene Fessmaier, light-heavyweight from Morton, Minn., and Louis Kottke, welterweight from Glencoe, Minn., are managed by Jay Kosek, Glencoe businessman.

Cpl. Jim Bielstein, heavyweight, is the title holder at Fort Snelling, Minn. . . . . Johnny Mauer, Cretin High School boxer and amateur title holder in the middleweight class in 1940, is now a staff sergeant at Fort Lewis, Washington . . . . Carl Leonard, Hudson, Wis., lightweight boxer, who fought from 1918 to 1928, has been discharged from the Army because of a broken arm suffered when run down by a truck at Fort Lewis, Oregon. He is now trying to enlist in the Merchant Marine.

Britt Gorman, Minneapolis, prominent flyweight boxer a dozen years ago, left for Baffin Island, where he is employed on a defense job. Britt in recent years has been one of Minnesota's ace boxing referees.

Boxing in the Twin Cities is dead, except the amateurs. All the professionals are in the armed forces. Potts' Gym in Minneapolis is deserted, also the Gibbons Gym in St. Paul. Both places look like morgues, except for a few amateur boys working out. Before the war there were always at least fifty boxers working at each gymnasium.

Pvt. Charley Milkes is now stationed at an Ordnance Base in California . . . . Pfc. Emmett Yanez, Mexican featherweight, is now stationed at Camp Pickett, Va. . . . . Charley Foley, Kansas City fight promoter and manager, is now in the Army and is located in California.

Floyd Hagan, St. Paul lightweight, enlisted in the Navy and is now stationed at Camp Farragut, Idaho. What a puncher this Hagan is! He won his first twenty amateur fights by kayoes. When he turned professional, he knocked out nineteen of his first twenty-one opponents. He was a big drawing card in Chicago and the Twin Cities.

Gene Connolly, former Golden Gloves boxing instructor, has completed his preliminary training with the Sea Bees and is now in a commando unit in Rhode Island.

Ryan Hotel, St. Paul, Minn.—Jimmy O'Hara, St. Paul light-heavyweight, knocked out Johnny Greenwood, Hastings, Minn., heavyweight, in the third round of a great fight. O'Hara had Greenwood down three times before the referee, Billy Colbert, stopped the fight to save Greenwood from further punishment.

NEW ENGLAND FISTIC NEWS
By TONY PETRONELLA

THE boxing scene was none too active in New England during July and early August. Boston was quiet; Providence staged a couple of shows, but most of the action during the month was confined to the smaller centers like Fall River, Woonsocket, Taunton, Worcester, West Springfield and New Bedford.

Promoters Dave Cashman and Sam Price of the Arena A. C. presented the ex-champion of the world's featherweights (N.B.A. domain), Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh, against clever Tony Costa of Woonsocket in the featured ten-rounder at the Rhode Island Auditorium, Providence. Wilson was awarded the duke, but a majority of the fans and experts "liked" the Baby Tarzan from the northern city. It was a split decision, with Referee Tim Ferrick's ballot for Wilson deciding the issue, after Judges Eddie Jansen and Henry Devron cast disagreeing votes. Jansen voted for Costa, while Devron's choice was the Smoky City lad, who dropped his version of the title in the same ring to Jackie Callura last January 18.

It was really that close a mill, with Costa roaring back in the final stages to catch the eye of most of the 2212 fans, who paid $3722 to see the show. Wilson looked bad in spots; his timing was away off and the right he used in rocking Callura was noticeably weak against Tony. Wilson weighed 128½ to Tony's 130¾ pounds.

The main event followed a kayo carnival which comprised the supporting card of four matches and was the lone fight of the evening that went the full distance.

Bernie Miller, 139½, New York, but now campaigning out of Providence, kayoed Bobby Root, 133¼, Philadelphia, in the third of a scheduled eight-round semi-final. Billy Bates, 126, Pittsburgh, put the chill on the Blond Tiger, 122, Lowell, in exactly 44 seconds of the first heat of a scheduled six. Eddie DeAngelis, 126, Revere, took three rounds to make Eddie Mason, 130¼, Cambridge, quit, and Gene Bolden, 146, Providence, blasted Ronnie Mason, 144½, Boston, in less than a round.

At Hartford, Maurice (Lefty) LaChance, Lisbon, Me., lost his claim to the New England featherweight championship to Sal Bartola of Boston in a very heartbreaking manner. Ahead on points and ready to score one of the big upsets of the season, LaChance was accidentally butted in the eye by Bartola in the eighth frame and had to retire. The bout was only a ten-rounder and Lefty was getting stronger, having staggered Bartola a few times and only such an accident could have prevented him from retaining the title he so magnificently defended against Larry Bolvin in Providence previously.

A new ruling should be put into force whereby a boxer ahead on points who gets butted in an obvious manner should be protected insofar as official decisions are concerned. LaChance was deprived of his New England crown even after Bartola, a true sportsman, admitted he had butted the Maine lad.

Unfortunate for Providence promoters was this turn of events, as the return LaChance-Bolvin bout for Providence was contemplated. Such a bout would have drawn upwards of $8000, following their great twelve-rounder in June when LaChance was awarded an unpopular decision over the Providence socker.

Bartola won two other scraps during the month. He kayoed the much-kayoed Jose Rozo of South America in one round at MacArthur Stadium, New York, and defeated Henry Vasquez of Spain and New York in the ten-round feature at West Springfield.

One of the big upsets occurred at New Bedford when Jimmy McLarnin, New Bedford's favorite gamecock, kayoed Francis Leonard of Taunton, former national amateur champion, in six frames of a scheduled eight-round headliner.

This marked Leonard's first defeat as a pro, but shouldn't prove a barrier to Francis' aspirations as the kid has plenty on the ball and will be one of New England's star performers within a season. Leonard should recall that Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee and practically all the ring immortals have heard the doleful "ten" at some time in their careers.

Other fistic results during the month—July 14, Woonsocket: Tony Costa, 132, defeated Snooks Lacey, 126, New Haven, in a close ten-rounder . . . . July 21, Woonsocket: Frankie Nelson, 160, Boston, defeated Joe "Butch" Lynch, 164, Hawthorne, N. J., ten rounds . . . . July 22, Fall River: Frankie Nelson, 163, Boston, T.K.O.'ed Joey Spangler, 158, Philadelphia, in four rounds.

July 26, New Bedford: Al Costa, 146, Woonsocket, outpointed Freddie Graham, 152, New York, in ten heats . . . . July 28, Woonsocket: Jimmy McLarnin, 134, New Bedford, easily whipped Lynn Warren, 138, New York, eight rounds, and Pat Demers, 134, Brockton, kayoed Al Sforza, 128, Boston, in the second round of another scheduled eight-rounder. Watch this kid, Demers!

July 30, Worcester: Joe Lemieux, 132, New Bedford, decisioned Gene Margarida, 143, Fall River, in ten rounds. Taunton: Pat Doyle, 132, Fall River, licked Jimmy McLarnin, 130, New Bedford, in eight rounds.

August 3, New Bedford: Jimmy McLarnin, 130, New Bedford, lost to Johnny Gebert, 127, New York, in ten. August 4, Woonsocket: Al Costa, 146, Woonsocket, scored a great ten-round win over George (Red) Doty, 145, Hartford. August 5, Fall River: Johnny Bellus, 140, New Haven, easily whipped Leo Dulmaine, 134, Worcester, in ten frames.

August 7, Worcester: Joe Lemieux, 140, New Bedford, defeated Leo Sawicki, 145, Worcester, in eight heats. Taunton: Francis Leonard, 128½, Taunton, bounded back with a six-round kayo over Jimmy Lee, 129, New York, of their scheduled eight-rounder.

Pete Louthis, Cumberland 200-pounder, is back in action after an absence of a few months since fracturing his right hand at Fall River. The former Providence College football star kayoed Clem Carr of the Coast Guard in his first test in the semi-final of the Al Costa-Red Doty main event at Woonsocket.

Speaking of Al Costa, his recent fine work has all the cauliflower addicts here talking about a match against Ralph Zannelli. Such a pairing, if made, should draw a neat gate at the Rhode Island Auditorium. Since losing to Bobby Howard, Costa has gotten revenge and has also beaten several good boys. Doty was figured to give him a going over, but slippery Al gave the Hartford slugger one haircut and shave.

All hopes of a Willie Pep-Jackie Callura world's featherweight title bout went into thin air following an announcement by the Navy that Pep, who is stationed in New York State, must conform with the Navy ruling of "not permitting individuals who are or have been prominent in sports, and who are now members of the naval service, to engage in contests with professionals unless such contest is held on naval reservation to which the individual in question is attached."

This really is a sad blow to boxing, as all the fans were desirous of seeing the featherweight title scramble settled. President Abe Greene of the National Boxing Association had requested the Navy for its sanction of such a match, as Pep, the New York title holder, and Jackie Callura, the N.B.A. standard-bearer, would have decided the rightful and sole crown-bearer of the world's 126-pounders.

Tommy Forte, hard-hitting Philadelphia feather, is a corporal in the U. S. Army, stationed at Camp Edwards, Mass. Tommy would like to see some ring action, but thus far hasn't been able to get official sanction from his superior officers. Should he, he'll be a welcome addition to the local featherweight scramble of Bolvin, LaChance, Bartola, etc., and would more than hold his own in this company.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

WALTER KOLBY fought his last professional fight as a civilian on July 26 when he punched out a decision over Ruby Garcia, rough New Yorker, in a hard-fought six-round main event at Civic Stadium. Jack Singer promoted the show and the best crowd of the open-air season saw the bouts. Kolby weighed 135; Garcia, 141.

Kolby is now an apprentice seaman in the U. S. Navy and has been sent to a training station in New York State for the time being.

Garcia proved anything but a set-up. The fiery scrapper from New York bloodied up Kolby's nose and threw plenty of dangerous punches. Kolby, however, kept his stout wallops going into Garcia's midriff and the visitor was beaten beyond a doubt.

The preliminaries were full of action. Frank Lumpkin, 181, Buffalo, whipped Jack O'Sullivan, Niagara Falls, 195, six rounds; Charlie Roth, 198, Detroit, scored over Vernon Benware, 242, North Tonawanda, six rounds; Stanley Cieslik, 128, Detroit, knocked out Charlie Hall, 124, Buffalo, second round; Jimmy Lee, 147, Buffalo, defeated Walter Murray, 147, Niagara Falls, four rounds.

Officials were: Judges, Harry McCoy and Dan Russo; referee, Jimmy Goodrich; timer, Ike Klipfel; announcer, Bob Turner.

HERE AND THERE—Dick Guy, former sporting editor of the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times*, was in town recently on his way to Toronto for a short vacation . . . . He saw Dizzy Dean pitch against the St. Louis Stars (Negro National League club) and pronounced Dean as still fit for good pitching . . . . Incidentally, Dean, working for Hans Wagner's All-Stars, shut out the colored team, 6 to 0 . . . . Boxing in the Pittsburgh district is in pretty fair shape, according to Guy . . . . Other Buffalo visitors during the week were George W. Smith, general manager of the Ringling Brothers circus, and Al Butler, chief advance man . . . . Smith and Butler had a long chat with Bert Finch, popular Buffalo fight manager, who is an old-time friend of the circus people . . . . The Ringling show drew bumper crowds despite a two-day rain.

Charlie Murray is saying little about his boxing plans but is going ahead with three major league football games for the fall . . . . Murray looks for huge crowds at Civic Stadium for the pros this autumn as college games will be few . . . . Murray advises your correspondent that he will take a fling at boxing if he can get some top-notch matches . . . . "I will not bother with small time stuff," said Murray . . . . Jack Herman, wrestling promoter, is smart enough to take a well-earned vacation and looks twenty years younger than he actually is . . . . Herman will start his wrestling shows again about September 15 . . . . The burping trust will keep the big fellows going in Rochester, Erie, Toronto, Hamilton and other nearby points as well as Buffalo . . . . Charlie Pinto believes Jack Singer will cash in for some good profits during the 1943-44 indoor season . . . . Singer can't miss making some money if he can line up some capable fighting talent.

The Civic Stadium bouts staged by Jack Singer on July 13 saw Walter Kolby the winner again, this time on points. Kolby whipped Mexican Joe Rivers, 137, New York, in six rounds. Kolby tipped the beam at his usual 135.

The setto was chockful of action and at no time did Kolby have an easy time of it. Rivers kept punching away from the first round to the last and the officials finally voted Walter the winner. About 2300 fans saw the show, which was one of the best Promoter Singer has offered to date.

In the semi-final, Johnny Green, 147, Lackawanna, whipped Eddie Guerra, 152, New York, in six rounds. Green won beyond a doubt, but Johnny has fought better bouts in Buffalo rings. Guerra was hard to box and knew a few things about keeping away from hard punches. Joe Miller, 138, Buffalo, stopped Stanley Cieslik, 135, Detroit, sixth round; Frank Lumpkin, 181, Buffalo, knocked out Charlie Roth, 185, Detroit, second round; Walter Murray, 147, Niagara Falls, stopped Johnny Korczak, 141, Buffalo, second round (Referee Luke Carr halted this match because of a cut over Korczak's eye).

Officials were: Luke Carr, referee; judges, Art Scott and George Needham; timer, Ike Klipfel; announcer, Bob Turner.

Jack Singer, matchmaker of the Hudson A. C., can use some high grade boxers for main events. His address is Washington and North Division Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tommy (The Duke) Sulpi, is assembling a new boxing stable. His two aces, Joe and Phil Muscato, are now in the armed services. Joe Muscato is in the Army and Phil is assigned to the Navy.

AT CAMP ORD, CALIF.

PVT. MARIO FORMENTINI, a hard-hitting member of the Medical Detachment of the Amphibian Engineer unit at Fort Ord, won the featherweight championship of the Victory boxing tournament sponsored by the Los Angeles *Times* and held in the Hollywood Legion Stadium.

Formentini scored a close decision over Louis Filippo, representing the Arrowhead Rubber Company, to gain the crown, after taking a decision victory over Johnny Clavin from Mintner Field in the semi-final bout.

In recognition of his winning of the title, he was presented with a gold watch in ceremonies following the final bout.

Another Engineer, Cpl. Harry Phillips, dropped a decision to Manuel Martinez of the Victorville Air Field, after advancing to the finals by virtue of a knockout and a decision victory.

Formentini's victory marked him as one of the first Ford Ord battlers to win a crown in outside competition. A veteran of several Golden Gloves tournaments and amateur bouts throughout the country, the scrappy featherweight slugged his way through the classy tourney in a merry fashion and greatly impressed boxing followers of southern California.

A third Amphibian battler who looked impressive in the qualifying round, Tech. Sgt. Frankie Weber, was forced to withdraw from the middleweight competition, as a lacerated tendon on his hand, suffered in the opening night of fighting, failed to heal in time for the finals.

Pvt. Leo Stackenberg, who fought his way through the first night's competition, found that he had been disqualified for not appearing for another bout in the wee hours of the morning last week, after he had apparently qualified for the semi-finals. Although he made the trip, there were no withdrawals in his class and he spent the night as a spectator and acted as a second to the other Amphibs.

With U.S. Troops in Australia

(Continued from page 34)

about a revival of boxing in this land. Melbourne, which for a time was lost to the boxing world, is now a haven for the boxers. Several boys from the American forces have been billed for appearances here against local lads, and permission for these contests have been granted. The American Negro, Al Hoosman, is being featured in a bout against Melbourne's best heavyweight, Herb Narvo. This will be Hoosman's first fight in Australia and he has plenty of backing. The bout, which will take place just about the time this dispatch reaches THE RING and will be reported in the next issue, is the talk of the city sportsmen.

Hoosman comes from California. He is the heavyweight who was matched with Abe Simon just before Abe retired, but even had Simon not hung up his gloves, the contest could not have taken place as Hoosman received embarkation orders the day after the match was proposed.

Narvo is an international rugby star, who is 5 feet 11½ inches tall and scales 196 pounds. He is a good, two-fisted, hard hitter. As we send these notes the American is the favorite.

With Our Fighting Men

(Continued from page 15)

has been discharged from the Army to take on the job of recreation director at the Magnesium plant in Las Vegas, Nev. Dick is an expert in putting on entertainment and he is doing a swell job for the defense workers.

He rates high in ability and experience. Basic athletics and sports are parts of his program.

* * *

MIKE MUSULIN

MIKE MUSULIN is a member of the armed forces of Canada. He is in the Seaview School of the R.C.A.F. He was born in Idaho.

Mike began boxing at the age of sixteen, in 1937. He attended the University of Idaho and Washington State College and went through his college boxing without a loss. He won the Idaho State Golden Gloves lightweight championship in Wallace, Idaho.

In 1939 in California and Washington, he had twenty-one bouts. He defeated the welterweight champion of Washington, Roger Pederman, in Aberdeen. In Seattle he boxed for both the Boeing Aircraft Company and the Washington Athletic Club. In competing against the visiting boxing team from the battleship *Colorado*, he had the privilege of meeting former champion Commander Gene Tunney, who was honorary referee.

In 1940, prior to his enlistment in the R.C.A.F., he coached the Wallace High School boxing team, also the Y.M.C.A. in Kellogg, Idaho, under the athletic director, Mr. Al Loren.

In all, Mike had thirty-nine bouts and lost but two decisions. He still finds time to continue his boxing while in the Air Force and his ambition is to continue boxing after the war is over and we have kayoed the Axis.

Mike Yurke Stars

(Continued from page 30)

Navy, Air Force and civilians the "whyfor" on the Marines' reputation for toughness.

Newcomer Irish Kid Barry has in two brief blasting battles earned a crack at Red Cone's crown.

Both Cone and Yurke fought their way into the final round of the Los Angeles *Times* Victory Boxing Tournament recently, only to lose in the final round. Mike Yurke lost the light-heavyweight tourney to Champion Pete Morelli of Camp Haan. Red Cone dropped his guard for that fatal split second and lost to speedy Manuel Martinez of the Air Forces stationed at Victorville.

The Yuma Army Air Field's athletic department has been able, in addition to the fights and special events, to present such top-flight boxing figures as Ray Lunny, Pacific Coast lightweight champion, and World's Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis. Lunny boxed a three-round exhibition with his Coast Guard sparmate, Frank Favar, and then took on Engineer Marcus Carlo in a fast three-round fight. Carlo proved tough, fast and courageous, but it was the old story of topnotch speed, skill and experience versus a hard trying newcomer. Lunny's whip snap left piled up points at will and left no doubt as to the decision.

World's Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis refereed several matches on the card and pronounced the show "very good."

The fights continue weekly with Matchmaker Staff Sgt. Bill Schoenfeld scouring the desert and the Army, Navy and Marine flying fields for new talent. Col. James W. Andrew pronounced the fights "fine builders of morale and excellent conditioners of combat troops."

Without Weapons

(Continued from page 29)

The boys are rather interested in this phase of the training. They feel that not only will it come in handy during the war, but also after the war when an emergency may arise and they are called upon to defend themselves from thugs.

Many of the boys we get here at Farragut have never had a fist fight. The only time they ever saw a scrap was in the movies, where the villain and hero get knocked down time and again. They get the wrong impression of what really takes place in such a fight. We who have had some experience in the fight game know that once we knock our opponent down we can quickly prepare for the "kill" or knockout.

This going down often and getting up as frequently after being hit in the vital points is a lot of "malarkey." Our boys are taught to use their right hand to advantage in delivering the decisive blow and are told how to go about measuring an opponent and delivering the blow properly and effectively for a quick kayo.

They know their job when it comes to handling the larger guns.

They have been trained in and know what to do in every emergency.

They know how to abandon ship if necessary.

They know what to do when they find themselves in the water under any conditions, whether the water is burning oil or is infested with sharks.

Very important is the fact that they know how to swim. The Navy insists upon 100% swimmers out of each graduating recruit company. Our boys are well equipped with weapons and are physically and mentally fit and can stand the gaff.

33 Years Ago

(Continued from page 14)

When our train reached Albany, there was quite a commotion caused by a wreck, and for a time there was a feeling of uneasiness because of a false report that the wreck was caused by some cranks who were out to get Johnson, but such fears soon died down when it was learned that the wreck was purely accidental. We shifted to the Boston and Albany line to Chatham and then went over the Harlem River division into New York.

Good-sized crowds packed every station where a stop was made on orders, but no amount of persuasion could get Johnson to do any speechmaking.

On the same train with us was Jim Corbett, but aside from nodding to Johnson and his wife, Gentleman Jim didn't speak to the heavyweight king. It will be remembered that Corbett helped condition Jeffries for his fight with Johnson.

In the evening after his arrival in New York, Johnson made his first stage appearance since winning the title, and to an audience that packed the theatre, the Negro said:

"I won, and all I can say is that it is my purpose to defend my title against all comers. I believe the better man won the title. I made up my mind to fight a fair, honest fight, despite many big temptations that were put my way by cheapskate gamblers, and I did just what I went out to do. I wanted the title clinched beyond the shadow of a doubt, and no amount of money could have bribed me to toss the title back to Jeffries, as some would have me do. Had Jeffries licked me, I would have been the first to tip my hat to him and offer him my hand."

Despite reports to the contrary, there were no race riots in New York to speak of. As is the case every time any famous fighters engage in a bout, here and there, some fist fights took place, but that must be expected.

"Well, it was like this," said the Negro, as he sparred off to emphasize his point more strongly. "I think it was the blow that closed Jeff's left eye that started him on his downfall. You see, I led and drew him out, and then he thought that I would come back with my right hand, but I crossed over and uppercut him with my left. That ring strategy took Jeff so by surprise that he lost the fight then and there," said Johnson.

After the night show, we all went back to Baron Wilkins and then for the first time, Johnson cut loose. Champagne fairly flew around the place.

Murray Is Fighter of the Month

By PVT. MEYER ACKERMAN
(Writing from Fort Knox, Kentucky)

ANOTHER silly "duration" champion has been crowned by a boxing commission. Lee Q. Murray of Norwalk, Conn., who has been making great strides as a civilian fighter, came through with an eight rounds knockout over Corporal Harry Bobo of Camp Lee, holder of the "title" in their bout in Baltimore, and with the victory, came the acquisition of the Maryland crown. Though Murray's victory was somewhat tainted according to those who thought he had struck Bobo while Harry was still down, the fact remains that he was awarded the contest and that's where the payoff rests. A number of non-partisan scribes from New York who saw the bout insist that Harry's hands were free from the canvas and so were his knees, hence no foul was committed, but the majority thought otherwise. Murray's new honors didn't gain him any advancement in the ratings because those under him had their fill of victory, also.

The heavyweight division had several changes, the most important of which was the rise of Gus Dorazio to eighth place. Charley Eagle, because of idleness, dropped a peg and the continued absence from the ring of Sailor Pat Valentino, caused him to be removed in favor of Arturo Godoy.

Although there were no title fights during the month, many of the top ranking pugilists took part in bouts in each division, except the flyweight.

Jimmy Bivins, the No. 1 ranking fighter in the heavyweight class, the man who has been named by Joe Louis as the outstanding heavyweight of the current crop, continues in our ratings to be classified as the top challenger in two divisions, heavy and light-heavy. The double defeat during the month, by Clarence Brown and Joey Maxim, caused Nate Bolden to drop from third to eighth place. Alabama Kid, who reversed a previous defeat at the hands of Jack McNamee, gained the fifth post, a gain of five positions.

Pvt. Joey Maxim, who easily beat Bolden, resumed his fistic battles and through that victory, gained seventh place in our ratings with Ezzard Charles and Herbert Marshall finishing the group. Good light-heavies are scarce as hen's teeth these days.

Johnny Romero, the veteran who is about to retire, dropped out of the picture.

Although Jake LaMotta was defeated by Fritzie Zivic, he retains his post as No. 1 challenger in the middleweight ranks, with Jose Basora, the Puerto Rican, close on his trail. Jose made the No. 2 position and Frankie Nelson jumped into the select circle. He is rated tenth.

Carlos Malacara and Paul Lewis have found a spot in the welter class. They are ranked tenth and ninth respectively. Earl Turner and Sheik Rangel were dropped and the rest of the division retained their positions.

With the exception of Johnny Hutchinson, who, following his defeat by Beau Jack was dropped from his berth, the lightweight section has new names. Terry Young got into tenth position while Maxie Shapiro and Bobby Ruffin advanced a peg.

Al Phillips has been left out of the feather ratings to make room for Jackie Callura. Lulu Costantino, who defeated Chalky Wright, changed places with the sailor in the Merchant Marine. Wright lost to Lulu but stopped Angel Avila in seven rounds. Lefty LaChance, New England title-holder who was stopped by Sal Bartola through a cut, gave way to Jackie Wilson and Phil Terranova who was sixth last month, went up to fifth place.

There was little doing in the bantam and flyweight classes. Ham Wiloby was supplanted by Al Phillips in last spot among the bantams and the flyweight class remains the same. The month's outstanding fights follow:

The heavyweight division saw its best action in several months, with a number of the outstanding boxers appearing in rings around the country. The most important contests follow: Arturo Godoy knocked out Isadore Gastanaga, 5; Turkey Thompson knocked out Robert Jones in 1 and Ben Moroz, 2; and his bout with Elmer Ray was called "no contest."

Gunnar Barlund beat Tommy Campanella; Paul Hartnek beat Domingo Valin and stopped Charley Johnson in 4.

Gus Dorazio knocked out Ray Scully, 3; Jack Walker beat Johnny Denson, 10.

Lee Savold knocked out Lou Nova, 2; Lee Murray knocked out Corp. Harry Bobo, 8; Dan Merritt stopped Lem Franklin, 1; Abel Costac won over Feliciano, 10; Eddie Wilson beat Indian Foren, 10.

Dixie Oliver beat George Brothers, 6; Frank Lumpkin beat Jack O'Sullivan, 6; Toco Moran defeated Jumbo Mitchell, 7.

The outstanding bouts among the light-heavyweights are: Alabama Kid beat Jack McNamee; Johnny Carter knocked out Bill Grant in 7 and Bill Grant beat Aaron Eatman in 8, and Sammy Karrisch, 8; Gib Jones knocked out Ted Brown.

Herbert Marshall knocked out Johnny Natletono, in 1; Floyd Marshall beat Curtis Sheppard, Verne Esco beat Danny Cox in 6.

Art Gallagher drew with Bobby Turner in 12; Jack Coggins knocked out Billy McGee, 4; Tony Gillo and Ace Clark drew; Herman Badger beat Sailor Billy, 6.

Johnny Dias knocked out Wayne Powell in four to win the middleweight title of Hawaii and beat Augie Flowers in 10; Jerry Maloni beat Freddie Graham, 8; George Colteaux defeated George Cook in 12; Ron Hudson defeated Ray Swinton.

Jack Chase defeated Harry Matthews in 10 and Archie Moore in 15 to retain the California middleweight title. Moore stopped Eddie Cerda in 3.

Eugene Simmons knocked out Mike Sopko, 3; Al Sheridan drew with Colion

"THE RING'S" RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

For the month ending August 10, 1943

All inactive fighters who hitherto have been rated but are now in our armed forces have been removed for the duration. When they resume boxing they will be placed again in the high position they have hitherto occupied. Only active fighters, service men and civilian boxers, will be rated monthly. In our ratings, the position of champions now in the service of Uncle Sam are frozen for the duration.

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (161 to 175)	Middleweights (148 to 160)	Welterweights (136 to 147)
World's Champion *Joe Louis	World's Champion *Gus Lesnevich	World's Champion *Tony Zale	World's Champion *Freddie Cochrane
1—Jimmy Bivins	Jimmy Bivins	Jake LaMotta	Ray Robinson
2—Tami Mauriello	Lloyd Marshall	Jose Basora	Fritzie Zivic
3—Melio Bettina	Freddie Mills	Charley Burley	Henry Armstrong
4—Lee Savold	Anton Christoforidis	Jack Chase	Jackie Wilson
5—Turkey Thompson	Alabama Kid	Archie Moore	Cocoa Kid
6—Lee Q. Murray	Jack Coggins	Kid Tunero	Jimmy McDaniels
7—Buddy Walker	Pvt. Joey Maxim	Holman Williams	Jimmy Garrison
8—Gus Dorazio	Nate Bolden	Steve Belloise	Izzy Jannazzo
9—Charley Eagle	Ezzard Charles	Joe Carter	Paul Lewis
10—Arturo Godoy	Herbert Marshall	Frankie Nelson	Carlos Malacara

Lightweights (127 to 135)	Featherweights (119 to 126)	Bantamweights (113 to 118)	Flyweights (Up to 112)
Title Vacant	World's Champion *Willie Pep	World's Champion Manuel Ortiz	World's Champion Jackie Paterson
1—Bob Montgomery	Lulu Costantino	Kui Kong Young	Sammy Reynolds
2—Sammy Angott	Chalky Wright	Rush Dalma	Peter Kane
3—Slugger White	Sal Bartola	Benny Goldberg	George Parks
4—Beau Jack	Jackie Wilson	Leonardo Lopez	Little Dado
5—Willie Joyce	Phil Terranova	Tony Olivera	Joe Curran
6—Juan Zurita	Lefty LaChance	Tommy McGlinchey	Norman Lewis
7—Johnny Greco	Larry Bolvin	Sammy Medina	Johnny Shaughnessy
8—Maxie Shapiro	Pedro Hernandez	Alan Hall	Humberto Espinosa
9—Bobby Ruffin	Jackie Callura	Lorenzo Safora	Cliff Morris
10—Terry Young	Tony Costa	Al Phillips	Larry Torpey

*Indicates title frozen for duration of the war—in war service.

Chaney, 6; Joe Governale outpointed Freddy Flores in 8 and George Wilson in 8. Frank Terry beat Jerry McGee, 6.

Gene Buffalo outpointed Roy Taylor; Wilfe Shanks stopped Johnny Walker, 2; and was kayoed by Jerry Maloni in 1. Tuffy Baglino won from Gene Brown, 6; Billy McCoy knocked out Jimmy Smith, 1; Sgt. Mad Anthony Jones stopped Tee Hubert in 1; Harry Gentile stopped Pvt. Joe Ackerman in 3.

Billy McCoy knocked out Jimmy Smith in 1; Paulie Peters knocked out Georgie Duke, 4; Saverio Turiello beat Johnny Jones, Coolidge Miller beat Sal Lucre; Tony Reno defeated Jerry Fiorello.

Jack Hawks knocked out Jimmy Dunn in 2. Wild Bill McDowell won over Pvt. Gib Jones.

Joe Bowman defeated Milo Theodorescu and Milo drew with Bill McDowell; Kid Robinson knocked out Eddie Ellis in 9; Jose Basora knocked out Al Franklin in 2; George Kochan beat Ossie Harris and drew with Howard Bennett; Artie Levine beat Harry Gray.

Aaron Wade knocked out R. J. Lewis in 1 and in 4 rounds. Harvey Massey drew with Johnny Mattero; Frankie Nelson beat Joe Lynch and knocked out Joey Spangler in 4.

Fitzie Fitzpatrick knocked out Jimmy Reeves in 5; Vinnie Vines beat Pvt. Marvin Bryant, 8, knocked out Sanford Tucker in 4 and knocked out Sonny Wilson in 5.

Rocky Graziano knocked out Randy Drew in 1; Cpl. Buddy Bailey beat Jerry McGee.

Lew Perez drew with Coolidge Miller. Joe Reddick beat Joe Bennett.

Sammy Kirsch beat Joe E. Carter; Marcus Lockman knocked out Lalo Rodriguez. George Cook stopped Bobbie Rivers in 3. Jack Johnson stopped Young Frisco in 11 and won the Australian middleweight title.

Young Milo defeated Jim Wilson, 8. Speedy Duval defeated St. Leonard Pate, 8.

Andy Holland defeated Henry Kid Robinson. Jimmy Willis stopped Billy Day in 2; Pete Viratos stopped Frankie Williams in 1; Charlie Gaines knocked out Al Maxie, 1.

Fritzie Zivic continued to shine in the welter division by stopping Young Kid McCoy in the outstanding welter fight in four rounds. Henry Armstrong defeated Willie Joyce in 10. Pvt. Leo Rodak kayoed Sammy Brown in three; Jimmy Leto outpointed Tony Gray in 10.

Pat O'Connor beat Jake Kilrain; and Kilrain beat Johnny Kilburn; Harry Lazar beat Johnny Bray; Paddy Roche beat Paddy Lyons.

Kid Delaney stopped Len Fay in 15; John Brown beat Buddy Farrell and Farrell beat Johnny Brown. Mayon Padlo knocked out Buddy Holmes in 2.

Tyree White beat Gene Valenzuela; George Duke beat Weyland Douglas; Kid Lester drew with Terry Gibson; Tommy Jessup kayoed Johnny Dudley in 2.

Cat Robinson beat Joe Agosta; Gene Margarida beat Johnny Attell; Pete Galiano beat Buster Tyler and Bee Bee Wright beat Danny Rozin.

Manuel Rosa beat Phil Sullivan; Patsy Spataro beat Willie Calhoun. Ken Nelson drew with Bob Kent. Fred Korten kayoed Ron Heron in 5.

Eddie Brown beat Joey Cambrio. Johnny Caruso beat Leon Anthony. John Hudek and Art Davis drew. Al Costa beat Freddie Graham.

Ernie Dundee kayoed Tommy Scovengelli in 1. Al Jolson kayoed Indian Gomez in 3. Jimmy Willis knocked out Carmen Grosso. Carlos Malacara defeated Cecil Hudson in 10.

Paul Lewis knocked out Rudolfo Ramirez in 2. Baby Rozo beat Manuel Villa. Neva Esparza knocked out Jesse James Jackson in 5. Kid Lester beat Wild Man Bernie Cardinas.

Jimmy Lee beat Walter Murray. Neva Esparza and Tyree White drew in 10.

Freddie Archer knocked out Bill Enzenga in 10. Buster Tyler defeated Tony Riccio. Robert Simmons defeated Johnny Ryan.

Pvt. Herb Brydon defeated Joey Gambaro. Gene Bolton knocked out Ronnie Mason in the first.

Jackie Burke defeated Buddy O'Dell. Al Costa beat George (Red) Doty. Chito Hernandez lost to Sailor Al Morey. Milo Santa Cruz drew with Don Lemons. Johnny Bellus defeated Leo Dulmaine. Bernie Miller won over Verne Patterson.

Beau Jack's knockout of Johnny Hutchinson in six rounds, featured the lightweight division's bouts for the month. Ike Williams took the same number of rounds to polish off Jimmy Hatcher, Terry Young beat Joe Peralta.

Bob Montgomery beat Frankie Wills in an overweight match. Eddie Miller knocked out Tommy Johns in 7 and Tony Mar defeated Jimmy Florito.

Jimmy McLarnin lost to Pat Doyle and knocked out Francis Leonard and beat Lynn Warren. Billy Banks beat Jose Rozo; Tippy Larkin beat Johnny Jones; Dusty Brown beat Paulie Jackson.

Bernie Miller knocked out Bobby Root; Jimmy Hursey, U. S. A., defeated Herman Dutchy; Steve Vaccarelli beat Eddie Dowl in 8 and Dorsey Lay scored over Will Beltram in 6.

Harry Teaney whipped Al Gomez in 8 and Jimmy Joyce in 8. Jimmy Joyce drew with Al Adams in 8 and with Al Gomez in 10.

Willie Ciampi drew with Lee Hogan. Johnny Ryan kayoed Bill Shepard in 3. Kid Young beat Paddy Boxal in 12.

Bobby Fuller scored a kayo over Dick Ellis in 10. Willard Hogan beat Bobby Gunter in 8. Chico Santos beat Jeff Holloway in 8 and knocked out Rocky Bello in 4. Phil Enzenga beat Johnny Gallucci in 8. Walter Kolby defeated Ruby Garcia in 6.

Harry Gentile won over Joe Rivera in 8. Kid Delaney kayoed Syl Bowman in 5. Dick Ellis scored a kayo over Teddy Williams in 3.

Serto Rivera defeated Carmelo Fenoy. Panther of Barocoa knocked out Radamex Salazar in 7. Joe Pedroso and Kid Baruru drew in 10.

Harry Jeffra and Frankie Rubino drew in 10. Joe Lemieux defeated Gene Margarida in 10. Joe Peralta defeated Joey Perres. Don Lemos defeated Gene Mock. Al Miller defeated Freddie Chavez.

Ed Giose whipped Willie Smith in 10. Al Citrino knocked out Louis Salas in 7.

Sal Bartola defeated Henry Vasquez in 10. Ruby Kessler knocked out Sam Spigliano in 4. Bobby Ruffin defeated Al Guido in 8.

Irving Gold beat Ray Murray in 4. Joe Gillis scored a knockout over Dan Tinerello in 2 and won over Ted Spostoli in 6. Herb Tatta knocked out Warren Lecuyer in 3.

Georgie Pace lost to Al Reasoner in 10. Joe Brown beat Leonard Caesar in 4. Kenneth Hurst kayoed Melvin Bartholomew in 1.

Julie Kogon won over Ruby Garcia in 10. Jackie Floyd kayoed Frankie Maxwell in 1.

Joey Wasnick and George Marino fought a draw, 4. Willie Ciampi outpointed Joey Dillon.

Sal Bartola and Lulu Costantino earned the spotlight in the featherweight class. Bartola scored a kayo over Jose Rozo and defeated Henry Vasquez. Billy Bates knocked out Blond Tiger in 1 round. He also knocked out Joe Tambe, 6; and repeated in a return by winning in 40 seconds. Chalky Wright scored over Angel Avila in 7 but lost to Lulu Costantino.

Jackie Wilson beat Tony Costa; Jackie Floyd kayoed Jimmy Pitts.

Bob Smith kayoed Archie Wilmer; Chico Ross scored over Eddie Valente; Jim Scully kayoed Ed Baker.

Victor Flores stopped Frankie Lieberman; Bertram White stopped Joe Miller in three rounds and also stopped Tony St. Angelo in 2. Louis Salas beat Angel Lopez. Stanley Cieslik stopped Charley Hall. Manolito Fernandez and Orlando Ramill fought to a 7 round no contest bout.

Juste Fontaine kayoed Bobby Crosby in 2. Johnny Coe defeated Bill Reardon; Russ Bernstein defeated Pat "Cocky" O'Brien, then lost to Chick Santos.

Eddie DeAngelis knocked out Eddie Mason. Cocky O'Brien knocked out Tony Knapp; Pedro Hernandez beat Ellis Phillips, 10.

The bantamweight class, like the flyweight, found few top-notchers in action. Even the boys in these sections are in the service and, as a result, there is little going on. Here are the leading bouts:

Freddie Pope beat Ham Wiloby; Danny Reilly and Stan Mott drew, 8; Billy Price beat Young Britt, 4; Paddy McLaughlin beat Eddie Jinks, 4; Jack Fergus kayoed Ernie Hammon, 2; Ken Stanford kayoed Joe Kerwick, 9.

HERE are the outstanding new fighters who came to the fore this month:

Flyweight—Jose Andres, Fort Worth, Texas.

Bantamweight—Red Barker, Ogden, Utah.

Featherweight—Vic Jadnick, U. S. Maritime Service.

Lightweight—Rocco Bello, New Haven, Conn.

Welterweight — Bee Bee Wright, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Middleweight—Howard Bennett, Baltimore, Md.

Light-heavyweight—Verne Esco, Toronto, Canada.

Heavyweight — Charley Chambers, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Shades of a Fighting Trio

(Continued from page 19)

Herrera was wont to nurse an opponent along until he got a chance to surprise him with that lethal right, the Mexican had few tricks at his command. He was essentially a one-punch performer with a single-track mind. Corbett, on the contrary, was in many ways as tricky a chap in the ring as that master-trickster, Kid McCoy.

He fought with his brain as well as his hands, and understood the psychology of human nature. Corbett, for instance, had made a keen study of McGovern's likes and dislikes, knew that the little Brooklynite was excitable and easily put in a rage, and quick to avenge an insult, fancied or real. Also Terry was honestly proud of the commanding position he had gained in the pugilistic world, and the fact that during his reign as bantam and featherweight champion, many of his opponents were awed by the terror of name, in much the same manner as were a majority of the men who tackled Sullivan when the great John L. was in his prime.

Corbett planned to play on this harmless vanity, and did so with diabolical skill. The time was drawing near for the principals to enter the ring. McGovern was getting a light rubdown from his handlers. Corbett got into his fighting togs, went to the door of the champion's dressing-room and yelled aloud:

"What are you hanging back for, you cowardly pug? Get a move on you, sneak out and take your licking. I never yet saw the Mick I couldn't make jump over the ropes!"

Now a cool-headed boxer would have merely laughed at this goat-getting attempt. But McGovern was far from being cool-headed. Had Manager Sam Harris not restrained him, Terry would have dashed out into the corridor and gone for Corbett then and there.

* * *

IT is worth noting that up to the time he lost to Corbett, only once had McGovern heard a referee decide against him. And on that occasion his hot temper was responsible for the disaster. He was boxing Tim Callahan in Brooklyn on July 23, 1898. Tim was substituting for the man originally billed to meet McGovern, who failed to show up.

Billy Roche was handling Callahan and would not let Tim fight unless McGovern consented to conducting the battle on a "clean-break" basis. Roche knew Terry would be handicapped at this style, as McGovern was always best at the close-in, slamming away method. Sam Harris didn't like the proposition, but it was either that or no fight, and he finally agreed.

Callahan was a rangy, clever boxer, with an excellent left hand. He peppered Terry a lot with jabs, and held his own pretty well up to the close of the tenth frame. But he was not in tip-top condition and was getting weak, whereas McGovern was in fine fettle and full of vim. Back in Callahan's corner Roche whispered some advice to his principal.

At that time there was a society known as the American Protective Association, whose members were politically opposed to the Irish in general and the Roman Catholic church in particular. They were a bunch of fanatics and the name of their organization means nothing to the present generation, it having passed into the mists of oblivion. But at that time no worse insult could be offered the average Irishman, or Irish-American, than to call him an A.P.A.

Primed with his wily second's sage advice, Callahan stepped out for the eleventh round. McGovern opened up with his usual bullrush, forced Callahan to the ropes and Tim buckled into a clinch. While they were locked together, Callahan hissed into Terry's ear, the gist of his remark being that McGovern was an A.P.A. skunk!

Whereupon Terry uttered a howl of rage, grabbed Tim with one glove and began pounding him furiously with the other. From Callahan's corner came Roche's indignant voice claiming a foul. The referee tore Terry loose from Callahan and declared Tim winner. McGovern's inability to control his pugnacious emotions had lost him a battle which he had nearly won. The joke of the thing was that Tim Callahan was as much Irish as Terry, and a true son of the Catholic Church.

* * *

THE foregoing incident, which occurred early in Terry's fighting career, serves to explain why he fell for Corbett's heckling so easily. The passing years may have taught him ring tactics, but not mental control. He was still a mark for an acid tongue.

When he entered the Hartford ring, McGovern was mad as a hornet and rarin' to go. The first stroke of the bell saw him tearing into Corbett, both fists flying regardless. He was wide open, of course, and it wasn't long before Corbett put over that stunning right on the jaw. That was the beginning of the end for Terry. He never got over the stunning effects of the wallop, and though he fought with the fury of desperation, Corbett, cool and calculating, met his onsets with equal vigor, and knocked him cold in the second round.

A great many folks could hardly believe that the great John L. fell before Jim Corbett; it seemed almost incredible that Terry McGovern, the matchless Terry, had met his Waterloo; and Jack Dempsey's defeat by Tunney shook the sports world to its foundations. It's always that way when a national idol is knocked off its pedestal.

The McGovern-Corbett match was made over the featherweight limit, although it was billed as a featherweight championship affair. As a matter of fact, Sam Harris never thought Corbett had a chance against his great little battler, and wasn't particular when it came to conceding weight to the Denverite.

Then an odd situation arose. Some sports writers hailed Corbett as the new featherweight king, while others dissented from this view. Corbett's reply to his critics was that he was content to be known as the conqueror of Terry McGovern. But neither then nor at any time later could Corbett make the recognized feather limit of 122 pounds.

* * *

HARRIS demanded a second match with Corbett and got it. McGovern met the Denverite at San Francisco and was knocked out in eleven rounds. On this occasion, too, Corbett outtalked as well as outfought Terry. He bombarded the latter with a choice volley of vitriolic insults, commenting obscenely on McGovern's ancestry, on his domestic relations, until the Brooklynite was white with rage.

The result was that McGovern completely lost his head, and at times fought with the foolish frenzy of a reckless novice.

A noteworthy example of this kind of goat-getting occurred when heavyweight champion James J. Corbett and Charlie Mitchell fought at Jacksonville, Fla., on January 25, 1894, for the world's title. When the men entered the ring, Mitchell yelled a coarse greeting across to the Californian's corner which would not be fit to print. While they were being instructed by the referee, the Briton, a master of cockney gutter invective, abused his prospective opponent with a slanderous verbal attack that worked Corbett into a state of blind fury.

That was why Corbett, for the only time in his fighting career, threw science to the winds and went at Mitchell slugging like a wild man. The champ was so careless about his defense that Mitchell drew first blood with a straight jab to the nose. Mitchell, of course, had planned to make Corbett fight wild, in the hope of scoring a quick knockout.

But the scheme backfired, for the youthful Corbett had height, weight and reach in his favor and was able to outslug the veteran, knocking him cold in the third round. The late Hugh E. Keough, covering the battle for the Chicago *Tribune*, interviewed the loser later at his hotel and remarked:

"Guess your idea was to get Corbett mad and off watch, Charlie?"

Mitchell smiled a trifle ruefully.

"That was the idea all right," he assented, "and you'll admit that it succeeded. But the trouble was that I got the bloke TOO mad!"

* * *

SO Young Corbett had precedent to go by when he tongue-lashed McGovern into temporary lunacy, only in his case the luck was with him, as it certainly wasn't with Mitchell. McGovern's conqueror pulled a verbal fast one on Billy Maynard when they fought at the Quaker City on July 24, 1903.

They were in a clinch in the first round when Corbett, breaking away, suddenly glanced in the direction of his opponent's corner and exclaimed in a startled voice:

"What are those fellows climbing into the ring for?"

Maynard turned his head to look. It was only for the fraction of a second, but that was enough. Bang went Corbett's overhand right full on Billy's jaw, and the Philadelphian went down, to be counted out!

Corbett fought many a good battle and whipped some of the leading lightweights, until Battling Nelson stopped him in ten rounds at San Francisco in 1904. Like Herrera, he neglected training, lived, not wisely, but too well, and in due time developed a rather aldermanic paunch. Despite this handicap, he won quite a few bouts up to the time when Willy Beecher kayoed him in four rounds in New York City on October 20, 1910. That was his final appearance as a ring principal, and again like Herrera, he died broke.

Freddy Welsh, Aurelio Herrera, Young Corbett! A great gladiatorial trio, each of the genuine fighting breed, whose names shine with honorable distinction in the annals of the ring!

In Fistic Spotlight

(Continued from page 20)

Freddie is an excellent prospect. His real name is the same as his fighting name. His weight is 124 and he stands five feet, four inches. He lives in Rahway and trains in Elizabeth. He is eighteen years old and expects shortly to be called to the colors. He is a graduate of St. Peter's High School in New Brunswick. Tony Orlando is his manager.

* * *

ARNOLD DEER

ARNOLD DEER, fleet-footed Indianapolis middleweight, made a fine comeback recently when he defeated Chuck LaRue, 175-pound star. His manager, Nick Stadtfeld, is predicting a bright future for the young Hoosier ringman. Deer is a fast, hard-hitting middleweight and is recognized as a good club fighter.

Arnold is a husky fellow, who is tall and scales 155 pounds at fighting weight.

* * *

RAY BROWN

A CHECK-UP of present-day colored boxers reveals the South has been producing more for the game than any other section of the country. The boys are doing most commendable work, as records show. Jacksonville, Fla., has a colored heavy who seems to be headed on the right track, and under careful guidance may join the select of the squared circle not long from now. His name is Ray Brown, a good puncher and only a youngster, but he shows promise.

Ray is a 195-pounder, and the possessor of a beautiful physique, through good conditioning. The kid won over experienced men such as P. G. Carson, Singapore Joe, Paul Wadkins and others. He is being handled by Pete Hagan, white, of Palatka, who also directs Elmer Kid Ray, one of the outstanding toppers in Southern heavyweight ranks. Jacksonville will be watching the progress of youngster Brown.

* * *

FITZIE FITZPATRICK

MICKEY KILCHER, trainer and manager of such good stars as Joe Anderson, Joe Baratko and Bobby LaSalle, has hit another pay dirt check in the person of Fitzie Fitzpatrick, young 21-year-old middleweight, now fighting out of the Kilcher stable, Cleveland, Ohio.

Fitzie was born in Oak Hill, W. Va., of Irish-American parents. He stands five feet, ten inches, weighs 160 pounds and packs a lethal wallop in both mitts.

His record speaks for itself. He has defeated Joey Mattis, Curley Denton, Rocky Luciano and Johnny Lawer, and scored knockouts over Jack McCahill and Lou Burnette.

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Bob Climbs to Heights

(Continued from page 6)

come North to visit a brother, Thomas, who was a barber. This was about ten years ago when Bob was fourteen.

Loath to return to the Deep South, Bob, who had taken a liking to the City of Brotherly Love, got himself a job, and became a Philadelphian by adoption. He worked as a busboy in a Horn and Hardart cafeteria, then he went to work in a laundry.

With a neighborhood pal, Montgomery found his way into a gymnasium one day, and his first venture in resin dust was to change the entire course of his life. He became a constant frequenter of that little cellar gym on Girard Avenue, running there each day as he finished work.

When he was taken in hand by Johnny Hutchinson, a rising young dandy, Montgomery began to show definite promise. And even after his mentor had departed for a long ring campaign in the Antipodes, the tall lad from South Carolina continued to show improvement.

* * *

TURNING professional, he went under the management of slim Frankie Thomas, who minds the purse-strings to this day. He's still trained by Joe Gramby and Dick Kain, who've handled him from the days of ill-paid preliminary tests.

Taken under the wing of Herman Taylor, promoter in Philadelphia, man and boy, these forty years, Montgomery progressed steadily and surely. He moved into tougher company as time went by and showed that he, a no-excuse fighter in those days, could deal successfully with virtually any situation.

When Montgomery occasionally ran out of lightweight opposition, he fought the welters, notably Mike Kaplan, Carmen Notch and Mayon Padlo, and hammered them all to emphatic defeat.

He fought lightweight champions in five non-title bouts, won one decision and lost four. At the first meeting with a title holder, he fought Lew Jenkins at Shibe Park (September 16, 1940), floored him with a third-round blast, only to lose the ten-round decision by a shade. The following spring he dealt out a murderous beating to Jenkins (May 16, 1941) in ten rounds at the Garden.

It was anybody's fight when Montgomery and Angott met for the first time (November 25, 1940) at the Philadelphia Arena, but the arbiters ruled that Sammy had outgalloped the hometown product. There wasn't any question as to the winner's identity when they fought two years later (March 6, 1942) at the Garden, but there was when the two next met in Philadelphia. Betting men made the Bobcat 20-to-1 favorite after the last bell—but the nod went to Angott, who gains some surprising decisions!

It is worthy of note, however, that Montgomery, who was beaten on those four occasions when the title was not involved, won by himself when the chips were down.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

FITZIE FITZPATRICK, the Bible reading Thunder Puncher, stole the show on Promoter Bob Brickman and Larry Atkins' offering at the Cleveland Stadium before a $26,000 house, when he knocked out the seasoned Jimmy Reeves in five rounds. Fitzie had Reeves on the deck in the first, second and fifth rounds.

In the fourth, Reeves scored with a blow south of the border, in which he almost floored Fitzpatrick. Referee Joe Sedely gave Irish Fitzie a two-minute rest, but from then on, Mr. Reeves took a good pasting, being knocked cold in the fifth round. Jimmy was still out while on his feet an hour later.

Lloyd Marshall, Cleveland light-heavy contender, pounded out a ten-to-nothing decision over Hatchet Man Curtis Sheppard of Pittsburgh in ten rounds. Sheppard never had a chance. He was outboxed and outpunched by the clever Marshall. It seems funny that Jake LaMotta will not meet Lloyd, who weighs only 162-163 pounds. Although Marshall fights light-heavy, he can make 160 pounds and LaMotta could draw a fat purse here in Cleveland fighting Lloyd.

In the other ten-rounder, Lulu Costantino defeated Chalky Wright in a close one. The fight was good, with enough action to make it interesting throughout.

Freddie Pope won another close one over Ham Wiloby. This also was a great fight and it caused a lot of argument. Wiloby had Pope on the deck a few times, but when the duke was given, Pope was the winner. It probably was the strong finish made by the blond Freddie.

Chuck Hunter made his pro debut on this show by knocking out Woody Sweeney in three rounds. Chuck looked good, boxed well and punched sharp. Hunter won the National A.A.U. at Boston earlier this year.

Harry Teaney is doing well since making his comeback. He defeated Jimmy Joyce at Chicago and then went back to pound out a duke over Al Gomez. Teaney is back in his old form, punching sharp and hard. He is matched with Tippy Larkin in the Garden late in the month. Mr. Larkin had better keep his chin down with this fellow, as Harry can punch good and hard.

Berry Wright, Cleveland lightweight, and buddy of Jimmy Bivins, won his bout at Chicago by beating Gordon Shale in six. Berry is a good boxer and gives the fans a lot of action. He has never made a bad fight.

Jimmy Bivins is back in the gym and should see action before the month is over. He will no doubt have his first start at Washington. They are trying to make a Bivins-Bettina match for Cleveland in September. Chicago is after Bivins for a match with Savold. This bout in Chicago would draw a lot of money. California is also after Bivins for a match with Turkey Thompson. Jimmy in his few workouts looked stronger and sharper since his vacation.

At Akron, O., on July 15, Promoter Tom Stanley put on a real show at the Akron Rubber Bowl, which is the answer to a promoter's prayer as far as an outdoor spot is concerned. Stanley matched George Kochan of Akron with Ozzie Harris of Pittsburgh, and Kochan won the duke after ten hectic rounds. Harris was on the floor a couple of times.

This was Kochan's first fight in his home town since he left a couple of years ago for New York. He is now with the Coast Guard. The show drew some four thousand fans, who paid $6500. In another ten, Curtis Sheppard defeated Larry Lawson of Detroit in a good fight. Paul Corbetta, who is one of the outstanding bantams today, knocked out Jim Neally of Detroit in four rounds. Mutt Schartz of Columbus beat Ted Prichard in six. Woody Sweeney defeated Ed Scott.

Fitzie Fitzpatrick pounded out a six-round duke over Ben Franklin at Pittsburgh. Fitzie had Franklin on the deck in the first round. Fans, watch this Fitzie Fitzpatrick. He is going to make a lot of trouble for the middleweights around the country. He is managed by Tommy Mulgrew and Mickey Kilcher.

Joey Maxim of Cleveland, now with the armed forces, pounded out a ten-round decision over Nate Bolden at Chicago. Maxim is down to weight since joining the Army.

Big Dan Merritt of Cleveland knocked out Lem Franklin in one round at Chicago. This was really an upset as far as the fans were concerned, but folks around Cleveland who know Dan know one thing, and that is that he can punch. Well, Merritt proved he could take a punch better than Franklin as he was on the deck also.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 414 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Only Gamest Reach the Top

(Continued from page 27)

warden of the old Tombs, which position he filled with great credit for many years.

Boss McLaughlin of Brooklyn was able to handle himself with much pluck and ability in his younger days. He ruled King's County for forty years as an able political leader.

Gameness counts for a great deal in almost every walk of life. And it's always the plucky fellow who reaches the top. The poet sings, "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and I might add, hardly anything else in the world.

* * *

ON October 6, 1902, Kid Carter and Marvin Hart met in Philadelphia. It was a slam-bang battle. Hart was dropped in the third round. He was practically a beaten man. When he dropped in his chair at the end of the third round, the referee wanted to stop the bout. Hart protested. "I am all right," he said. And he was. His gameness carried him through. The bout went six rounds and the popular verdict was a draw.

In September of the next year, Carter met Gus Ruhlin twice. In the first bout Ruhlin had twenty-eight pounds advantage in weight and similar advantages in height and reach. In both contests Carter gave a remarkable exhibition of gameness.

In the second bout, which was on September 28, 1903, he was dropped by Ruhlin in the first round by a right-hand lead. He took the full count of nine and got up reeling and staggering about the ring. The crowd began to edge toward the exits. No human being they conjectured could stand up under the blows which Ruhlin was raining on him. They did not know Carter. His heart was as stout as his body was strong.

Half dazed, he fought back in the subsequent rounds and at the finish had Ruhlin in bad shape. The blood flowed down Ruhlin's body from a cut over his eye and the crowd was wild with excitement over Carter's plucky work. There was a great argument over their respective weights, and to satisfy the crowd they stepped on the scales in the club office after the bout. Ruhlin weighed 194½, and Carter, 171½.

* * *

PERHAPS the most sensational battle that was ever reversed by a boxer's gameness was that between Al Palzer and Bombardier Wells in Madison Square Garden, June 28, 1912. It was to have been a ten-round engagement. Wells fairly slaughtered Palzer in the first round. Near the close of the session the big Iowa farmer, who was six feet, two and three-quarter inches tall and weighed 218 pounds, was sent to the floor for the full count of nine. He had been little more than a target for the Briton's punches. No one would have given a nickel for his chances. He was groping around the ring pluckily trying to avoid the dancing figure before him. He sank into his chair virtually a beaten man when the bell rang ending the round.

Tom O'Rourke was in his corner. He knew Palzer would fight as long as he could stand on two legs and see. "Go out, Al," he said, "put everything you have in your first punch." And Al did. Backed up by that never-die spirit he sent Wells to the floor in the second round. With each punch Palzer seemed to get renewed strength. In the third he sent Wells to the floor twice and as the Briton staggered to his feet, Palzer put all of his poundage back of a body blow and Wells was sent to the floor and counted out. It was a triumph of gameness.

* * *

WHEN one recounts the daring deeds of our service men on all the battle fronts, he smiles with the pride of a true American at their fighting spirit. With them, like our greatest ring warriors, it is a case of "do or die." Our Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and Merchant Marine are made up of fighting men, gladiators all of them, men who possess the grit, courage, gameness and fighting qualities that have characterized American fighters over the years.

The word "quit" is unknown to the American fighting men. The stories from Guadalcanal, from Tunisia, from Sicily—they all are alike.

Carry on! Keep going!

Those words stand out in the battle cry of our boys. A stout heart and never-say-die spirit are carried into the battle area.

Gameness is what counts most. Our boys have shown it in the roped square and have displayed it on the battlefields. It is an asset possessed by the American boys, one that will go a long way toward winning the war for the Allies.

Young in South Pacific

(Continued from page 11)

Garvey in action against Cochrane, clacked his store teeth and beat the Marine into the dressing room to sign him for a bout with Ray (Sugar) Robinson, then in the midst of his blazing streak of victories.

"Things sort of went bad after that, though," Garvey grins ruefully. "I had begun training at Madame Bey's camp when they told me Ray had hurt his hand and didn't want to go through with the fight. Then they got Lew Jenkins for me, and he ran out. Said I was too heavy. Meanwhile, Mike promised me another shot at Cochrane, this time for the title. But I never got it."

Tired of promises which petered out in monotonous succession, Garvey broke training. He laid off boxing through that entire summer. Then one evening he was told he could have a bout with Fritzie Zivic in ten days. Ten days to train for Zivic, then going at a red hot pace—the same Fritzie Zivic who had headlined the program on which Garvey had begun his pro career nine years before! It wasn't nearly enough time, but Garvey decided to chance it.

"I made a bad decision," he says. "I wasn't in any kind of shape, and Fritzie was going great guns. He just cut me to ribbons. I didn't have nearly enough wind to try and speed with him, and you have to be fast to fight him."

The commission doctor stopped the bout in the sixth round. Garvey's lips were a smear of carmine tatters and his brows hung in a red badge of courage over both eyes.

THAT was Young's only defeat during his Marine Corps service; his first loss, as a matter of fact, in over four years.

Meanwhile, his request for combat service had been approved. Before he left the United States, however, he paused to soundly whip Bobby McIntire, just to show that the Zivic beating hadn't discouraged or taken any heart out of him. McIntire, a very good boy, has since gone on to defeat highly-touted Maxie Shapiro.

Garvey is managing to keep in good shape while awaiting his turn to slap the Jap. An improvised boxing ring and some improvised equipment give him an opportunity to train, and he likes to fight for his Marine buddies, who place boxing foremost among their rather restricted list of recreational activities.

He and Sandham work with a former boxer, Pvt. Walter T. Andrews of Hartford, Conn., in training Marine fighters for periodic amateur programs. How well they do their work is shown by the fact that Leathernecks have been taking an average of eight bouts in competition against all services here.

* * *

WHO was the smartest fighter he ever faced?

"Jimmy Vaughan," he answered. But quick as a flash he added: "Yeah, he was the smartest, all right. But the toughest was Cochrane. I hear he's in the South Pacific, too. Do you think they could wangle up another relief show and give me a return with him? I'd fight him for nothing."

Not knowing the answer to this, I countered with a question of my own.

"Well, if they do, can you get me a ticket for it?"

Garvey, whose father, James N. Young, lives at 306 Stanton Avenue in Akron, has nine brothers. Five are in the Army, one is in the Navy, two work in a defense plant, one is going to high school. Mr. Young, incidentally, also works in a defense plant.

Army Beats Navy

(Continued from page 16)

planted damaging left-hooks to the ribs. He followed with a series of right uppercuts to the body.

Following are the results of this card which is incidentally the first in a series of five Naval Shows under the supervision of Lt. (jg) Arnold:

130 pounds—Speedy Garcia (Army) decisioned Biff Kratsa (Navy), three rounds.

135 pounds—Bobby Root (A) decisioned Shorty Burke (N), three rounds.

147 pounds—Young Gibson (A) knocked out *EDDIE RANKIN* (N), one round.

160 pounds—Young Anderson (N) decisioned Ruperto Nieves (A), three rounds.

160 pounds—Kid Gregg (N) decisioned Peppy Martin (M), three rounds.

175 pounds—Al Forchelli (A) knocked out Mal Welbourne (N), one round.

175 pounds—Bud Center (N) knocked out Charlie Pappas (A), three rounds.

Local fistic fans had the opportunity to see a number of star professionals in action. The appearance here of Chuck Woods, Eddie Rankin, Sammy Secreet and Pedro Hernandez, has aided boxing considerably.

The Ring's Honor Roll

(Continued from page 25)

BRUCE "CURLY" TROLLINGER

THE Naval Air Station at Norfolk has a classy fighter in Bruce "Curly" Trollinger. Trollinger has fought 76 times. His record shows 21 defeats with three draws and 24 victories by knockouts.

Bruce started fighting when in high school and has been at it since. He participated in many events staged for the benefit of the American Legion, the War Fund and Golden Gloves tournaments.

* * *

LEO KARP

ONE of the California boxers now in service in the Mediterranean zone is Leo Karp, who did considerable boxing as an amateur and as a pro in California. Leo saw service in North Africa during the early part of the American invasion and in a letter to his mother, he told of the heroism and courage of his mates in the face of fire.

Leo is well known around Hollywood, where he did practically all of his fighting before enlisting. His folks live in Los Angeles. He is a welterweight and a southpaw. He is handy with his dukes and has been teaching his comrades the art of self-defense whenever the opportunity to do so has presented itself.

* * *

CHIC BLAIR

CHIC BLAIR, former lightweight star of Burlington, Vt., is proving as capable a Marine as he was a boxer. Blair, now stationed at Parris Island, is undergoing special combat training. Blair is only seventeen years old and has engaged in twenty-six contests. Experts in his home city figure he has a bright future. He expects to do considerable boxing for the Marines.

He is a stablemate of Donald Goulette, under the management of Bill Leonard of Boston, whose other boys, Frankie Siello, George Chase, Tommy Caputo and Art Zucker, are also in the service of Uncle Sam.

* * *

DONALD GOULETTE

DON GOULETTE is a classy featherweight from Burlington, Vt., who has joined the Army and is stationed with Battery A of the Second Battalion at Fort Eustis. He is an ardent student of boxing and hopes to make the camp's team.

Goulette started as an amateur and did well in open competition. His idol is Billy Conn.

* * *

TOMMY MISKO

THE Coast Guard has a good battler in Tommy Misko, who hails from Detroit and who did most of his fighting in that city and vicinity. Tommy has been in the boxing game for about five years, during which time he rolled up a fine record. He has been a member of the Coast Guard for three years, one of which was spent in idleness, due to a nose operation.

He is now a full-fledged light-heavyweight and hopes to annex the Coast Guard championship. He is stationed in Maine, but expects shortly to be shipped to a station in Massachusetts, from which he originally came.

* * *

GLENN DRAKE

GLENN DRAKE, who hails from Capitol Heights, Maryland, shares with Chris Dundee the honor of being the manager of the largest number of amateur and professional fighters in the armed forces in this country. While Chris has thirty-one pros, each a headliner in boxing, listed among those serving the country in some branch of the service, Drake has seven professionals and twenty-seven amateurs. Besides, he has a wrestler, Dominic DeSarno, former amateur heavyweight champion of the District of Columbia, acting as an instructor in Judo at a camp in South Carolina.

Pinto, as DeSarno is known professionally, was rejected on several occasions because he was overweight. He weighed 316 pounds at the time. In his eagerness to get into action, he reduced 136 pounds and got into the Army and was sent to Camp Forrest, where he graduated in the first Ranger class. Later he became a sergeant and was transferred to South Carolina as a Judo and wrestling instructor.

Here is the list of service men from the stable of Glenn Drake:

Professional—Billy Kekeris, Washington, D. C., U. S. Coast Guard; Eddie Kane, Washington, D. C., U. S. Coast Guard; Bernie Cady, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Lou Bass, Norfolk, Va., U. S. Navy; Leo Marcopolus, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; James Irvin, Augusta, Ga., U. S. Army; Sammy Lewis, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army.

Amateur—Harry Donn, Seat Pleasant, Md., U. S. Navy; Jim Petro, Washington, D. C., U. S. Navy; Eddie Lambert, Washington, D. C., U. S. Navy; Norris Speet, Washington, D. C., U. S. Navy; Tom Brodie, Ballston, Va., U. S. Navy; Paul Coakley, Washington, D. C., U. S. Navy; Tom Hollon, Washington, D. C., U. S. Navy; Eddie Haas, Washington, D. C., U. S. Navy; Bobby LeCompte, Washington, D. C., U. S. Coast Guard; Alvin Hadden, Washington, D. C., U. S. Coast Guard; Paul Hubbard, Washington, D. C., Marine Corps; James Hubbard, Washington, D. C., Army Air Corps; Daryl Smithson, Washington, D. C., Army Air Corps; Kenny Swann, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Martin Swann, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Owen Able, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Johnny Powers, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Ashley Long, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Maury Hampton, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Don Hubscher, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Roy Hubscher, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Bill Purdy, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; George McEntee, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Roger Watts, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Johnny Carroll, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Bob Vidi, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army; Dominic DeSarno, Washington, D. C., U. S. Army.

* * *

MARCEL VEZINA

MARCEL VEZINA, who represented Canada in the Los Angeles Olympics a few years ago, is now a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force Wireless School. Marcel continues his love for boxing and dons the gloves whenever the opportunity presents itself. He represents his outfit in amateur bouts.

Vezina has engaged in four contests since joining the Air Force. He beat B. Sommerfield, lost to A. Carew, beat Palmer and lost to J. Horan.

* * *

CPL. ANGELO MAFFETONE

CPL. ANGELO MAFFETONE, now a turret and fight specialist at an Air Corps base in Florida, had the unique opportunity of being boxer, manager and sports writer in civilian life.

In 1938, Maffetone visited the gym at the Hackensack, N. J., pool and watched a couple of pugilistic hopefuls going through their workouts in preparation for their debut in a Diamond Gloves tournament sponsored by the Bergen *Evening Record* of New Jersey. The night of the finals rolled around and the opponent for the 175-pound open class was absent, so Maffetone's friends urged him to take the absentee's place. What happened was really thrilling. For three rounds, Maffetone, who fought under the name of Tony Palma, gave a masterful exhibition of counter-punching and boxing but tired in the last round and lost. Tony came back the next week and in another tourney kayoed Jack Gallagher of Cliffside, N. J.

He continued as a simon-pure and won several titles, then hung up his gloves in competition in order to become an instructor. He became the director of the Fairview Youth Recreational League and then worked as a sports writer for the *Palisadian* and the Bergen *Bulletin*. He quit his work when he was inducted and sent to Lowery Field, Colo., where he taught boxing for a time.

Besides being a boxer of considerable skill, he also starred on the gridiron and on the basketball court.

* * *

HERE is a list of Virginia amateurs now in the services of our country: Bernard Bredemeier, S 1/c, Coast Guard, Richmond, 1941 Richmond lightweight champion and Virginia featherweight champion; "Li'l Piggy" Hutchins, S 1/c, Navy, Richmond, 1942 Richmond lightweight champion; Frankie Sullivan, S 1/c, Navy, Richmond, lightweight; Pvt. Warren Dean, Army, Richmond, 1940-41 Richmond bantamweight champion and 1940-41 Virginia bantamweight champion.

Sgt. Joe S. Baird, Army, Richmond, 1940 Richmond featherweight champion and 1940 Virginia featherweight champion; Pvt. Bootsie Sprouse, Army, Richmond, 1939-40-41 Richmond lightweight champion and 1941 Virginia welterweight champion; Cpl. Herbie Gambardella, Army, Norfolk, 1940 Norfolk lightweight champion and 1940 Virginia lightweight champion; Pvt. Norman Jones, Army, Norfolk, welter.

Cpl. Jack Parlette, Jr., Army, Norfolk, lightweight; Pvt. W. E. (Smokey) Wall, Army, Norfolk, lightweight; Kenneth Fett, SK 2/c, Coast Guard, Norfolk, featherweight; Bill Gourley, S 2/c, Merchant Marine, Norfolk, lightweight; Dewey Harris, S 1/c, Navy, Norfolk, 1941 Virginia middleweight champion.

Buy War Stamps and Help Us Beat Our Enemies

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By PVT. MEYER ACKERMAN
(Writing from Fort Knox, Kentucky)

AFTER a dull six weeks in which only a few bouts were staged, New York and vicinity suddenly came to life fistically with a string of bouts that brought out the fight fans and furnished interesting entertainment. Heavyweights came to the fore and then held the spotlight. Though the big shots didn't perform in the Metropolitan area, the fight activity was good with the smaller boys furnishing the fireworks. In Baltimore, and in the Mid-west and Far west, the heavies got into action again and among those seen were Lee Savold, Lee Q. Murray, Corp. Harry Bobo, Tami Mauriello, Lou Nova, Gus Dorazio and Turkey Thompson of the outstanding ringmen.

* * *

WHILE other states have lost heavily in revenue derived from boxing and wrestling matches because of the war and the resultant shortage of talent, the California State Commission reports that its revenue for the month of June has doubled over that of last year.

"The State Division of Athletics collected $10,222 for June of this year as against $5,869 in June of 1942," reads the report.

Apparently the pocketbooks and purses of the Californians have been swollen by high wages granted to war workers and those in other industries, and these wage increases are responsible for the huge increase in boxing and wrestling revenue.

In New York, where several of the smaller clubs have been carrying on while Mike Jacobs has kept his 20th Century Sporting Club idle during the summer, the same situation was true for the last indoor season. Uncle Mike's take in the Garden far exceeded that of the previous season. All of which proves that the American public wants its boxing.

* * *

SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, a Corporal at Mitchel Field, is as good a soldier as he is a fighter. The Harlem Beauty, who rates the world's best welterweight, is so keen about his soldiering, that even during his time off, he tries to better himself. When his pal, Murray Lewin died, Robinson learned that he would be on guard duty on the day of the funeral.

To earn time off to attend, he asked permission to double up during the night, and thus save four hours. Permission granted him, he stood guard for eight hours after putting in a full day on the rifle range where he earned his spurs, a marksman's medal.

As a morale builder the Mitchel Field officers have found that Ray is an excellent man to have around and the chances are that Ray and his pal, Jackie Wilson of California, will be kept at the Air Field for the duration. Each has been helping in instructing the soldiers in boxing, besides doing the regulation chores.

* * *

CALIFORNIA fight fans are strong for Paul Lewis, brother of John Henry Lewis, one time holder of the light heavyweight title. Since the start of the year, Paul has engaged in eight contests and dropped the decision in only one bout, that to Rudolfo Ramirez whom he whipped in a subsequent contest.

Paul has much of his brother's finesse and is a gentleman in all respects out of the ring though he fights with all that is in him when engaged in a ring battle. With Earl Turner, Coast favorite, in the Coast Guard, Paul Lewis has now taken his place as a club fighter. His recent knockout of Ramirez was a masterpiece. He stopped the man who previously had whipped him in ten rounds, in the short space of two.

The boy shuffles as does Joe Louis, in a so-called lazy manner. But when he lets go, like Joe, he seldom misses the shot. He has been carefully groomed by his famous brother and may yet reach the top rung.

* * *

YOUNG CORBETT, Ralph Giordano in private life, escaped death by drowning recently in Bass Lake near Fresno, California. A year ago the former world champion rescued an eight-year-old boy in the lake but a few weeks ago, he had to be rescued after going down twice.

His brother-in-law, who can't swim, went in over his head and Young Corbett, hearing his cries for help, swam out to the rescue. But the 180-pound victim was too heavy for Ralph and both went down twice.

Two lads, one a soldier, leaped into the water and got both and dragged them to the shore.

* * *

THE small clubs around New York were the only ones to operate during the past month and in only a few cases, were boxers of ranking order carded because of the shortage of talent. One of the few such men booked was Sal Bartola, the newly crowned New England feather king who appeared at the MacArthur Stadium and knocked out Jose Aozo of Colombia, South America, in 1.56 of the first round before a gathering of about 4200 fight hungry fans. The South American failed to exhibit anything that would make of him a drawing card around the Big Burg. Bartola weighed 128 to 132 for his opponent.

A hot semi-final in which Joe Governale defeated George Wilson, saved the show. Governale tipped the scale at 152½ to 149 for his Detroit rival. It was a good scrap all the way. Both boys went at each other with determination.

In the supporting bouts Lew Perez, Puerto Rican middleweight, drew with Coolidge Miller of Brooklyn in four rounds; Eddie Brown of Harlem beat Joey Gambaro, Brown welter, in six and Dixie Oliver, 202 pounder from the West Side, outpointed George Brothers of the West Side in six.

* * * *

On the same night that the Stadium operated, a good fight card was on view at the Queensboro Stadium in Long Island City where Vinnie Vines, now a middleweight, triumphed in a good, fast eight-round mill over Private Marvin Bryant of the U. S. Army. About 3500 spectators saw Vinnie jump out in the lead at the start, and retain his small advantage to the end despite a strong finish by the soldier. Vinnie weighed 153¼ to the Texan's 158.

In the eight-round semi-final Willard Hogan, 137½, Pelham, defeated Bobby Gunter, 134, Detroit.

In scheduled six-rounders, Rocky Graziano, 149, East Side, knocked out Randy Drew, 154, Newark, in 2:16 of the first round, and Ralph Tiovelli, 159, Poughkeepsie, won on points from Charley Sardo, 152¼, West Side.

Corporal Buddy Bailey, 151, beat Jerry McGee, 146, Augusta, Ga., in a four-rounder.

Ernest "Cat" Robinson, Jamaica, L. I., Negro, pounded out a victory in eight rounds over Joe Agosta, Brooklyn, in the feature event at the Queensboro Arena before a crowd estimated at 3500. The Cat was a substitute for Freddy Flores and gave a good account of himself in gaining the verdict.

Robinson got off to a good start by winning the first five rounds. In the fifth frame, the Long Islander crossed a right to Agosta's jaw that promptly felled Joe for a six count. Agosta had difficulty in finishing the frame. In the sixth, however, Agosta made a belated rally, hurt Robinson with a vicious body attack and almost turned the tables on his substitute opponent.

Robinson scaled 147½; Agosta, 153¾.

Joey Bagnato, George Sheppard's fighting Canadian, looked good in taking the measure of Johnny Cool in an eight-round semi-final. Cool, whose right name is Johnny Maile, floored Bagnato twice in the initial canto but Bagnato rallied strongly and almost had Cool out in the second round at the bell. A right floored Johnny at the bell and he had to be dragged to his corner where he was revived.

Bagnato, at 136, enjoyed a weight advantage of four and a quarter pounds.

In six-round fights, Ralph Dougherty, 158½, had too much on the ball for Jay Papanelli, and Johnny Gebert went to a draw with Johnny Cockfield. Gebert was floored in the third but fought back hard all the way to earn an even break.

* * *

Artie Levine, Brooklyn youngster now in the United States Marine Service, won a decisive verdict over Harry Gray, Greentree, S. C., in the star bout of six rounds at MacArthur Stadium. The bout was limited to six rounds because of Levine's age.

Artie boxed and punched well to score the most points in the majority of the rounds, and in the second round, the Brooklyn boy floored Gray with a hard right to the jaw.

Levine scaled 158, two pounds more than the loser.

In the six-round semi-final, Clyde English, 121, pounded out a decision over Carlos Cuebas, while in another scheduled six-rounder, Ralph Tiovelli, 159¾, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., stopped Sean Hynes, 160¼, now in the army, in one minute and thirty-nine seconds of the second round.

* * *

Gunnar Barlund, Finnish heavyweight now under the management of Lester Krell, pounded out a victory in eight rounds over Brooklyn's Tommy Campanella, in the feature event at the Fort Hamilton Reservation before one of the largest crowds of the season.

Approximately 5500 soldiers and civilians watched the big Finn pound Campanella to the deck in the third frame for a no count and go on from there with his big guns to earn the award of the officials. Campanella tried to make a fight of it all the while he was in there, but Barlund was too determined for his lighter foeman and kept pressing the attack throughout. It was one of the few fights in which Barlund was not handicapped by any cuts about his eyes.

The winner scaled 196; Campanella, 180.

In a fiereely contested eight-round semi-final, Johnny Jones was awarded the decision over Tony Reno. The lead changed hands several times as both boys banged their way around the ring to the approval of the crowd. Jones, however, the more experienced of the two, landed the more telling blows to gain the award.

* * *

Terry Young, East Side Italian, scored a knockout victory over Benny Jeffries in the second round of a feature eight-round bout at Fort Hamilton. Jeffries was drafted from among the spectators when Ruby Garcia, who weighed in for the fight during the afternoon, failed to make an appearance.

Jeffries would have done better had he remained among the crowd. He was floored there times in the initial frame and twice more in the second round before the referee halted the fray.

Young, who lost a close decision to Johnny Greco, drew with Bobby Ruffin and whipped Joey Peralta in his last three previous attempts, seems to be fighting in fine style.

Terry scaled 139 and spotted his substitute opponent three pounds at the scales.

In a scheduled six-round semi-final, Fred Addeo stopped Jackie Leamus in the fifth frame. Leamus had compiled an earlier lead before Addeo caught up with him. Both boys scaled 139.

In another scheduled six-rounder, Rocky Graziano, 148, knocked out George Stevens, a pound heavier, in the initial frame.

* * *

Harry Jeffra, former world featherweight king, came out of retirement to tackle Frankie Rubino at the Fort Hamilton Club and the result of their fracas was a good draw. Jeffra's sharp left hook enabled him to score heavily during the early rounds, but Frankie came along at a fast pace as the bout progressed and evened the score. Jeffra scaled 131 for this affair against 129 for Rubino.

* * *

Bobby Ruffin after a layoff of two months, went back into action on August 3rd at MacArthur Stadium against Al Guido and carried off the honors in eight rounds. Bobby, though dropped for the count of two in the first round, came through with flying colors. He got the measure of Al and had him on the verge of a knockout in the sixth round.

Guido weighed 131 to 135, Ruffin's weight.

The semi-final between Frank Terry and Jerry McGee of Augusta, Ga., a welterweight, ended with Terry in the lead at the end of six rounds.

The Queensboro Arena was the scene of a good bout on Aug. 3 between Joe Governale, Bensonhurst middleweight, and Freddy Flores. The boys went at it for eight rounds with Governale being awarded the decision. Governale weighed 160 to 156¾ for his opponent. The semi-windup found Bill Grant, 169½, in the lead in his bout with Aaron Eatman of Bridgeport who scaled 170¾.

Pvt. Herbie Brydon, a member of the Marines, received time off to fight Joey Gambaro in a six-rounder and Herbie carried off the honors. The winner scaled 145¼ to 138 for Joey.

Tony Reno and Saverio Turiello came through winners in the two eight-rounders on a card presented at the Fort Hamilton Reservation on Aug. 15. Reno's victory was something of an upset, as this bout saw Jerry Fiorello of Brooklyn's Red Hook sector run second to the Chicago boy after a hard fight. Reno scaled 154, one-half pound more than the loser.

Turiello was too busy and experienced for Johnny Jones of Pittsburgh and the one-time Italian champion was pretty well in command most of the way. Turiello scaled 153, two pounds more than Jones.

In four-round bouts Rocky Pragano, 127, New Haven, defeated Jimmy Pell, 130, Greenwich Village; Irving Gold, 136, Bronx, beat Ray Murray, 135, Bedford Heights, and Coolidge Miller, 153, Erie Basin, defeated Sal Lucre, 151, West Side. Ruby Kessler, 135, Coney Island, knocked out Sammy Spigliano, 134½, Bay Ridge, in 1:09 of the fourth.

* * *

NEW YORK VERSION—Bob Montgomery drew an estimated crowd of 12,000 for his bout with Frankie Wills in Washington in which the New York and Pennsylvania lightweight boss won a unanimous decision. Montgomery outpunched the Washington fighter all the way and while Wills made it a little close in the early rounds, he tired after the sixth session before the relentless pace of the Philadelphia Negro . . . . Sal Bartola had quite a time of it in his fight with Lefty LaChance in Hartford, and but for an accident, the Lewiston, Maine, boxer might have come on to upset the high ranking Boston featherweight contender. LaChance was leading on points on Referee George Proto's score card, 38 to 36, at the end of the eight rounds when the bout was stopped because of a bad cut over Lefty's left eye, acquired earlier in that frame when the fighters bumped heads. The fight was scheduled for 12 rounds and was supposed to have been for the New England featherweight title . . . .

Beau Jack thumped Bob Montgomery's stablemate, Johnny Hutchinson, into complete submission before a Philadelphia gathering estimated at over 16,000, who contributed more than $50,000 to see the blistering battle. The fight was a good one. The Beau battled his way once again into the picture, and proved that he deserves his high ranking among the world 135-pounders . . . .

The summer club enjoying the best season in Gotham town is the Queensboro Arena which is drawing from $3,000 to $4,500 every Tuesday night. The matchmaker is Joe McKenna and the publicity is being handled by likeable Tex Sullivan . . . . George Sheppard is doing quite a job making the matches for the West Springfield dog track in Massachusetts . . . . Willie Ketchum is high on the prospects of middleweight Johnny Carter, Philadelphian, who possesses a good punch . . . . Terry Young is back in the lightweight shuffle by his victory over Joey Peralta. Irving Cohen is the brains behind the Young brawn . . . .

* * *

Lulu Costantino, firm believer in the adage "if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again," finally caught up with the venerable Chalky Wright after two unsuccessful attempts, and jabbed his way to a unanimous decision over the elongated California Negro. The victory extended Lulu's winning streak to 10 while the loss snapped a Wright winning streak which he had extended through 11 fights. Costantino moved entirely too fast for the ageing Negro.

While the Chalk waited for a solid blow to snap the speed of the East Sider, Lulu continued to pile up sufficient enough points to win by a flicking left jab and sporadic outbursts of in-fighting. Wright offered no alibi after the fight, and of Costantino, said, "The kid's learned a lot and has improved fast." The bout attracted a gross gate of $26,794, contributed by a gathering estimated at close to 11,000 people . . . .

* * *

The N.B.A. has gone and recognized Lloyd Marshall as the "duration" light heavyweight champion following the Sacramento Negro's triumph over Curtis Sheppard. Recognizing "duration" champions while our world title holders are serving in the service of their country should no doubt make Joe Louis, Gus Lesnevich, Tony Zale, Freddie Cochrane and William Pep feel good that a situation is being forced upon the public which will not be easy to untangle

as soon as world hostilities have been brought to an end.

Instead of having world champions and N.B.A. title holders, we will be confronted with "duration" champions as well and the chances are that before things come back to normal again, the first five fighters in every class will be boasting some sort of a title. Recognizing "duration" champions helps a promoter with newspaper value. It also gives this spurious champion an opportunity to use that sort of a crown as a blackjack against a recognized world title holder, to force him into a fight. We think it is very unfair and such trash and N.B.A. nonsense should be eliminated.

* * *

Al (Bummy) Davis, 146, scored a kayo over Ray Rovelli, 148, at Elizabeth, N. J., when the latter refused to continue after ten seconds of the fourth round. Referee Gene Roman counted Rovelli out. It was the first kayo suffered by Rovelli in thirty pro bouts. Coolidge Miller, 158, of Brooklyn floored Danny Maguire, 156, three times in the fourth to score a technical knockout.

Tami Mauriello, 191¾, stopped Tommy Campanella, 181, in 1.43 of the third round at Fort Hamilton. Tami scored two knockdowns in the second round. In the third, he ended the fight with a succession of left- and right-hand wallops. Mauriello suffered a badly cut lip in the first round that required two stitches. In the semi-final six-rounder, Rocky Graz won over Charley McPherson. Willie Bertram stopped Jack Lemons in the fourth, Jackie Savino won over Frankie Intieri in four, and Al Rodriquez and Benny Ionotte drew in the opening four.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

LEE SAVOLD, Paterson, New Jersey, blond left-hook specialist, knocked out Lou Nova in 1.40 of the second round at Wrigley Field, home of the Chicago Cubs baseball team.

The bout got underway with Nova taking advantage of his height and reach as well as his weight advantage of nine pounds. Nova scaled 201¼ to Savold's 192. In the first round Nova jabbed consistently to Savold's face. Lee likewise jabbed and occasionally used a snappy left-hook.

Savold caught the Van Nuys, Cal., giant with a right to the heart after planting a left hook high on the jaw. Nova curled up on the canvas for the count.

It was Savold's second victory over the Yogi man. In their previous engagement a year ago in Washington, D. C., the blond Norwegian was awarded a technical knockout in the eighth round after cutting Nova's face.

Savold went to work on Nova's right eye and had a gash opened under it before the first round ended.

The bout drew 12,653 customers to the ball park and they paid a gross of $45,959.63.

In the semi-final match Pvt. Joe Maxim of Cleveland, and now of Fort Wayne, Ind., outpointed Nate Bolden in a thrilling boxing contest of 10 rounds duration. Both are excellent boxers with Maxim, formerly a heavyweight, coming in at 175 to Nate's 174. Time and again Maxim jabbed Bolden off balance. Bolden's plan of attack was a stalking maneuver. He did manage to get across the harder blows but Joe's superior ring craft held Bolden at bay.

Dan Merritt of Cleveland, a substitute for Clarence Brown, was dropped by Lem Franklin (three times), before he put Franklin away in the first round. Lem hit the deck four times in all before he was counted out. His legs are all shot and this is definitely his finish. Franklin weighed 201½ and Merritt scaled 209 pounds.

Nate Bolden, sepia light-heavyweight contender, lost to Clarence Brown, capable South Side heavyweight, in one of the dullest headliners between two top-flight performers in years. Bolden wasn't in condition.

In the eight round semi, Harry Teaney, Cleveland lightweight, opposed Jimmy Joyce, in a sizzling scuffle. The bout was fairly close with Teaney, the better boxer of the two. Teaney was declared the victor on a split-decision award.

Fitzie Fitzpatrick, Cleveland 165-pounder, made an auspicious Chicago debut by scoring a kayo over Bruce Hennan of La Porte, Ind., in the second canto. This victory extended Fitzie's win streak to eight in a row.

Jerry Pittro, squatty West Side Italian 150-pounder, emerged victorious over Isadore Miner, colored South Sider, in the four round curtain raiser.

Bob Garner, aggressive Louisville, Ky., puncher, disposed of Jesse Jackson, in two heats of their scheduled six rounder.

Gene Spencer, pleasing South Side 133-pounder, battled Eddie (Kid) Carson, New Orleans lightweight, in eight rounds on the program and Spencer stopped his man in round three.

In a hard fought semi-windup light-heavyweight bout, Jack Hill polished off Sherman Mike Edwards, in the sixth.

In another six rounder, Gene Ward, aggressive colored lightweight, who is on the comeback trail, won over Isadore Miner.

Jesse Yarber defeated Sam Scully, "old faithful" lightweight, in five and Virgil McKinnis won in the four round opener from Bishop Murphy.

Willie Joyce, a great little colored lightweight from Gary, Ind., lost to Henry Armstrong in California. Willie, despite a broken jaw, won their first meeting, but this time Hammerin' Hank blasted leather all over Joyce's body.

Ray Lewis, 1941 product of Chicago Golden Gloves fame, knocked out Fred Dawson, a previous winner over Lewis in the fourth round of their slated eight rounder. The time was 2:31.

Andy K. O. Morgan engaged Eddie (Kid) Carson and walked off with the victory. Gene Simmons, middleweight brother of Robert, from Indianapolis, Ind., slugged his way to a five rounds triumph over Mike Sopko, Indiana Harbor 156-pounder.

Robert Simmons beat Tommy James, Chicago welterweight, in a nip and tuck affair.

Mickey Rebey, a dyed-in-the-wool boxing fan, and a former professional fighter himself, has sent me a V-mail letter. Although his address is given as San Francisco, Cal., one can assume that Mickey is taking part in one of the terrific island struggles in the Pacific. Rebey writes that while he was in Honolulu, Hawaii, he came across Ken Overlin, Freddie Cochrane, Kui Kong Young, Little Dado, Art Lind and Ralph DeJohn, all headline boxers.

Harry Teaney, Cleveland 134-pounder, outpointed Alvin Gomez, square-jawed Chicagoan, in an eight round windup bout at the Marigold Gardens Arena. This achievement was Teaney's second since he returned to the ring.

Jimmy Joyce, Gary 133-pounder, came from behind to hold Elbert Adams to a sterling eight round draw. Joyce floored Adams in the final round to make certain his draw efforts.

Bob Garner, 178-pound Louisville Kentuckian, won over Ben Deathpaine in round three of their scheduled six-rounder. Deathpaine was a last minute substitute for Charley Roth and was dropped five times in the first round. Billy Bengal, "Motor City" middleweight, won over Virgil McKinnis, St. Charles, Ill., 152-pounder, in five rounds of fast action. The opening engagement found Barry Wright, Cleveland 144-pounder, winner at the expense of Charley Wells, in four rounds.

Harry Eagles, former professional pugilist, sportswriter, as well as fight manager, is now employed in a California shipyard.

Tony Reno, former Italian welterweight, from Chicago's greater West Side, is doing his fisticuffing in Gotham. Reno, in his most recent conquest, outpointed Jerry Fiorello, the Fort Hamilton fighter, in New York.

Robert Simmons, Indianapolis welterweight, opposed Johnny Ryan of Detroit, Michigan, and won going away in their eight round feature at the Marigold Gardens Arena.

Getting back to the remainder of the Marigold fight card, Jimmy Joyce, Gary lasher, and Alvin Gomez slugged their way to a bristling draw in their eight round whirl. Neither lad gave quarter nor acknowledged any, being content to utilize his youth and stamina to fight his way out of any close calls. Joyce was superior in the long range punching and Gomez was superior in the body whacking technique.

Gene Spencer of South Chicago repeated his previous win over Eddie (Kid) Carson, New Orleans, La., colored sniper at Marigold Gardens in eight rounds. Fred Dawson, smooth-working colored demon, defeated Gene Ward, in a pleasing skirmish.

Gene Simmons scored a technical knockout over Mike Sopko, Indiana Harbor middleweight, in two rounds. Sopko sustained a deep gash over one of his optics that necessitated curtailment of his match.

That's all for this month. Don't forget, you Illinois boxers, past or present, now in service, drop me a line and I'll be only too glad to mention your name through the medium of The Ring Magazine. Write to Gene Engel, 2121 East 68th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

NOTICE TO SERVICE MEN

If you have any souvenirs from overseas battle fronts which you would like to contribute to THE RING Museum, I shall be happy to receive them. When in New York visit THE RING and autograph the huge Service Men's Boxing Gloves.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

BALTIMORE, which city usually is one of the most active in boxing along the Eastern Coast, had a lull during the past month. Not as many bouts were staged, but those that were, furnished a heap of entertainment and considerable excitement. Especially was this the case on the night of August 9, when Lee Q. Murray of Norwalk, Conn., and Corp. Harry Bobo of Pittsburgh clashed in what was designated as a bout for the "duration" heavyweight championship. The contest ended in a riot when Lee was declared the winner by Referee Baum who halted the affair in 2.10 of the eighth round.

The gathering of 9566 that paid a gross of $27,722.17, thought that the official had erred in not disqualifying Murray for hitting Bobo while Harry was still on one knee, but the official refused to heed their cries and ordered the affair continued with the result that Murray scored a technical knockout. Here is how the trouble started:

Lee left hooked the soldier to the canvas as Bobo, now at Camp Lee, got to his knee following a prior blow that had floored him. One of Bobo's seconds leaped into the ring to file a protest and while the referee was ordering a five minutes' rest for the soldier, Harry leaped forth to resume the battle.

Then came the cry of the fans. It seemed that everyone in the arena was yelling for one or the other and pandemonium reigned. Murray, not to be caught off guard, took up the challenge of Bobo to resume the bout and he smashed Harry all over the lot during a scene of general confusion. He finally got Bobo cornered and floored him for a third time. When Harry got up, he was so badly battered by Murray that the official stepped in and called a halt.

In the opening bout, Tuffy Cummings, 139, England, won by a knockout in the sixth round over Collier Oswalt, 134½, Belmont, N. C. The loser fell down and was too tired to get up.

A punishing four followed, in which Mose Thomas, 185, Coast Guard, pounded out a win over Joe O'Connell, 176, Baltimore.

Manuel Rosa, 148¾, Baltimore, won on a technical kayo in the fourth round over Homer Bingham, 151, Coast Guard, the loser wilting under body punishment with a halt being called from his corner.

The Century A. C. presented Tami Mauriello and Tony Musto in the feature bout of 10 rounds, a contest in which Tami was not at his best. He had plenty on the ball to give Tony a sound and thorough shellacking but lacked his usual vim. At the end of the sixth round, Tony's seconds called for the doctor who ordered the bout stopped when Tony was found to have dislocated his jaw.

In sixes, Sam Bacala came on after a slow start to snare the duke over Joe Bowman of New York, Manuel Rosa and Tony Gray hooked up in a slugfest with honors even. Most fans thought Rosa had won quite handily. In the third six, Verne Esco, a last minute sub, put the skids under Leon Ford in the fourth round of their slugfest. Esco bears watching. Under the guidance of George Sheppard, he should develop into main bout timber.

The show opened up with a four rounder that had the fans in an uproar. Joe O'Connell and Leroy Thompson put on a private war of their own with honors even.

At this same club, Howard Bennett and Georgie Kochan clashed in a return go. Howard showed to better advantage. The decision was a draw.

In sixes, Charley Bennett and Sammy Daniels renewed their feud, and again Sammy was the winner. Eddie Kane and George Williams hooked up in a six, but Eddie had too much on the ball for Georgie, when he belted out Williams in the third.

Speedy Wallace hooked up with Manuel Rosa and Rosa won handily from his more experienced foe. In fours, Charley Hall won over Harry Alimio, and Joe Davis won over John Ditto.

There is plenty of work in these parts for prelim boys. Managers and fighters should contact the writer, Nate Phillips, at 3825 Fairview Ave., Baltimore, Md.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By PVT. BILL DAVEE

OUT Los Angeles way, Punchin' Paul Altman flattened Ike Blair in five rounds to even their score, as Blair had been given a disputed decision in their first meeting, one that was marred by so much rough stuff that a near riot ensued. Punchin' Paul left no doubt as to the superiority of his heavy guns in the return go, putting his rival down twice before landing the payoff punch.

Promoter Ralph Smith continues to draw good houses with his amateur shows at Houston, with Port Arthur's national Golden Gloves champ, Morris Corona, as his ace drawing card. Results for the month:

Morris Corona defeated Joe Romo; Gilbert Garcia beat Pee Wee Moss; Dick Jackson drew with Joe Romo and then was stopped by Romo; O'Neil Crocker and Benny Rusk drew; Dick Jackson won over Rudy Duke; Valentine Villanueva trimmed Pee Wee Moss; Olin Cloutax and Lamar Stanford boxed a draw; Gene Eldridge was beaten by Dick Jackson.

GLOVE GOSSIP—Having been transferred, at least temporarily, from Texas, the writer has been handicapped in gathering the state's boxing news. However, Promoters Lew Gray at Dallas and Jimmy Erwin of El Paso have promised to forward me the results of their shows in the future .... From somewhere in the Middle East (probably Mussolini's bailiwick by now), comes a welcome letter from our old friend, Tony Dalio, former Houston fighting pilot. Writes Tony: "I am one guy that never wants to leave the good old U.S.A. again, if I ever get back. You just don't realize what a swell place it is until you've left it behind." We agree, Tony.

Buddy Garcia, classy Houston Golden Gloves lightweight champion, and Julius Feinstein, another promising simon-pure battler, are doing their training under the auspices of Uncle Sam at Aberdeen Proving Ground .... Letter from Ralph Chong, colorful New Orleans Chinese, who was a very popular figure in Texas boxing circles a few years ago. Chong, a member of the Merchant Marine, posted the letter from one of our South American neighbor ports .... The veteran west Texas slugger, Roy Beard, recently signed up and is taking his basic out Oregon way .... Ira Collins, the big Brownwood boy, who showed so much promise, is also wearing the khaki and is stationed in California at present .... Newest recruit is Valentine Villanueva, star Houston bantam, who went in last month.

Pop Hubley, veteran boxing man, is helping build the ships at a Houston shipyard .... Carl Banta, popular Port Arthur manager and trainer, is responsible and due a world of credit for developing that city's fine crop of scrappers, including Morris Corona, Dick Menchaca and other nationally ranked amateur punchers .... Promoter Jimmy Erwin has a goodly number of Mexican cards in both the welter and middleweight classes around El Paso, but could use some American opposition for them. Fighters or managers of that weight would do well to contact Promoter Erwin at 2625 Silver Street, El Paso, Tex. .... See you next month.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By DON HAMILL

WITH the summer season under way, Connecticut fans have been treated to some great shows. Eleven thousand fans attended the annual police benefit card held in Bridgeport. Hartford fans were treated to a New England featherweight title contest that headed one of four weekly shows. New Haven fans, inspired by Julie Kogon's comeback, turned out in numbers for two shows. Jim Mundell staged another show in New London that bristled with action.

Bridgeport—Ray Rovelli, 152, New York, kept his left hand in the face of Tony Reno, 154, Chicago, for eight rounds to take the decision in the feature of the annual police benefit card. Benny Williams, Newark Negro, won on a T.K.O. over Mike Bulik, New York welterweight, when Bulik suffered a badly gashed lip in the fifth round. Al Guida, hard-fighting New Yorker, thrashed Joe Rivera, Puerto Rican 130-pounder, to win the third eight. Ruby Garcia, Puerto Rican veteran, failed to catch Jeff Halloway, New York lightweight, in their six, but won the duke on aggressiveness. Lee Hogan and Jimmy Farnum, both New Haven welterweights, put on a slambang four-rounder that was rightfully called a draw.

New Haven—Arena—Julie Kogon, 132, New Haven, punched out a clear-cut decision over Patsy Spataro, 137, New York, in ten rounds. Alex Doyle, 140, Garfield, N. J., fought a six-round draw with Beau Robinson, 145, New Haven. Larry Robinson, 152, New Haven, kayoed Frankie Falco, 155, Hackensack, N. J., in the first round. Chick Santos, 137, Bridgeport, and Ted Apostoli, 144, from the same city, fought a six-round draw. Joey Wasnick, 131, New Haven, and Joey Dillon, 134, also of New Haven, drew in four rounds. Rocky Bello, 133, New Haven, knocked out Sal Mazzio, 129, New York, in the first of a four.

Hartford—Outdoor Arena—Phil Terranova, 126, New York, who has made a distinct hit here, met a Tartar in wild-swinging Angel Aviles, 127, Mexico. Aviles gave the squatty Bronx belter plenty of trouble with his unorthodox style. Referee Frankie Portelle's draw decision met mingled cheers and boos. Joe Bennett, 156, New York, staged a late rally to win a decision over Joe Redick, 159, Paterson, N. J., in six rounds. Irish Jackie Cunningham, 124, Passaic, N. J., and Tony Barcelona, 124, Scranton, Pa., staged a stirring six-round draw. Jimmy Anest, 134, New York deaf mute, temporarily halted the comeback of Harry Gentile, 133, Hartford, by taking a six-round duke. Jackie Clarke, 125, another Hartfordite making a comeback, stopped Pete Reidy, 122½, Hartford, in the second.

Hartford—New Outdoor Arena—Sal Bartola, 125½, Boston, Mass., lifted the New England featherweight crown from the head of Maurice (Lefty) LaChance, 123, Lewiston, Me. The coronation of Bartola was rather dubious. LaChance, after a slow start, took the play away from Bartola, who was meeting his first southpaw, and had a slight lead going into the eighth round. LaChance suffered a severe cut on his forehead in the eighth round and the club physician ordered the bout stopped at the end of the round. Rocky Bello, 137, New Haven, stopped Dom Tarrantile, 145, Paterson, N. J., in the third of a scheduled six. Tony Gray, 147, Greenpoint, N. Y., edged out Jimmy Morrison, 145, Newark, N. J., in another six. Jackie Clarke, 124, East Hartford, blasted out a one-round kayo over Sammy Spindler, 123, Baltimore, Md. Steve Ketchel, 146, Meriden, won in the first round when Tony Federico, 150, Hartford, quit.

New London—Ocean Beach—Southpaw Al Velez, 132, New London, turned in a good win by scoring a popular decision over Billy Reid, 130, New York, in the feature bout of six rounds. Jack Hawkes, 164, Newington, stopped Goon Gordon, 168, Norwich, in five heats. Sol Miller, 150, New London, knocked out George Edwards, 150, Hartford, in one round. Tommy Mills, 131, Hempstead, N. Y., outpointed Sonny Davis, 131, New York, in six. Joe Hebert, 118, New London, stopped Jackie Clarke, 124, East Hartford, in the third of their bout. Freddy Polowitzer, 133, Hartford, decisioned Gus Boundes, 132, New London, in the opener of four rounds.

New Haven—Arena—Patsy Spataro, 137, New York, and Willie Calhoun, 134½, Danbury Negro, simultaneously eliminated each other from a proposed bout with Julie Kogon by staging a dull bout. Spataro was given Referee Lou Bogash's decision by one point. Billy Walker, 160½, New London, stopped Larry Robinson, 151, New Haven, with two seconds to go in the third round. Alex Doyle, 140, Garfield, N. J., shaded Beau Robinson, 145, New Haven, in a six. Rocky Bello, 135, New Haven, scored a six-round duke over Al Bishop, 136, New York. Willie Ciampi, 138, New York, held Lee Hogan, 144, New Haven, to a draw in the four-round opener.

Hartford—New Outdoor Arena—Joe Redick, 156, short Paterson, N. J., Negro, avenged a previous defeat and at the same time pinned the first defeat on Joe Bennett, 153, former Golden Gloves champion from New York, in an eight-rounder that topped a "new talent" show. Sammy Kirsch, 160½, Baltimore, proved himself a prospect worth watching by the manner in which he punched out an eight-round decision over Joe E. Carter, 160, Jamaica, N. Y. Chick Santos, 134½, Bridgeport, won an eight-round decision from an ever-back-pedaling Jeff Halloway, 131½, New York Negro. In a fourth eight, Harry Gentile, 134, Hartford, scored a close one over Joe Rivera, 132, Puerto Rico.

Hartford—New Outdoor Arena—Terry Young, 138½, New York, had an easy time with Jimmy Phillips, 131, Baltimore, Md., whom he flattened in the first round. The round was hardly under way when Phillips was dropped for an eight-count. After a futile attempt to stave Young off with a left jab, Phillips was dropped for the count. Tony Barcelona, 124½, Scranton, Pa., won a slugging match over Mario Colan, 123, Puerto Rico, in a six. Earl Roys, 120, Bristol, returned to the ring wars after a ten months' absence by scoring over Clyde English, 123, New York, in six rounds. Tony Gray, 147, Greenpoint, N. Y., knocked out Jimmy Morrison, 141, Newark, in the fifth of their sixer. Tuffy Carmine, 151, Brooklyn, won over Johnny Wilkinson, 145, Jamaica, N. Y., after six gruelling rounds.

Willie Pep, world's featherweight champion, finished his "boot" training at a naval station in New York State and got a furlough of ten days. He boxed an exhibition for the boys at the station with George Zengaras, whom Pep defeated prior to winning the title.

A CORRECTION. The September issue of THE RING printed a picture of the Tuckett twins, Stanley and Stanford, and the accompanying line stated that they were the only Negro twins the sport has ever had. This is not so—and evidence that the Holt twins of Danbury have been forgotten. Henry and Bobby Holt have been fighting pro for over two years and for that reason I believe that they are truly the first Negro twins to box.

The Holt twins are making boxing history in New Guinea, where they are stationed with the 857th Engineer Aviation Battalion. Henry had engaged in two bouts at his last writing and scored kayoes in both. Bobby engaged in one bout, but the result was not disclosed. The boys in the company are trying to get either of the twins to meet Gunboat Davis of Providence, R. I., who is regarded as the best on the island.

Another Danbury pugilist in the service is rough, tough Benny Maximo. Benny, who is now a corporal, is instructing a group of novices. He is attached to the 470th Bomb Squadron in South Carolina.

Joe (Big Boy) Carilli, Hartford heavyweight, has been shipped out, destination unknown. He had been stationed in Connecticut, where he was a boxing instructor. Carilli fought Wallace Cross, Pat Comiskey, Adam Spencer and other leading heavyweights. He holds the distinction of being the man to drop Joe Louis at his training camp prior to his fight with Buddy Baer.

This writer would appreciate hearing from Connecticut boxers in the service. Write me at 250 Saybrooke Street, Hartford, Conn. So long until next month.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By JUANITA YEARGAIN

MAX YEARGAIN, your correspondent and Topeka's boxing and wrestling promoter, left August 1 for Farragut, Idaho, where he will receive basic naval training, after which he hopes to land in the athletic department of the Navy. Mrs. Max Yeargain will handle the promotional activities in Topeka during his absence.

Ray Augustus, sensational Mid-West light-heavyweight boxer, chalked up his 21st straight victory July 21st at Topeka's Municipal Auditorium when the formidable puncher won a close decision over Jack Barber, Topeka fighter, who substituted on three hours' notice for Jack Louis, Oklahoman, who failed to go through with the fight. Barber surprised fans by giving Augustus the toughest fight of his career, poking his long right into Ray's face from start to finish and had he not landed a low left shortly before the final bell, the local clouter might have won the fight.

Jerry Davis, one of Milt Kilpatrick's fighting aces from Wichita, made his professional debut in Topeka when he scored a kayo over Floyd Hatcher, local Negro scrapper, in 1:31 of the fourth round of their scheduled eight-round mitt encounter. Davis formerly boxed with Wichita's famous amateur team.

WRESTLING NEWS—Wichita's Forum is closed for the summer due to lack of proper air-conditioning. Shows will be held there again in September. Topeka and Kansas City are drawing good summer crowds.

"Tiger" Jack Kennedy, Dallas heavyweight wrestling contender, who has been making the turnstiles buzz throughout Texas for the past two years, is a popular drawing card in Kansas City, Topeka, Omaha, and Little Rock this month. Wild "Red" Berry, former world's light-heavyweight champion, has been appearing in this section and packing them in.

Other new talent of recent popularity is: Third Class Petty Officer Fred Blassie, pride of Lambert Field, Missouri; "Speedy" Jules LaRance, Montreal, Canada; Prince Omar Badui, Arabian sensation; Tom Zaharias, Coloradoan; Johnny Swenski, well-built Lynn, Mass., youth, and Orville Brown, popular Mid-West belt holder.

BOYS IN THE SERVICE—Nelson Collins, popular Topeka light-heavyweight wrestler, is training with the Paratroop Regiment at Fort Benning, Ga.

Pfc. Mateo Dominguez, former Topeka kayo artist, is with the Army in Africa, where he has boxed boys of six nationalities and finds they all go down about the same way.

Marine Sgt. Kenneth H. Williams, former local wrestler, is stationed somewhere in the Pacific.

Lee Wyckoff, well-known heavyweight, is working in a Kansas City war plant, where he instructs guards in jiu jitsu and hand-to-hand combat. Lee also finds time for a limited amount of professional wrestling.

Send your notes to Juanita Yeargain, 710 Monroe, Topeka, Kan.

Buy War Stamps and Help Us Beat Our Enemies

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY WINKLER

JOE LYNCH. He is the young man who staged the Armstrong-Joyce bout, and his name heads my report this month because of the good job he did in that promotion. A number of our outdoor promotions in recent years have been very badly managed affairs, leaving either the public or the boxing fraternity, or both, with a bad taste in their mouths.

Lynch was beset with obstacles in staging this match, and he also gambled on the starting time of the show (5.30 p.m.), but it went over in grand style. The fight was a lulu, it did well financially, and both the public and fight crowd were treated fairly.

The Henry Armstrong-Willie Joyce rematch, staged outdoors at Gilmore Stadium in Los Angeles, was a blistering setto for the full ten rounds. At the start, Joyce had everything and Armstrong looked bad. For three rounds, Willie jabbed beautifully, sidestepped nicely and always ducked at the right time. Henry was slow of foot and an easy mark for his foe's snaky left and short, right uppercuts. One reason for Armstrong being an open target for Joyce's fast punching in the early part of the bout was because Henry concentrated on Willie's midsection, coming in with arms down and depending solely on weaving and bobbing to evade the blows.

However, that body attack got results, for in the fourth, Henry sank a few solid licks to Joyce's solar-plexus that slowed the Gary boxer down and enabled the Hammerer the opportunity to nail Willie with some heavy wallops to the head. Armstrong rocked Joyce repeatedly in the fifth and it appeared that Willie was about to cave in. He was wobbly and his features were wreathed in pain. It developed later that it was in this round that his jaw had been fractured.

The action slowed down a bit in the sixth, Joyce being weak and hurt from the terrific lacing he received in the previous round, and Hank being tired from his efforts to finish it in the fifth. Willie put on a rally in the seventh, fought it out with his onrushing tormentor and really had the better of the furious exchange. The Gary gamester also had a shade in the eighth. But, Henry took command again in the ninth and although Joyce fought back desperately every inch of the way, the former triple champion was out in front in both the final rounds and had his opponent reeling at the finish.

The fight was close, but Armstrong rightfully earned the unanimous decision of Referee Abe Roth and both judges.

It was the first twilight show to be held in Los Angeles (the main event starting at 6.50 p. m.), and attracted a $46,839.60 gate. Armstrong receiving $14,013.08, Joyce drawing down $10,009.35. Each weighed 140.

The prelims to the Armstrong-Joyce go were also crammed with action. In a six-rounder, Jorge Morelia, 132, of Mexico, had the better of Gene Johnson, 138, New York, but received only a draw from the referee. It was a fast-moving contest, with the Mexican outclassing his hard hitting foe.

Terry Gibson, 142, colored speedster of Los Angeles, was awarded a six-round decision over Rudy Campa, 147, San Fernando. Gibson, who goes in too much for pose, received the "breaks" in getting the nod, it was that close.

Ray Valarde, 155, San Bernardino, stopped Foster Campbell, 157, in the fourth. Campbell, a clever sailor, was ahead until hit in the solar-plexis in the third.

Hector McDonald, 144, decisioned Enrico Lopez, 139, in four; Al Miller, 132, KO'ed Red Chavez, 134, in the first round of the opener.

Jack Chase, colored boxer out of Colorado, won the unanimous decision over Harry (Kid) Matthews of Idaho, in a 10-rounder at Hollywood Stadium. But the contest was not the exciting scrap that it figured to be, as Chase showed a lot of respect for Matthews' punching power, and the kid from Idaho was overly cautious. Matthews has TNT in his right fist and is built to be an aggressive fighter, but he isn't. Harry keeps his right hand cocked and waits to counter-punch, and this reluctance to lead probably cost him the decision. Matthews had an edge in the first three rounds by parking a few of those hefty rights on the colored boxer, and he grabbed the eighth when he rocked Chase with a hard right to the jaw, but the Kid did little in the remaining six rounds.

Chase cinched the nod by putting Matthews on the floor in the ninth and clearly winning the 10th. Chase weighed 157, Matthews 161.

Two sergeants met in the semi-windup and furnished plenty of action, but one of them was too big and rugged for the other. Sgt. Ernie Rios, 183, of Ft. MacArthur, won by TKO over Sgt. Gaston Miller, 170, of Camp Santa Anita, in the fifth round. The bout was stopped when Miller, although still on his feet, appeared unable to defend himself.

In remaining prelims, Vic Flores, 129, Tia Juana, KO'ed Frankie Lieberman, 129, Los Angeles, in the third round, after dumping him three times; Bertram White, 122, spilled Joe Miller, 116, five times to win by TKO in third; Gene Ronstead, 147, stopped Ray Morino, 146, in four; Mickey McCoy, 133, decisioned Ray Arregon, 135, in the curtain-raiser.

Eddie Cerda of Mexico decisioned Jackie Byrd of Arkansas, in a 10-rounder at the San Diego Coliseum. The fight was so close that Referee Lee Ramage scored it a tie, but penalized Byrd for low punching in the seventh, which lost the bout for the Arkansan. Byrd punched best, but Cerda's unorthodox milling bothered him no little. Jackie was effective with a left to the midriff, but some of these hooks landed in foul territory. Cerda tossed gloves from all angles to smother Byrd with leather in the eighth. Cerda weighed 148, Byrd 151.

Other results: Neva Esparza, Tia Juana, was awarded a TKO over Al Guidry, Los Angeles, in the fifth round. Guidry had been knocked through the ropes and his handler was attempting to assist him back in the ring, which prompted Joe Stone, a referee who knows the rules and enforces them, to award the fight to Esparza. However, Guidry had been receiving a severe lacing.

Torpedo Reed, 137, drew with Homer Slack, 144, in four; Dewey Gibson, KO'ed Babe Santos in the second, and Tommy Hurst disposed of Harold Wynn in one.

Aldo Spoldi, veteran Italian of New York, pulled the biggest upset in California boxing this year by decisively beating John Thomas, clever Los Angeles Negro, in a 10-rounder at the Olympic. Thomas, a one to five shot, couldn't get started against the cagy New Yorker, who wouldn't allow John to get set, and bloodied the colored boxer's features with a tantalizing left that shot in from all angles. Thomas bled from a badly cut mouth and a gash over the left eye. John tried desperately to pull the fight out of the fire in the ninth and 10th rounds, but didn't have the stuff to do it with. Spoldi was credited with seven of the 10 rounds by Referee Bill Kershner and both judges, and at that, Aldo worked on Thomas only about half the time, spending the other half of the evening pulling up his trunks, which must have been tailored for some heavyweight. Spoldi weighed 137, Thomas 134.

Another upset occurred in the semi when Ike Blair, 147, El Centro Negro, copped the nod over Paul Altman, 145, Houston. It was a sizzling six-rounder, close enough to be called a draw.

In the four-rounders: Bertram White, 122, defeated Dave Hernandez, 120; Baby Razo, 139, won over Manuel Villa, 140; Frank Angustine, 153, TKO'ed Ralph Lee, 157, in the second, due to a dislocated shoulder, and Mario Luna, 134, stopped Julio Malavez, 132, in three.

Tommy Garland, 175, Culver City cutie now in the Coast Guard, staged a fast finish in the final two rounds to get a draw with Hal Feiberling, 190, of Oakland, now in the Marine Corps. It was a hard fought eight-rounder, staged at the Ocean Park Arena.

In another eight-rounder, Bobby Yaeger, 137, Los Angeles, spurted in the last three rounds to get the duke over Eddie Hudson, 136, of San Francisco. In winning over Hudson, Yaeger reversed a decision scored over him in the north.

In other bouts: Norbert D'Oro, 134, decisioned Julio Malavez (4); Lane Hale, 158, stopped Mike Dayton in the first; Al Sheidt, 146, won by TKO over Johnny Lazar in the third.

The Territorial Boxing Commission of Honolulu have proclaimed Kui Kong Young the world's bantam champion. Well, that's fair enough, in fact, it was expected. It has long been an indoor sport of boxing commissions to claim a world's title for their local champ. But, in arriving at such recognition, much weight was given the fact that Young has beaten Manuel Ortiz, the real champion, and this is very unfair to my little Mexican friend.

So, for the record: Kui Kong Young decisioned Ortiz in a 10-rounder nearly five years ago. Young had been fighting for two years and had engaged in 28 contests. Ortiz had entered the professional ranks only three months previous, and had engaged in only four bouts, being beaten in two of those. In short, Manuel, just out of the amateur ranks, was being put in against too tough competition. Comparisons of Young and Ortiz against the same opponents in recent bouts does not indicate that the Chinese southpaw is a better fighter than the little California rancher.

Benny Goldberg, too, beat Ortiz back in 1938, and the Detroiter is still broadcasting it, but Benny would have to do a lot more fighting to win over Manuel, than he has done in his recent Hollywood appearances.

However, Kui Kong Young is a logical contender for the bantam title and a fight between him and Ortiz would be a whiz. If I were a California promoter I would have had those mighty mites clashing in an outdoor show at Los Angeles this summer. It would draw well.

Lalo Rodriguez, 158, Coast Guardsman, KO'ed Bernie Cardinas, San Fernando, in the fourth round at the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium. Cardinas was down twice in the opening round for nine counts. It was a left-hook that chilled him in the fourth.

Al Morey, 147, San Diego, decisioned Tex Jordan, Fort Worth, in a six-round semi. Larry Martin, 158, Oklahoma, disposed of Fred Leemans, San Diego, in two; O. C. Loftus, heavyweight, stopped Sgt. Van Gestel in two, and Lew Hardcastle, 135, finished Chick Laws in the third.

Turkey Thompson caught up with Sgt. Bobby Jones of March Field, in the very first round of their clash at Hollywood Stadium, scoring a KO in two minutes of milling. And from Turkey's physical appearance, it is well that he did corner and stop the colored soldier in short order, for Thompson was carting 206 pounds of flesh and shouldn't have been hard to evade after a few rounds. The Turk was a colored facsimile of "Mr. 5 x 5," but in spite of this surplus avoirdupois, Albert did catch up with Jones, and how! Turkey concentrated on Bobby's midriff and sank terrific lefthooks to the pit of the stomach that dropped the Sarge twice for nine-counts, and for keeps in the third trip. Jones weighed 176.

In the semi, Red Barker, 117, Ogden, finished Juan Renedo, 120, Tia Juana, in the fourth with a right to the jaw.

Results of the prelims: Milo Santa Cruz, 140, chilled O'Dell Sheppard, 143, in the first; Hector McDonald, 145, defeated Billy Shaw, 147, in four; Chick Laws, 135, decisioned Norbert D'Oro, 132, in four; Lane Hale, 158, stopped Keith Gordon, 158, in the fourth.

Leo Rodak, former N.B.A. featherweight champ, now in the Marine Corps and stationed at San Diego, KO'ed Sammy Brown, veteran colored southpaw of Fresno, in the third round at San Diego Coliseum. Rodak received a cut eye in the very first canto and Referee Clayton Frye was tempted to stop it at the end of the opening round, but Rodak's pleading won him the opportunity to continue. Leo went out in the second to score a quick kayo and soon had Brown hurt and bleeding. The Chicago boxer continued this two-fisted offensive in the third and just before the bell he put the Negro down for the full count with hard blows to the solar-plexis. Rodak weighed 140, Brown 136.

In the semi, Neva Esparza, Tia Juana, stopped Jesse Jas. Jackson, Riverside, in the fourth. The Mexican swarmed all over the colored boxer in every round, keeping Jackson so busy defending himself that he had no chance to start an offensive of his own and was soon beaten down.

Kid Lester was awarded an unpopular decision over Bernie Cardinas in six; Luis Salas decisioned Angel Lopez in four; Stewart Adams won over Larry Martin in four.

Eddie Hudson, 138, San Francisco, made it two out of three in winning the 10-round decision over Bobby Yaeger, 136, Los Angeles, at the Ocean Park Arena. It was close, but the 'Frisco Negro landed the harder punches.

Gene (Spider) Mock, 138, won over Julio Malavez, 132, in the six round semi. In the four-rounders, Bertrand White, 125, decisioned Manny Rodriguez, 126; Don Lemos, 140, won from Torpedo Reed, 136; Cruz Flores, 135, defeated Jess Galardo, 130.

Tony Mar, Chinese-Mexican who fought out of Los Angeles some years back, returned to the scene of early conquests and defeated Jimmy Florita, Stockton Filipino, in a 10-rounder at the Olympic. Mar started slowly and boxed mostly defensively, allowing Florita to garner the early rounds on aggressiveness, but Tony went to work in the fifth. Switching to a southpaw stance, he pounded the Filipino to the deck for a nine-count. They fought on even terms for the next two rounds. The Mexican easily copped the eighth and ninth with straight punches to the face, then cinched the win with a body attack in the 10th that put Jimmy down for another nine-count. Mar weighed 136, Florita 137.

In the other scheduled 10-rounder, Lalo Rodriguez, 160, Coast Guard, stopped Sgt. Clay Rowan, 162, in the seventh of a one-sided contest. Rowan came off the floor from a nine-count to be an easy target for Rodriguez's damaging right hand punches so Referee Frank Holborow halted the affair.

Paul Altman, 148, Houston, dumped Ike Blair, 145, El Centro Negro, in the fifth of a scheduled six-rounder. It was a wild swinging affair.

Matt Ogelsby, 138, scored a TKO over Al Guidry, 139, in the third, and Chick Laws, 137, stopped Arthur Barron, 139, in the fourth.

Terry Gibson, Los Angeles, and Kid Lester, San Diego, colored welterweights, waltzed to a slow 10-round draw at the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium. Gibson feinted and posed, but did little punching, while Lester did little else but watch Terry perform. In fact, Lester was probably the most interested spectator in the house.

In other bouts, Silas Drake, Bakersfield, repeated his one-round KO over O. C. Loftus, Los Angeles; Al Miller, Los Angeles, won by TKO over Freddie Long, Inglewood, because of a gashed eye in the second round; Leonard Nix, Los Angeles, stopped Russell Metcalf, Inglewood, in the fourth; Jim McCorkindale, Ontario, and Al Sheidt, Venice, fought four rounds to a draw.

Julio Cesar Jiminez of Mexico handed Richie Lemos another setback by winning decisively in

a 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. Julio was too ringwise for the former featherweight claimant and Richie was credited with but two of the ten heats. Jiminez was in and out, spearing Lemos with a tantalizing left and scoring often with right hand uppercuts. Even when Richie resorted to his southpaw stance, his best offense, he was bested, for Julio switched also, and he is adept at this portside milling. Jiminez cut Lemos on the cheek and above the left eye, put him on the canvas for a four count in the fourth and had him reeling at the final bell. Jiminez weighed 135, Lemos 136.

Sgt. Gaston Miller, 170, made Tommy Cornwall, 180, Alaska, feel "at home" in the final round of the semi, by knocking the Alaskan cold. However, the Sarge had to climb up off the floor from an eight count to turn the trick.

In the four-rounders, Ray Valarde, 157, San Bernardino, defeated Willie Collins, 153, Los Angeles; Don McLean, 119, Chicago, decisioned Angelo Lopez, 123, Tia Juana; Ike Blair, 147, El Centro, won over Ray Morino, 146, Los Angeles; Teddy Guerrero, 137, Pasadena, TKO'ed Jorge Ortega, 137, San Diego, in the third.

Eddie Cerda, 149, Mexico, won a close 10-round decision over Terry Gibson, Los Angeles colored boy, at the San Diego Coliseum. Gibson won the first five rounds with some clever boxing, and he hurt the Mexican a few times, but failed to follow through. Cerda put on some two-fisted flurries in the last half of the go to more than even the score, although it was plenty close at the finish.

In the semi, Al Morey KO'ed Zulu Liggens in the fourth round of a slugfest.

Eddie Rymer decisioned Billy Shaw (4); Bernie Ruben and Babe Santo went to a draw (4); Nick Moran defeated Ronnie Davis (4).

Matchmaker Babe McCoy featured a trio of Mexican importations in three 10-rounders at the Los Angeles' Olympic, and although all three were the favorites to win, the Latin invaders seemed to be hexed by the gremlins, and only one of them emerged the victor.

Enrique Bolanos, 122, was to be the star of this show, but in failing to KO a substitute, Don McLean, 118, Chicago Negro, much of the glamor the Mexican boy had gathered in two previous appearances, was dulled. Bolanos tried hard to stop McLean, but the colored boxer is an artful dodger and made the Mexican miss a lot. McLean also clowns a bit and fighters rarely get credit for defeating those kind of opponents. However, Enrique won handily and had the Negro in bad shape in the ninth.

Bobby Yaeger, 137, sepia-colored youngster of Los Angeles, won by TKO over Memo Llanes, 138, in the eighth, due to a seriously cut eye. They had fought on rather even terms up until the bout was stopped.

Eloy Renteria, 124, was the hit of the show, although he dropped the nod to his opponent, Billy Hale, Phoenix Negro, in their spirited 10-rounder. Renteria chalked up a big lead in the early part of the go, but the leather-tossing colored battler crowded the Mexican throughout and had him slowed down to a walk at the final bell. Many of the crowd thought that Eloy deserved no worse than a draw and booed Referee Johnny Indrisano's decision.

In a four-round opener, Jim McCorkindale, 154, Ontario, decisioned Willie Brown, 156, Los Angeles.

Punchin' Paul Altman, 147, Houston, decisioned Rudy Campa, 146, San Fernando, in an eight-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena. Campa finished fast but the Texas socker had scored knockdowns in the second and seventh rounds.

Jimmy Doyle, 139, Los Angeles, proved too clever for Eddie Hudson, 136, San Francisco, in another eight-rounder.

Lalo Rodriguez, 159, Coast Guard, KO'ed Salvador Mendoza, 158, Mexico, in the fifth round of the third eight-rounder.

Mario Luna, 133, TKO'ed Al Delgado, 137, in the second, and Elmer Lewis, 141, stopped Benny Silcato, 142, in the third.

Those Hogue twins are sure hard to discourage. At regular intervals one of them will come out of temporary retirement to oppose some top-notcher, whom they have little chance of defeating. Big Boy was the most recent to make this effort. He tackled Archie Moore, state middleweight champion, in a scheduled 10-rounder at Lane Field, California. Hogue was stopped in the fifth. However, Big Boy did have the satisfaction of dropping Moore.

The Negro had rocked the Twin with a hard right to the head and was moving in to follow through, when Hogue sank a left into Archie's stomach that dropped him. However, Moore regained his feet immediately and was punishing the Twin at the bell. Archie boxed nicely to outclass Big Boy in the third and fourth rounds, and really laid it on in the fifth, the round in which Referee Lee Ramage halted it when Hogue was reeling from hard rights to the jaw. Each weighed 160.

In other bouts: Baby Razo, San Diego, pounded out an easy win over Manuel Villa, Los Angeles, in six rounds, having him down in fourth and fifth, and in bad shape on numerous occasions; Art Gonzales, San Diego, won by TKO over Robt. Brown, Los Angeles, in first round, due to an eye cut; Homer Slack, San Diego, and Billy Shaw, Pasadena, went to a four-round draw; Willie Brown, Los Angeles, stopped Tommy Hurst, San Diego, in the first round.

This was the first outdoor night show on the Pacific Coast since the Pearl Harbor sneak punch.

Mexican boxers of Southern California owe much to Midget Martinez, a good little scrapper of 10 years ago. Martinez is editor of a Los Angeles sports sheet that gives heaps of publicity to the Mexican boxers. Midget also champions recreation facilities for the Mexican kids of the street.

Carlos Malacara of México repeated his win over Cecil Hudson, Los Angeles Negro, in their return bout at the Hollywood Stadium, but only by the skin of his teeth. In fact, had Hudson not been penalized one point for foul tactics in the final round, the go probably would have been declared a draw, as both judges had Malacara ahead by only a single digit—the point taken away from Cecil in the 10th. Incidentally, Referee Mushy Callahan is to be commended for his action, as there has been far too much fouling in local contests, with no action taken against the offenders.

Hudson piled up a commanding lead in the early rounds with left jabs and right crosses. Carlos made his usual busy fight and the fast pace slowed the colored boxer down, and the stocky Mexican grabbed the late rounds with a flock of short, jolting hooks. There were many toe-to-toe exchanges with the mustached Aztec scoring more often than Cecil, but the Negro punched harder and inflicted the most damage. Malacara weighed 141, Hudson 145. Henry Armstrong acted as one of Hudson's seconds.

In the six-round semi, Al Morey, 148, San Diego, was awarded a TKO in the final round over Chito Hernandez, 142, when the Mexican suffered a badly cut lip. It had been a hammer-and-tong affair, both battlers receiving much punishment.

In the four-rounders: Milo Santa Cruz, 138, and Don Lemos, 139, fought a draw; Eli Golindo, 122, decisioned Dave Hernandez, 124; George Liggins, 157, won over Larry Martin. A contest between Art Santilli, 147, and Keith Gordon, 146, was stopped in the opening round and declared a draw, due to a badly cut eye.

Reecy Davis, 160, Texas, won an uninteresting eight-round decision over Louie Wise of Los Angeles, at the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium. The boxers, both colored, seemed to try hard, but it was an in-close, mauling affair, and did not hold the interest of the crowd.

Al Morey, 145, San Diego, and Elmer Lewis, Redondo, slugged to an exciting draw in the six-round semi.

In other bouts, Tex Jordan, 147, Fort Worth, stopped Johnny Zuke in two; Art Santilli, 150, Alhambra, TKO'ed Jimmy McCluskey in two; Willie Brown, 155, Los Angeles, won by TKO from George Liggins in the fourth.

Archie Moore of San Diego, state middleweight champ, made short work of Eddie Cerda of Mexico, in a scheduled 10-rounder at Lane Field, California, disposing of him in the third round. From the beginning it was just a matter of how long, for Moore boxed beautifully and Cerda's unorthodox tactics were no problem to Archie. The Mexican was down in the second heat from a short right to the head, and a left hook dropped him in the third, where he was counted out by Referee Joe Stone, while on his knees, not being able to muster up the strength to arise. Cerda was outweighed almost as much as he was outclassed, coming in at 147, while Moore weighed 158.

In a six-round semi, Baby Razo, San Diego lightweight, decisioned Al Miller, Los Angeles.

Other results: Juan Renedo defeated Angel Lopez, in four; Galliot Jiminez KO'ed Ray Mackey in the third; Ernie Wilson and Jimmy Hatmaker were halted and the contest declared a draw because of a gashed eye.

Don Lemos, 138, Los Angeles, decisioned Gene (Spider) Mock, 135, Burbank, in a six-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena. Mock made a fast finish, but was too far in arrears to catch up.

In remaining bouts, Tommy St. Angelo, 126, KO'ed Bertrand White, 124, in two; Chick Sanchez, 124, Detroit, defeated Don McLain, 120, Chicago, in six; Joe Fuchs, 189, won over Alfonso Kidd, 175, in four; Al Delgado, 136, and Teddy Guerrero, 142, went to a four round draw.

A large crowd turned out to see the Turkey Thompson-Ben Moroz bout at the Los Angeles Olympic, and although the slaughter was brief, the fans were not disappointed. They did not expect to see an even contest in this 7-to-1 betting affair. They came to see this mountain of flesh opposed to a 5 feet 8½ inches man with the punching power to stop an opponent of any size.

The spectacle of a stocky man swinging at a seven-foot, 300-pounder stirred the imagination. There was to be no slingshot used in this David-Goliath clash, both were to use the same type of weapons, so, how would the little man go about the task of cutting the big one down to his size?

Well, Turkey came out with a "the-bigger-they-are-the-harder-they-fall" attitude and immediately started tossing sweeping left hooks. Thompson landed no less than a dozen solid punches to Moroz's head and body in the opening round, but Big Ben took them so well that it appeared he might remain perpendicular for some time. However, these powerhouse lefts to the jaw tumbled the behemoth in the second. Moroz didn't go down kerplunk and shake the ring as was expected, but instead collapsed like a brick building. The big fellow made it to his feet at the count of nine and tried to backpedal to safety, with the help of a feeble left jab. Turkey soon cornered him and hard rights to the stomach and potent lefts to the jaw caused the giant to crumble for the second time, and this time Big Ben couldn't muster up the strength to beat the count.

Although weighing 203, Thompson couldn't have looked smaller in front of Moroz even if Turkey had been a mere lightweight. Big Ben weighed 293. The gate grossed $9217.15.

The prelims were good, but the decisions were bad.

Battling Monroe, 174, was awarded the nod over Bob Ford, 180, in four; Bert White, 124, had his glove raised over Frankie Canett, 126, in four; Harry Azenoff, 197, K.O.'ed Sgt. Jack Van Gestel, 195, in two; Leonard Nix, 172, disposed of Russell Metcalf, 174, in three.

Joe Barnum, 143, Culver City, upset the dope in winning over Paul Altman, 145, Houston, in an eight-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena. Claude Varner, 131, Bakersfield veteran, who was meeting the good ones about ten years ago, and who has been in retirement for three years, opposed Julio Malavez, 132, in one of the prelims. Varner figured to stop Malavez in a round, but had to be content with a decision over his mediocre opponent. Babe Brandelli, 145, another good fighter of a few years back, returned to the fistic wars on this card and stopped Horace Jackson, 141, in the third. Gene Ronstead, 145, decisioned Elmer Lewis, 143, in four; and Nick Chepa, 130, K.O.'ed Jimmy Duval, 130, in the first round.

The Robleto family of Pasadena did all right in a double ten-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. Joe, the youngest of the five fighting Robletos, gave Elwood Romero of Sacramento such a trouncing in the third round that their scrap was halted at the end of the round and awarded to Joe by a T.K.O. Both these Mexican bantams are heavy hitters and they belted each other around like heavyweights.

Robleto floored Elwood in the opening round for what many thought was the full count, but the ref, Bill Kershner, believed that Romero had all "necessary parts" off the canvas at the toll of nine.

Romero spilled Joe for a nine-count in the second heat, but was on the end of a terrific lacing in the third, and his left eye was completely closed when the bout was stopped. Robleto, 119; Romero, 117.

Ceferino, an older brother of the Robleto clan, was forced to go ten torrid heats with Paul Guerrero, to add his bit to the family honor. These fiery little Latins tossed leather all the way to the delight of the crowd. Robleto weighed 115; Guerrero, 117.

In the only two prelims, both scheduled six-rounders, Jack Lindley, 153, stopped Frankie Valdez, 161, in the third, and Chick Laws, 137, defeated Manuel Villa, 140.

Silas Drake, Bakersfield light-heavy, decisioned Jimmy Wilson, Riverside, in eight rounds at the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium. Wilson was down for a five-count in the second.

Chico Romo, Denver veteran, defeated Elmer Lewis, Redondo, in six. Doll Nelson T.K.O.'ed Frank Kovacs in four; Lew Hardcastle eliminated Al Delgado in four; Tony Soave stopped Horace Jackson in the first round.

In somewhat of a surprise, Marcus Lockman, 158, colored clouter of Pittsburgh, chalked up a kayo over Lalo Rodriguez, 160, Coast Guardsman, in the ninth round at the Los Angeles Olympic. They had been boxing on even terms until midway in the ninth when Lockman sank a hard right to the Mexican's solar-plexus, causing Lalo to turn a complete somersault and remain down for the count.

In another ten-rounder, Elroy Renteria, 125, Mexico, and Billy Hale, 128, Phoenix Negro, fought to a furious draw. They pitched gloves for the entire distance and were so engrossed in their mayhem that Referee Charlie Randolph had to pry them apart after the final bell.

In four-rounders, Cruz Flores, 131, decisioned Mario Luna, 133; Eddie Dyer, 159, defeated Doll Nelson, 154; Frankie Flores, 125, beat Jess Galardo, 127.

LEST I FORGET—Jack Coggins, state light-heavy champion, successfully defended his title by scoring a T.K.O. over Red Nibert in the fifteenth and final round at San Diego . . . . Benny Whitman, Los Angeles referee, says he has been officiating for twenty-three years, during which time he has worked over 10,000 bouts. That may be a record . . . . What has happened to John Thomas? John had twice beaten Lupe Gonzales, who defeated Aldo Spoldi just before Spoldi won over Thomas . . . . George Engel, well-liked veteran manager of Pittsburgh, has returned to Los Angeles after a few months' visit to the Smoky City . . . . Art Santilli, best of the Los Angeles amateur welters, looked very good in his pro debut, stopping his opponent in two rounds . . . . Frankie Dolan, a classy bantam fighter out of San Francisco about twenty

(Continued on page 35)

ARKANSAS & NEARBY FLASHES

By PVT. CLYDE SMITH

CAMP ROBINSON—Joe D'Amico, Camp Robinson lightweight sensation, won over Buddy Holderfield, North Little Rock. Holderfield came out fast in the opener of three rounds, landing several jarring rights on D'Amico to take the first stanza. But the Wisconsin Golden Gloves titlist returned in the second with his buzzsaw blows to the body that left Buddy groggy. D'Amico caught Holderfield with rapid flurries of right-left punches to the body in the final round to earn a decision.

Holderfield is Arkansas A.A.U. champion and National A.A.U. finalist.

Pete Mead, 147, won over Carmen Cemena, 150 (3). Milton Pritchard, 161, lost to John Bickel, 158 (3).

HERE AND THERE—Harold White, the Little Rock amateur boxer, is employed as a carpenter in a California shipyard. He is on the yard's boxing team to compete in an A.A.U. tournament in Hollywood . . . . Petey Mead, Camp Robinson's outstanding boxer, is a native of Trumann, Ark. . . . . Sgt. George Sanders, the Little Rock boy who attained fame as an amateur boxer and later promoted wrestling at El Dorado, Ark., is now stationed in Missouri.

Mahan also took Camp Robinson's light-heavyweight title during his training there last year, and this year won the Arkansas 175-pound championship. He has been moved over to Camp Fannin, Texas. Welcome to Texas, Joe D'Amico and Arvin T. Mahan . . . . Chris Flowers, former boxer, well known in Little Rock, is recuperating from wounds in a California hospital. He was one of those Marines who stormed Guadalcanal.

Camp Robinson, July 15—Petey Mead, 158, for the second straight time won over Mike Mastrandrea, 156 (3). Mead was too smart for the title holder. Willie Barnett, 145, knocked out Thomas Amesbury, 144 (2). Margarite Hernandez, 158, knocked out Phil Rizzo, 161 (2). Geo. Prairie Chief, 147, full-blooded Indian, won over Robert Johnson, 148 (3). Alfonso Alvarez, 132, knocked out Clifford Berosa, 126 (1). Woodrow Felton, 142, won over Winston Bryant, 139 (3).

On July 15, yours truly was discharged from the Army at Camp Maxey, Texas, on account of my age. Now I have a job with the railroad. You can reach me at 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas. Looking for some good boys to manage. Send me your records.

NEW MEXICO AND VICINITY

By IRWIN GOLDIE

THIS copy of The Ring finds your correspondent back at his home squadron at the A.A.B. in New Mexico. Having completed my course in the Air Forces Physical Training School in Florida, I was fortunate in securing a delay en route, whereby I had the opportunity of getting home to Long Island and seeing my family, and it is needless to say just how pleasant a feeling it gave me.

During my sojourn in the big city, I called upon my good friend, Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher of the Boxing Bible, The Ring Magazine. I found Mr. Fleischer very busy at work in his office in Madison Square Garden. Nat hadn't been enjoying very good health of late and looked somewhat drawn, but gamester that he is and always will be, he was in there punching out boxing news so that his many readers in all parts of the world, particularly in the armed services, would not be let down for want of material, stories that they eagerly look forward to in each copy of The Ring. It is no wonder that The Ring has enjoyed so much popularity throughout the years, with a man like Nat at its helm.

Many ring biographies have been written on athletes and sportsmen in The Ring, but a more colorful and popular figure than Nat Fleischer never lived. Maybe some day we can prevail upon Mr. Fleischer to write an autobiography on his life. I'm certain it would make a best seller.

Meyer Ackerman, a very pleasant and unassuming gentleman, who has been writing much interesting copy for The Ring Editor, is now in the armed forces at Camp Upton. Here is a man who would do an ideal job if he is taken in by Special Service or Public Relations.

Meyer has spent many years knocking out copy for sporting events all over the United States, and truly knows his business thoroughly. Let's hope he gets the type of work he is best suited for. Being the type of person he is, Meyer Ackerman will do a fine job no matter what the undertaking may be, and he will prove a great asset to the Army and his Uncle Sam. So long, Meyer, let's hear from you wherever you go.

Having left the Garden, I strolled along Jacobs' Beach (49th Street) and found that the National Sports Alliance, an organization comprised of managers, promoters, seconds, and fighters, had sealed its door for the duration. It seemed funny to me at the time that cobwebs should accumulate over the portals of such an organization, for I well remember it as a veritable bee hive of activity. Many important bouts were arranged in these club rooms, and it was once a scene of much intrigue.

Like many of their fighters, the managers, too, have gone to war. Those who couldn't get into the service are helping in other ways to lick the Axis, many are now in defense work, others are helping in morale by taking their few remaining fighters to nearby camps and putting on exhibitions for the soldiers, and helping to feed the few remaining clubs, so that they may carry on in giving the folks at home some recreation.

Those who continue their activity on the Beach are to be found either at the Forrest Hotel or cooking up future boxing cards in Mike Jacobs' office, located in the Brill Building.

Even with the scarcity of topnotch talent, Billy Brown continues to have a show each week in MacArthur Stadium. Al Torre keeps busy with his club at Fort Hamilton.

The Queensboro Arena is still packing them in each week, with Jack (Zunk) Serlin making the matches. Zunk also works hand in hand with genial Nat Rogers in arranging the bouts for Madison Square Garden.

Didn't spend very much time in the big city, so missed seeing many of my old friends. Fatzo Zuckerman wasn't at home, Harry Donovan had moved, and I couldn't reach my very dear friend, Sam Taub, ace sports commentator.

I arrived too late to visit Stillman's Gym, but did drop into the Roxy A. C. only to find everyone had gone. Times sure have changed, I thought.

Dropped over to Jersey City to visit some friends, and called upon Frank Paula, restauranteur and sports promoter, who has been running boxing shows in Jersey City ever since Charlie Ullrich packed it in some time back. He, too, was out, so came to the conclusion that it was an off day.

A few days later I boarded a train and went on to Terre Haute, Ind. Learned that Bud Taylor, the old hook artist of a few years back, was now employed as a prison guard in the Federal Penitentiary outside Terre Haute. Bumped into Nat Blank, who operates the Orpheum Theatre in town, and we began to talk fight while en route to Chicago.

Seems that Nat promoted fights in Butte, Mont., at one time for the American Legion there. He had more than a passing interest in Hubert (Kid) Dennis, and promoted a show featuring him and Henry Armstrong. Nat was on his way to his summer home in Wisconsin. You should hear him talk about his son, and he has every reason to do so, for the lad, a hero in the Air Corps, has seen considerable action.

Arriving in the Windy City, I found it sweltering. I walked up to West Randolph Street and paid a visit to the Ringside Gym, found Danny Spunt, a hustling, bustling fight manager, watching his charges go through their paces. Danny manages to keep busy and spots his boys on many of the Mid-West boxing clubs. He's a regular guy and deserves a champion. Keep punching, Danny.

Caught a glimpse of Lou Nova working out for the Savold fight. He looked a little sluggish to me, but he explained that it was due to a layoff and he had only boxed one day previously. Sure would have liked to stay on to see that fight, but my time on leave was growing shorter.

Also met Frankie Mastro, who retired from the ring to become the boxing editor for the Chicago *Tribune*. He looked to be in tiptop shape, too.

On the next floor below the gym, I found the Veteran Boxers' Association of Illinois, Inc., similar to the National Sports Alliance in New York, or any club room where the sporting gentry congregate. I looked on while a red hot game of pinocle was in progress.

Harry Forbes, former bantamweight champion of the world, was sitting in on the game with Ruby Hirsch and Sam Buxbaum. Met Duke Barry and his charming wife. Duke handles the publicity for the club and handles it well. He's an old-timer at the game, still going strong.

Sammy Frager, who manufactures fighters' needs and supplies a great many clubs with equipment, was very much elated over the success of a new speed bag glove he is manufacturing, which, I am certain, will prove popular with the paid-to-punch pugs.

Lem Franklin had just finished working out for his bout with Nate Bolden, Spunt's heavyweight. Tito Taylor was resting up for a spell and expected to resume training soon. He is another Spunt protege.

This is a splendid organization. Here are a few members: John E. Egan, president; George Gardner, vice-president; Mique Malloy, first vice-president; Johnny Bart, second vice-president; Ruby Hirsch, treasurer; Riley A. Bender, Morris Small, Sammy Frager, Marty Cutler, Johnny Coulon, Paul Berlenbach, Jackie Fields, Battling Nelson, Sammy Mandell, Harry Forbes, Charlie White, Duke Barry, Johnny Broderick, Charley Burns, Mickey Conlan, Phil Collins, Kid Farmer, Harry Gordon, Leo Stokes, Harry Dublinsky, Charlie Conway, Maurice Flynn, Sig Hart, Tommy Gary, Steve Ketchel, Max Marek, Battling Nelson, Eddie Shea, Tommy Thomas, and a host of others.

Also met Everett Hammer of the Illinois Boxing Commission. Found only one club operating, with Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun promoting.

A few hours later found me on the train again, headed back to my base, and glad to be back after traversing the country.

Boxing here at the base is the most popular sport today. Each show brings out more fans and contestants. We entertained the Biggs Field boxing team and handed them a drubbing. Four of the best bouts ever witnessed at the base drew loads of applause. Alamo took two out of four, with one even and one going to Biggs Field.

LeRoy Shaw of Biggs Field left-handed his way to a win over Howie Meredith of Alamogordo.

Doyle Upchurch defeated Don Larson of Biggs Field.

Paul Ramirez won over Dave Botson, also from Biggs, and Benny Martinez drew with Bob Trugello in a hard-fought bout.

Other bouts on the card resulted in Red Alderson scoring a T.K.O. over Ralph Bowen, and Irving Washington drawing with Johnnie Green. Washington represented Biggs Field.

Tentative plans have been made to box the College of Mines from El Paso, Tex., at our base. Also to send our team in against a team of amateur boxers in Juarez, Mexico, in a Pan-American show.

Jimmy Erwin, former manager of Petey Sarron, former featherweight champion, and of recent years promoter of boxing on both sides of the border, is giving his support in making our good neighbor show the success it is certain to be. Jimmy is the type who will go all out for an affair of this nature. He is very popular along the border, judging by the way the fans turn out for his shows week after week.

Haven't heard any news of late from Dallas, Tex., but assume that Lou Grey is still presenting cards there whenever he can make the right matches, which is difficult these days. Would like to hear from promoters throughout the country on the results of their shows, gate receipts, etc., so that we may pass it on to managers and readers of The Ring in all parts of the country. With the scarcity of real talent, it would be wise for these promoters to acknowledge this suggestion, to put them in closer contact with people in the business.

Met some very fine people while attending the Air Forces Physical Training School in Florida. All topnotch performers in their field, and all-round good fellows. Here are a few names: Christos Belkas of Lynn, Mass. (wrestler); Joe Camarota, Atlantic City, N. J. (boxer); William Grace, Tulot, Ark. (boxer); Jack Paul, Fayett, Ia. (boxer); Robert Steele, Wilmette, Ill. (boxer); Thomas Carbonero, Brooklyn, N. Y. (boxer); Francisco Christiano, Boston, Mass. (wrestler); Lloyd Frain, Detroit, Mich. (boxer); Millard McMurray, San Francisco, Calif. (boxer); Konnie Kontoulas, Greensboro, N. C. (wrestler); Phil Messing, Brooklyn, N. Y. (boxer); William Minarick, Chicago, Ill. (boxer); Joe McDaniel, Sulphur, Okla. (wrestler); Joe Paschall, Hazel, Ky. (boxer).

Sam Potrock, New York (boxer); Irwin Simone, Chicago, Ill. (boxer); Alex Vladimiroff, San Francisco, Calif. (wrestler); John Webster, Pennsylvania (boxer). All these boys, and many others who excelled in varied sports, were in my company, all swell fellows, too. Then there were Curtis Jones, Beaumont, Tex. (boxer); William Lewis (boxer); William H. King, Jr., Long Beach, Calif. (boxer); Rocco Rotola, Brooklyn, N. Y. (boxer); Don Bernstein, Philadelphia, Pa. (boxer); Frank Blair (boxer); Warren Boring, Kansas City, Kan. (wrestler); Joe Buckley, Coon Rapids, Ia. (wrestler); Jack (Angel) Cohen, Los Angeles, Calif. (wrestler); Henry Czaikowski, Pittsburgh, Penn. (boxer); Osborne Hummel, Sterling, Ill. (wrestler); Robert Janus, Cleveland, Ohio (wrestler).

Leo Kierstad, Salt Lake City, Utah (boxer); Sidney Lebenson, New York (boxer); Donald (Swede) Lundberg, Red Oak, Ia. (wrestler); Thomas Pallatin, South Bend, Ind. (boxer); Joe Scurti, Jersey City, N. J. (boxer); Stanley Swixas, New York (boxer); Stanley Siranovich, Millvale, Pa. (boxer); Hoy Stone, Tulsa, Okla. (wrestler); Joseph Tuminello, Memphis, Tenn. (boxer); Cliff Lutz, Appleton, Wis. (boxer); Mareld Tidwell, San Francisco, Calif. (boxer); Joe Tonti (wrestler); and many others, including Burgess Whitehead of baseball fame. Sure would like to hear from my classmates whenever they are free to write.

AT RANDOM—My old friend, Tom Ephrem, known to many readers of The Ring, is now doing his part for Uncle Sam across the pond. Good luck to you, Tom. Am looking forward to seeing you back in Jacksonville when it's all over . . . . Joe Petrolle, brother of Fargo Express Billy, has graduated from an N.C.O. school for physical training in Florida . . . . Salvatore (Toots) Miribito of Syracuse, former boxing star, is in the same class with Petrolle. Clyde Benner, a true Bostonian and ardent reader of The Ring, is also in the City of Palms.

Remember, this is your magazine, so send in your news or notes of interest and your correspondent will use it if possible.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

WITH the outdoor season about to make its bow out of the pugilistic picture, Pennsylvania's foremost fistic dispenser, namely, Herman Taylor, is already laying plans to have the greatest indoor season ever. He is expecting to stage his biweekly punchfests at the Arena, and when some sort of extraordinary show pops up, Taylor will naturally shift the fistic activities to the massive Convention Hall.

"Last year boxing did remarkably well," says the local promoter. "There still was a goodly amount of talent on hand. But as time passed by, Mr. Whiskers began taking the boys into the Much Bigger Scrap. This, naturally, has left a big gap in the ranks of the fist slingers. There is no place where the loss can be made up. But, fortunately, there still are a few rattling good boys around the country who would fit into an all-star bill. All that is needed is an alert promoter to make the best of what stock there is on hand. To be successful in this enterprise, a promoter must eat, sleep and drink fights. I, for one, am indeed thankful that I have been able to land the pugilistic plums for my customers.

"Boxing has been, and always will be, a great morale builder. The people need some sports recreation and I know of no sport other than the manly art that is the proper outlet for reserve energy. Furthermore, I dare say that my business ventures have enabled me to turn over goodly sums of money to various service organizations and civilian charitable sources.

"I am indeed thankful for the cooperation given me by the commission, fans, the press, the radio and the fighters and their managers."

In the meantime, the small club promoters, Jimmy Toppi and Joe Wenke, are also confident of outdoing their efforts of last season. Not only that, but Messrs. Toppi and Wenke have the confidence that their clubs will be the basis of developing newer topnotch talent of the future.

Toppi, who holds sway at his Olympia Club in downtown Philadelphia, and Wenke, the boss of the Cambria Athletic Club, better known as the College of Hard Knocks, in the northeastern section of the city's mill district, are already busily engaged in lining up their plans for the fall and winter season.

Both Toppi and Wenke have their scouts out eyeing the younger generation of pugilists to be. They are also personally touring the gymnasiums with the thought that they may be able to snare another Tommy Loughran, or Benny Bass, or Harry Blitman, or Bob Montgomery, from the ranks of the simon-pures.

No matter how one looks at it, the boxing game is bound to continue, and with such capable promoters as Jimmy Toppi and Joe Wenke on the constant lookout for talent to give the youths their start in the professional leather-pushing ranks, and with a man like Herman Taylor all set to recognize major calibre talent, it is hardly necessary to elaborate on the fact that the fans hereabouts won't lack in getting the best matches procurable.

BOXING BITS—Frankie Carto, the classy local featherweight, has given up the profession of smashing noses for the duration . . . . The popular Latin, from the Little Italy section, became a member of Uncle Sam's Marines on Friday, June 6 . . . . Another outstanding local hitsmith to answer the call to the colors is Jackie Floyd, punching featherweight stablemate of lightweight champion Bob Montgomery . . . . Jimmy Tygh, the daredevil of the ring and dare Devil Dog of the Marine Corps, has spent a month's furlough here after having fought heroically side by side with his buddies in the South Pacific against the slant-eyed yellow-bellies . . . . Joe Mandell, pugilistic star of more than two decades ago and who held the featherweight title of France in his day, is a member of Uncle Sam's invasion forces somewhere in North Africa . . . . John M'Guigan, treasurer for Promoter Herman Taylor, is mourning the loss of his mother . . . . Babe O'Rourke, the Keystone State's premier fight announcer and also the announcer of the major league ball games here, is proud of the fact that his son, Andrew O'Rourke, Jr., has been ordained a priest.

Philadelphia's mid-season rulers of the respective fistic classes are in order and we don't hesitate to announce our selections in the following order:

Heavyweight—Gus Dorazio.
Light-heavyweight—Eddie Wilson.
Middleweight—Parson Bob Jacobs.
Welterweight—Mayon Padlo.
Lightweight—"Bobcat" Bob Montgomery.
Featherweight—Frankie Carto.
Bantamweight—Larry Torpey.
Flyweight—Larry Torpey.

By the time the New Year rolls around, there is bound to be some changes. Don't be surprised to see heavyweight Dusty Wilkerson step into the picture.

Yours truly is desirous of receiving correspondence from all parts of the world. Fighters from Philadelphia are requested to write in to your RING correspondent, 209 S. 53rd Street, Philadelphia, and mention will be made in the following issue of your favorite magazine. Fistmen seeking ring action in these parts, fighters of all weights, are asked to communicate with the writer at the above address.

When Governor Martin appointed Matt Bain to be the third member of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, the boss of the Keystone State made a ten strike. The new solon, who hails from western Pennsylvania, is a known sportsman and a firm believer in fair play. The new addition to the governing body of boxing and wrestling is certain to be a valuable asset to Chairman Leon L. Rains, resident commissioner, and George J. Jones, Jr., of central Pennsylvania. The entire body lost no time in reappointing H. LaBarre Potts as commission secretary.

The results of the only boxing show staged in Philadelphia during the month of July, presented by Promoter Herman Taylor at Shibe Park, home of the major league baseball clubs, on Monday, July 19, are as follow:

Beau Jack of Georgia, weighing 135½, scored a technical knockout victory over Johnny Hutchinson of Philadelphia, weighing 134½, in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round contest. Jose Basora of Puerto Rico, at 155 pounds, knocked out Al Franklin of Washington, weighing 150 pounds, in the second round of a ten-rounder. Terry Young of New York, weighing 138 pounds, decisioned Joey Peralta of Tamaqua, weighing 134½ pounds, in ten rounds. Ike Williams of Trenton, scaling 130¼ pounds, knocked out Jimmy Hatcher of Lake City, Fla., weighing 134½ pounds, in the sixth round of a ten-round bout. Elton Evans of Philadelphia, weighing 165 pounds, knocked out Green Jack of New York, weighing 174¼ pounds, in the second round of a scheduled four-round emergency bout.

V.B.A. DOINGS—Officers and members of the board of directors attend the weekly Honor Nights in Cauliflower Hall in a body . . . . The group includes Chick Carsey, president; Joe Wright, vice-president; Young Lew Tendler, secretary; Battling Murray, treasurer; Joe McMullin, financial secretary, and Jim Slimmer and Pat Bradley, sergeants at arms . . . . Benny Kauffman, Leo Hipp, Lou Ryall, Johnny Downey, Kid Stein, Jack Hagan, Danny McCabe, Patsy Bradley and Tyrone Costello are the directors . . . . The last mentioned supplanted Jackie Haley, who answered Uncle Sam's call to arms and is prepping for the biggest fight of his career at Vancouver, Wash. . . . . Jimmy Collins, replica of the bare-knuckle era of fistiana, passed away recently at the ripe old age of 87 . . . . Collins launched the late Frank O'Rourke on a professional boxing career . . . . O'Rourke, known to ring fans as Tommy Reilly, refereed the Jack Dempsey-Gene Tunney title bout at the Stadium here in 1926 . . . . Tommy was a charter member of the V.B.A. and one of its biggest boosters.

Joe Theel and Marty (Kid) Henry headed a delegation of old-timers at the flag-raising ceremonies for Clementon, N. J., service men . . . . Speakers included Mayor George E. Brunner of Camden, Clementon's Mayor Raymond G. Ryan, Police Recorder Rosario Lucca and Judge Frank M. Neutze . . . . Otto O'Keefe, recently retired V.B.A. prexy, was master of ceremonies . . . . Following the dedication, Lucca, who is better known as Kid Locke, entertained the assemblage on the lawn of his East Clementon estate . . . . The following Sunday, Wild Bill Donohue emceed another flag-unfurling on Riverside Drive at Ridge and Midvale Avenues, with a crowd of 10,000 in attendance . . . . Speakers introduced by Donohue included Mayor Bernard Samuel, Judges Joseph G. Tumolillo and Vincent A. Carroll, John B. Kelly, Mrs. Bessie Dobson Altemus and Otto O'Keefe . . . . Spanning the length of Riverside Drive, it is the largest service flag on record in the U. S. A.

Sal Burdo, lightweight boxing coach at West Manayunk's North Light Boys' Club, is stationed at a New York naval training station . . . . Billy Wallace, ancient Cleveland contender, is tutoring Burdo in military tactics . . . . Lew Tendler viewed the recent Beau Jack-Johnny Hutchinson bout at Shibe Park from the press row . . . . Tendler, without a doubt the greatest southpaw performer in ring history, is loud in his praise of Jack as a seasoned warrior . . . . Magistrate William J. Bell, who performed in ring regalia as Reddy Bell, is the most popular individual in the Tinicum section of Philadelphia . . . . Stationed at Camp Shanks, New York, are Pvt. Jimmy O'Gatty, former middleweight boxer, and Capt. John J. Latzo, brother of our former welterweight champion, Pete Latzo.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

DES MOINES, IA.—A boxing card was staged for the benefit of the recreation fund of the Camp Dodge Reception Center in order to buy athletic equipment for the soldiers at the camp. Vance Bassler of Des Moines, light-heavyweight, on leave from the Navy, was awarded a split decision in the feature bout over James Williams, Chicago Negro. The complete results of the card were as follows:

Light-heavyweight—Vance Bassler outpointed James Williams, Chicago, Ill., split decision.

160 pounds—Paul Bassler defeated Jesse Smith, second round, technical knockout.

135 pounds—Buddy Adkins outpointed George Bassler, split decision.

122 pounds—Buck Sample outpointed Johnny Watrous, split decision.

126 pounds—Buddy Judge, Boone, Ia., outpointed Carl Gordinier, split decision.

147 pounds—Bob Hill outpointed Kenneth May, unanimous decision.

147 pounds—Johnny Baird won by default from Tom Mayberry.

Novice bout. 118 pounds—Dick Witt outpointed Pinkey McDonald, unanimous decision.

IN THE SERVICE—Several well-known Des Moines boxers are in the service. Included in the list we find Jess Ackerman, Jimmy Legrone, Joey Slater, Johnny Daniels, Kid Jennings and Clyde Ellis . . . . We would like to hear from other Des Moines boxers in the service . . . . Note to Cpl. Al Evans of Chicago: Let me have your address and I will answer your letter . . . . Billy Sherman, 126-pound University of Iowa wrestler of three years back, is in Africa . . . . Lieutenant Sherman was in the R.O.T.C. reserve corps after graduating from Iowa . . . . At the start of the war, he was one of the first men to start training . . . . In the parachute troops, according to letters, he may soon become a captain . . . . Ray Mann, well-known Iowa professional boxer, is at Chanute Field in Illinois . . . . The Sioux Cityan is still tossing punches at the age of 33, and has gained a host of followers with his leather punching ability . . . . To Sgt. H. Lambert, R.A.F., Medicine Hat, Alta., Canada: Thanks for your letter.

Iowa City, Ia.—A 23-year-old Turkish youth, Ahmet Muzaffer Gokbora, who holds the Turkish welterweight amateur title in his native land, is a student at the University of Iowa. In thirty-six starts, he has not lost a fight. Government regulations will not permit him to engage in any money-making bouts. He is a sophomore at Iowa majoring in economics and political science.

Remember, our address is 2206 N. Lafayette St., Sioux City, Ia. Mail for this spot should reach us by the seventh of each month. If you wish an answer to your letter, please send a stamp.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Billy Cyran, a 170-pound wrestler from Baltimore, Md., would like to show his wares around Iowa . . . . George Medlock of Omaha, Nebr., has a fine amateur boxer in Paul Wells, 147 pounds . . . . His record shows thirteen bouts and he has reached the finals in several Golden Gloves meets . . . . He plans to enter the professional ranks soon . . . . At the Riverview Park Arena, Maurice Tillet, better known in the mat sport as the Angel, beat Jumping Joe Dusek of Omaha . . . . In the other bouts, Jack Suzek of Chicago, substituting for Bronco Kussisto scored over George Pavich of Canada, and Jimmy Lee of Dubuque, Ia., won over Gus Zaronis in seventeen minutes . . . . Up at Spencer, Ia., where Don Buchan is promoter, Billy Kussisto beat George Pavich, Jimmy Lee won over Joe Conley on the same card . . . . On another fast card staged at Spencer, the results were as follows: Wally Ott, 160, Everly, beat Buddy Miller, 150, Sanborn, two falls out of three. Ott took the first, Miller the second, and Ott the third. Vincent Griggs, 140, Emmetsburg, stopped Richard Jensen, 135, Moneta, in fifty seconds, boxing. Elmer Davis, 155, Dolliver, T.K.O. over Walt Gathman, 160, Everly, three rounds. Jimmie and Dickie Hansen drew, both Spencer lads. Vincent Griggs then challenged Miller and threw him, one fall in one minute, four seconds. Keith Logan, Spencer, and Waynard Snipp wrestled three rounds to a draw. Logan is totally blind and Snipp partially. Both attended the Vinton School for Blind and were on the wrestling team.

Bob Morley, matchmaker for the K. of C., plans to hold several amateur boxing cards during the winter season . . . . Matchmaker Tommy McHugh at the Riverview Park Arena is bringing in several big names for his boxing and wrestling cards . . . . McHugh will keep going with his outdoor cards as long as the weather permits . . . . Don Buchan, Spencer, Ia., promoter, is holding wrestling cards every two weeks, and amateur boxing cards every other week . . . . Whitney was the promoter . . . . It was on July 8, 1923, that Glenn Milligan, well-known Sioux City welterweight, returned from a nine-week tour with Mickey Walker, then welterweight champion, and Jock Malone, St. Paul middleweight contender . . . . At that time he was under the management of C. J. Noltze . . . . Earl McArthur, Sioux City bantamweight star, had signed to fight Frankie Mason of Fort Wayne, Ind., with Tom Brislane promoting the bout . . . . Bob Hinchman, well known in Sioux City Golden Gloves circles, has joined the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company . . . . Waterloo, Ia., is still on the wrestling map . . . . If you have news for this spot, mail it in . . . . The boys in the service want to read about the goings on back home, so don't forget them . . . . And don't forget to buy another War Bond.

WITH OUR OVERSEAS SOLDIERS

By PVT. TOM EPHREM
(Special to THE RING)

BACK in 1937, the boxing team at the University of Maryland won the Southern Conference title, going through their schedule with nary a loss. Today, the men of that great team, Ed Shegogue, Benny Alperstein, Bob Bradley, Mike Lombardo and Bob Walton, are all serving in our nation's fighting forces, also their former head coach, Heinie Miller, and assistant coach, Lyman McAvoy.

The weekly fistic entertainment at a Red Cross club near our locality in North Africa got its program to a large crowd of service men into high pitch. Boxers came from units of the Medicals, the Ordnance and Signal Corps. The results: Amayo, M., beat Ballachino, O.; McFall, M., drew with Stinnet, O.; Longo, S., lost to Luich, S.; Hall, M., decisioned Bottaligari, O.; Maffeo, S., defeated Bergman, O.; Goddard, S., technically stopped Callahan, O.

Al Palenick, former amateur boxer from Bradley, Mich., is the brother of John Palenick, a soldier in my outfit.

Joe Triner, former chairman of the Illinois Boxing Commission, is an officer out here in North Africa, where he has been actively engaged. A member of Triner's staff is a Chinese boxer who participated in Chicago amateur tourneys. Bob Chan is the lad.

In our locality the Red Cross Club was, as usual, the scene of the weekly boxing card. William Miller and Dave Steinmuller fought a middleweight no-decision affair. Terrible Zorro, attached to the Ordnance for Rations, scored a T.K.O. over Huider, an Arab boy, in another middleweight setto. Dan Smith of the Ordnance copped the duke over Walter Meyer of Coast Artillery. Pete Muscarnera of the U. S. Navy decisioned Johnny Dobbins, Ordnance, the last two bouts both of the heavyweight variety.

Former heavyweight champion Jess Willard believes that the present wartime methods of military training will prove a boon to boxing when the war is over. From this war, talent will surpass that of the first war.

George Rushmer, fight manager from Brooklyn, does not overlook the publicity value of THE RING Magazine, and once again sends in news on his soldier fighter, Art Tatta, New Haven lad, now in Camp Blanding, Florida. Tatta is Blanding's middleweight champion through a recent boxing tournament.

Packy McFarland, a soldier here in North Africa, is an ex-boxer from Pittsburgh. He did most of his fighting in and around Terre Haute, Ind. Happened to meet Packy at a boxing show on this side of the globe.

From England, word reaches us here in North Africa from Mark Fannon, RING correspondent, that boxing among our soldiers is the outstanding recreation. Bouts are staged weekly.

Somewhere near here is Mike Yalch, Pittsburgh amateur boxer. Mike and I are trying hard to meet once again in a neighboring city. He was on schedule to box at the Red Cross Club. Mike has been seen in fistic action often since getting to Africa.

Stan Olshanski, a friend of Tommy Yarosz, as well as yours truly, is again on the move with his outfit. We are both on the travel again.

Another fellow soldier here in North Africa is Fito Donato. Fito is the brother of Sammy Donato, former Penn State boxing coach and pal of Billy Soose, ex-middleweight champion. Fito states that brother Sammy is a boxing coach with the U. S. Navy in Florida.

Charley Schnappauf, former pro fighter from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., now in England with the U. S. troops, is the lightweight co-champion of his division. Also from Wilkes-Barre is Eugene Kehoe, who wrestled, then turned boxer, and has won three consecutive boxing bouts in the lightweight division while with his outfit in Georgia.

Several thousand fight fans—a capacity house—turned out for the 12th Air Force Service Command's weekly boxing card at the Majestic Theater in North Africa.

The best fight of the evening saw Cpl. "Ziggy" Lander, 152, of the American Army, make his initial appearance in the Majestic ring a winning one as he thumped out a unanimous decision over Addadaine, 163, the Arabian North African middleweight king.

Driver Jack Clarkson, 157, of the British Army, scored a close decision over S/Sgt. Henry Snead, 151, American welterweight, who was making his third successive appearance in the local squared circle.

There was little to choose between the two boys, but Clarkson's last-round rally, during which he shook up Snead with stiff lefts to the head, earned him the nod and a roar of approval from his numerous fellow-countrymen in the crowd.

Sapper Tommy McGrath, 142, of the British Army, sprang an upset when he scored a decision over Young Addadaine, 145.

Sgt. Phil Dawes, 135, of the British Army, collided with Missoub, 133, and the Arab proved to be an exceedingly tough customer. Too tough, in fact, for Dawes, as Missoub outclassed him and took a unanimous decision.

Comedy for the evening was provided by Cpl. Jack Bird, 167, U. S. Army, and Coxswain Fred Curtain, 162, U. S. Navy, who hugged, clinched and waltzed for three very dull rounds. The judges decided to call it a draw.

Lew Jenkins, former lightweight king, is in this sector. He was badly whipped in a bout here recently.

Marty Schwartz, who trained our great little Barney Ross, is with the same branch of service as is Barney—the Marines.

We met RING reader Robert Brannan, a Louisiana soldier, out here in North Africa, and he immediately asked me to get him a yearly subscription to the Boxing Bible. Robert had been reading THE RING steadily in the United States, but out here, a subscription is the only method of receiving the finest book of them all. With Robert, also had the pleasure of meeting George Ajia of Paterson, N. J., a fight fan and close pal of Joey Haddad, the coming New Jersey welterweight. We all attended the big boxing show sponsored by Chaplain McArthy—and what a fine boxing show the chaplain put on for us!

To Tony Tortorice in a U. S. Army camp: Have received your picture in boxing pose. Very good. Thank you, Tony.

Al Weisberger, a U. S. soldier in North Africa, found one of his boxing friends here in Gilbert Benaim, who is still a colorful figure in the sport. Benaim has been a big time boxing promoter and manager. He was an amateur boxer while in high school.

A story goes that his parents objected to his glove combats and locked him in his room so that he wouldn't compete in a scheduled match. But Benaim jumped to a balcony next door and hurried to the arena. He won his fight, but lost another when he got back home. He was having trouble with his nose, which bled so much, and he quit the ring to become a fight manager. He handled, among others, Panama Al Brown, ex-bantam king; Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rican contender, who was discovered by Benaim in Spain, and Georges Carpentier, at the time when the Orchid Man from France attempted a brief comeback. Benaim spent a year in America with his contender, Montanez, who fought Lou Ambers for the lightweight title and Henry Armstrong for the welterweight diadem.

In the United States the name of Al Weisberger could be better known as Al Warner, fistic impresario on the Pacific Coast. Upon his enlistment in New York City, he received word that he had been drafted two days earlier in Cleveland.

At Hill Field, Utah, he put on boxing programs for the service boys, and now he rolls merrily along in the same occupation and with his friend Benaim.

In North Africa they are arranging spicy boxing programs that draw big crowds. Benaim, injured in the war and honorably discharged, intends to return to the U. S. after the war and bring with him Marcel Cerdain, welter champ of Europe. Benaim and Weisberger will do okay together, you can bet on that. Their work in boxing here is marvelous and appreciated.

Soldier Ed Tipton, the North African heavyweight champion of the U. S. Army, defended his laurels successfully in an eight-round bout against Soldier Johnny Dobbins on July 4. Tipton is a cousin of the famous Tipton brothers, including Eric, "the Red," who brought Duke University All-American fame on the football field. Dobbins won three separate Golden Gloves titles in Detroit, it is said.

A heated discussion on boxing by several soldiers would have ended in either Medical or M.P. hands if the boys hadn't decided to settle the matter by the sports editor of the Army daily here. The message to both was that Max Schmeling did hold the heavyweight title at one time, winning it from and losing it to Jack Sharkey.

To my brothers, George and Vic Ephrem: Sure great to hear from you. Please keep writing to mom and dad and me. Good luck.

My sincerest appreciation to Charles Lesemann at Camp Crowder, Mo. Also to the Special Services Department. Have received the six copies of your grand camp newsie. Sincere thanks for mentioning our boxing story and Nat Fleischer, and THE RING Magazine.

Baltimore boxing manager Joe Poodles reports that two more of his fight clan have gone to receive the world's best training. Walter Poodles, no relation to Joe, and his star amateur, Billy Seifert, have answered the call to arms, making Sandy Mack, Todd Cole, Jackie Smith and Mike Enrick the last of Joe's active boxers on hand. Meanwhile the Poodles Gym is the scene of the war workers' training quarters.

Poodles' brother Eddie is with the U. S. Forces in England. Thanks for your interesting and newsy letter, Joe, and for your splendid remarks on my boss, Nat Fleischer, and THE RING Magazine.

This is no idle chatter, as we can see for ourselves. THE RING Magazine is our greatest comfort out here, so far away from home. Your ability to comfort your service boy or pal is your share of assistance in the morale work. Send THE RING Magazine to anyone you know. If he is overseas, then send in a year's subscription for him to Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York, N. Y.

Address all your news and letters to me: Pvt. Tom Ephrem, 34247550, 60th Station Hospital, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y. My answers to your letters will be immediate, so please pile 'em in.

FORT BENNING BOXING NEWS

By SGT. VIC EPHREM

PFC. TERRY D. LIVINGSTON, a lightweight boxer, has been nicknamed the "Little Armstrong" by his fellow soldiers. Terry is here at Benning, with Company A of the Service Battalion, T.I.S. He fought as an amateur in St. Louis Golden Gloves and was the featherweight champ in 1941.

An outstanding gathering saw the underdog team of the 3rd Armored boxing squad provide an upset by holding the 29th Infantry, defending champions, to a deadlock. The score was four victories apiece. The scraps provided many thrills to the very lucky onlookers. Johnny Mojas of 3rd Armored pummeled big John Zawaski for a decision. Mojas was outweighed by forty pounds. Johnny Stutes of 29th scored a T.K.O. over Montana in the initial canto, while his teammate, Benny Parks, got a two-round T.K.O. over Jack Crain. Stutes is a bantam.

The other winners for the 29th were Cruz, a flyweight, and Corley, a light-heavyweight.

The other 3rd Armored winners were: Guthrie, Anderson, Finazzo and Mojas.

In prelim scraps, 24th General Hospital scored two victories over the 90th Reconns. Hugh Ruger, defending flyweight king of the post, and Tanoti, were the Medico winners. In a third match, Chuck Taylor of the Reconns kayoed Silva of the 24th.

To the swell soldiers of the 60th Station Hospital, now overseas, of which my brother Tom, also of THE RING staff, is a member: Hello, gang. Give 'em hell!

Well, service men buddies, don't fail to get more War Bonds, more now than ever before. Be 100 per cent strong. And don't forget your RING each month.

Lt. John Beck will have charge of boxing at Camp Stewart, Georgia.

Fistic rivalry is on the increase at Benning. Fort Benning's athletic heads may challenge nearby outside camps to boxing meets. Camp Rucker, Alabama, which isn't far off from here, has a crackerjack team.

Camp Stewart also has a swell team. It is ably represented by a fighting squad.

THE RING Magazine is a favorite at the Fort.

Ed Tipton, heavyweight boxer from Carolina, is enjoying fistic success in North Africa. He has a strong following among his outfit.

A galaxy of colored mittsters are going to help the boxing game considerably after the war, as we see here in Benning.

Boxing has been mentioned as the source of Barney Ross' ability to take it and dish it out. The same is true in the cases of Ray McIntire, Sonny Boy Walker, Billy Beauhuld and others whose war exploits have been mentioned in THE RING. But here's one for the book.

In Northwest Canada two Engineer Corps sergeants were enjoying a swim in a cool river, when a grizzly bear entered the water and advanced against the Americans with snarls and bared fangs. One of the sergeants made it to shore, but the other found himself in a real bear hug. The bear, wide open, was bopped with a right-hand punch to the snoot. The bear retaliated with infighting, clawing the soldier's head and chest. But Americans don't say die, and the sarge let loose with another blow, right smash on the button. Mr. Bear relaxed his hug and the soldier scrammed.

This is further proof that to don the boxing gloves does not necessarily mean that you must be a boxer or even become one. Boxing teaches one to protect himself against bullying attacks. Nature's favorite weapons can come in handy on the darkest hour of need.

Please send in your boxing notes to Sgt. Vic Ephrem, 300th Infantry, Anti-Tank Co., Fort Benning, Georgia. THE RING can be bought from P.X.'s here, or a yearly subscription will assure you of regular delivery of the Boxing Bible.

NEWS FROM U. S. CAMPS

By PVT. TOM EPHREM
(Special—From North Africa)

THIS boxing column reaches you from Africa, where Uncle Sam's grand and glorious fighters provided the fireworks with a smashing victory over the Axis rats, the finale on the Dark Continent. Pity that my detachment could not have been anywhere around, for my outfit was among the many U. S. units that was itching to do its share in the drive. You can bet we would have given a good account of ourselves, at least my buddies would have. Of that I'm certain.

Thoroughly enjoyed was our trip overseas, and it was indeed a surprising pleasure to be convoyed on the same ship on which I happened to meet my Jacksonville buddies, now Navy lads, Abood Shediac, Jimmy Ludwig, Charlie Goodyear and George Zuker. These boys tremendously helped my fellow-soldiers and me all around and made the trip for us a better one than expected.

Boxing bouts held in this portion of Africa are thrilling settos in which British Navy lads, American doughboys and U. S. sailors are on the programs. These men provide the entertainment to those who trek to see the A.R.C. presentations.

On the latest card, Owen Williams of the British Navy scored a knockout over Charles Minnick, Ordnance, in the third round of their welterweight clash. Joe Smith of Replacement and Joe Devine, British Navy, went to a draw. Smith was down for a six-count in the last canto and was saved by the bell at that count.

Joe Billingsly of Headquarters took his victory via the knockout route. His victim was Charles Boland of the British Navy, and was a 27-second kayo. An exhibition bout was next on tap, and in this the participants were Claude Brown and Dan Smith, both of the Ordnance. It was a three-rounder and Brown displayed a good brand of boxing. Steve Rossina, Ordnance, decisioned Joe Glick, Coast Artillery. Ellis LaGrange, Infantry, decisioned Joe Laird, U. S. Navy. John Dobbins, Ordnance, stopped Lloyd Neadstine, Quartermasters, in the initial frame.

In our section of Africa the land is picturesque and beautiful. We are enjoying our arduous work, yet we have our moments for recreation. The outfit has in its possession fine athletic equipment, but there is no level ground for baseball or softball. But all this is offset by a set of sixteen-ounce gloves, new ones at that, and a day doesn't pass that at least six pairings are made out for the entertainment of the boys.

Only a few of the boys have a knowledge of boxing, therefore, the bouts are the wild and wooly sort that give us heaps of action without science. In several cases, a left jab and straight left halt many a starting swing, and this little action delights everyone.

After the bouts, the boys huddle in groups to discuss bright sparks of the entertainment, and their discussions last until broken up by the call for lights out.

Soldiers from nearby outfits gather to watch our men box. Some of the contestants include: Pvts. Willie DeMatteis, Murray Gottlieb, Tony Festante, Al Feuer, Louis Facinelli, Al Tressler and Albert Burchette; Pfc. Mike Puceloski, Francis Vossen, Elmer Zoff, Leland Grantz, Doc Sanders, Leslie Sandrich, Erwin Schydzik and Edgar Lundberg; Cpls. Adam Just, Philip Lindskov, Nick Ludwig, Roy Johannsen, Armond Jost and Milton Heinz; Sgts. Izzy Weiner, Joel Street, John Frink, Max Sava, Herman Anderson, Dale Augsberger, Mike Nodich, LeRoy Straub and Maxine Martin.

Cpl. Ed Moroney, boxing soldier in my outfit, and one who knows THE RING Magazine from cover to cover, is recommending Nat Fleischer's Commando stuff to his brother, Robert Moroney. Robert is a Chief Pharmacist Mate in the Navy and is assigned to the Marine unit, where jiu-jitsu is taught.

THE RING Magazine is reaching Jackie Carter, former Southern boxer, now a corporal with the Marines in the Southwest Pacific area. It's their only source of boxing news, and from my present experience, I know better than ever before what THE RING means to our boys in the service. THE RING is the only reading material that spreads its vastness to every part of the globe, especially to the armed forces. Jackie, in a note to me, relates that he sees Syd Fishel, co-manager of Georgie Abrams, quite often. Syd is a Marine-gunner now. Harry Volkman, former referee, is a lieutenant there, and works with Syd. Meanwhile, there are three Carters in action with Uncle Sam: Sgt. Ralph, in the Army Air Corps in Australia for fourteen months; Bill, a gunner in the Army Air Corps; and there's Jackie in the Southwest Pacific. Very swell contributions, lads.

Henry and Bobby Holt, Danbury, Conn., colored fighting twins, are now in the Southwest Pacific area, according to their manager, Pete Montesi. Pete's other fighters, Benny Maximo, a corporal in the Army Air Force, and Ray Powell, write Pete and praise Army life.

Finally sensing what the service boy cares for in reading matter, Post Exchanges in various camps and stations are now selling THE RING Magazine. It isn't that they figured this alone, but continuous asking and pleading to get THE RING on canteen stands finally got the better of the officers in charge. Many a boy will relax now that his favorite magazine is again in his hands.

Latest of the present mail that comes from service camps in the United States and territories is the letter from Pfc. Joseph Tamburri, or Billy DeFoe, to the game. He saw THE RING on the stands in his area in a Texas camp and the following night Tamburri decided to buy a copy, but every RING was sold. That speaks for itself. You sure can't take it away from our boys. Bless 'em all. They know a good magazine when they see one.

The fifth world boxing champion to enter the service is featherweight king Willie Pep. He's in the Navy. Freddie Cochrane, welterweight boss, and Tony Zale, head of the middleweights, and Willie, give the Navy three world title holders. Joe Louis, heavyweight ruler, and Gus Lesnevich, light-heavyweight color-bearer, are in the Army and Coast Guard, respectively.

In a sports poll conducted in England for the U. S. lads, Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight king, was voted as the tops in boxing's all time by our boys.

Cpl. William David Conn of the 119th Engineers, has stepped up with a suggestion that he and Joe Louis put on their return brawl for the doughboys at Army posts all over the world.

This is the punch-party that was on the way to drawing a million dollars last fall before it got an official "thumbs down." Billy's idea now is that the Army send him with Sgt. Joe on that planned world tour of Army posts so they can give Uncle Sam's soldiers the show wherever they are.

If the idea gets the green light, Joe and Billy would be boxing exhibitions.

"Joe and I," Billy wrote, "could box and do a lot of other things like that. I'd give anything if I could make the trip with him."

C. O. Hart, Jr., undergoing basic training at Fort Bragg, N. C., writes to me out here that Baron Pate, West Palm Beach fight manager, has taken Buster Tyler, Fort Pierce welterweight, and Dixie Lee Oliver, heavyweight, from St. Petersburg, up north for boxing action. Hart, himself, is a former sports writer from West Palm Beach.

Thrills and knockouts were on tap at Camp Blanding, Florida, as the Thirtieth Division individual boxing championships were in the finals. The fights, held at the Field House, were thrillers supreme and always kept the packed audience in turmoil. Opening the finals, Ray Marks took the bantamweight championship from Felipe Fransto. The cleanest kayo of the evening saw "Uncle John" Martinez finish Tony Florentino in the second of the featherweight title bout, with a left hook. Gene Johnson punched too often and too hard for Frank Ogroskey and came home with a three-round technical kayo. It was for the lightweight kingship. Cal Wallin hammered Joe Vecchio into submission in four rounds, for the welterweight title. Pete Gonzales beat Barney Villa, a busy couple in there, with Gonzales winning.

Art Tatta copped middleweight honors when Dave Smith could not appear, and Tatta got the title on a forfeit. The crowd was disappointed, as a red hot match was expected.

Henry Leveille's punch was better than Julius Belcher's skill and Henry received light-heavyweight honors.

Josh Johnson defeated Hal Moore for the heavyweight diadem.

Birks' men won the team trophy. Their team record is unblemished. William K. Harrison, assisting commanding general of the division, presented the trophies and awards to winners and losers.

Tops in the soldiers' entertainment, boxing has made many new friends among the boys.

John W. Blount, Special Services Officer, was in charge of the tournament, and a great success it was.

On the California coast, the Army has a likely looking prospect in light-heavyweight Gaston Miller. He boxes cleverly and hits hard.

Sad word reaches me from my pal, Cal Cagni, Navy middleweight contender at a naval station in Florida. Many will be sorry to hear of the recent passing of his dearly beloved mother in Cresskill, N. J. Mrs. Cal Cagni, Cal's mother, was proud of her family's help to Uncle Sam. She made many friends when visiting Jacksonville last year.

Morris Minor, Daytona, Fla., fight manager, now at Carrabelle, writes Sam Butz, *Florida Times-Union* Sports Editor, that he has found a second Jimmy Slattery in the person of Pvt. James Hunter, a six-foot 185-pounder. Sam says in his column that "most of the boys write in saying that they have discovered second John L. Sullivans or Jack Dempseys." Here's wishing Morris all the good luck with his protege.

Vince Kozak, twenty-three-year-old Hazleton, Pa., boxer, scored a technical knockout in two rounds over Rudolph Koch of Ritzville, Wash. Kozak is a slow moving lad on foot, but his punch does his work.

Both Maxie Baer and brother Buddy Baer have been upped in rank. While in the Army, they gave boxing and wrestling instructions.

The boys at Camp Maxey, Texas, who are taking their boxing instruction from Joe Tamburri, have a tutor who knows his boxing.

Clarence Ackman, or Joey Ackerman in Florida boxing circles, now at Bradley Field, Conn., writes in on his boxing prospect, a Pittsburgh boy, Jerry Doyle, winner of fifteen kayoes and three decisions in the eighteen contests had. Jerry is an amateur glover and stands five feet eight.

Chester Martin is on the Craig Field, Alabama, boxing team and is doing well.

Johnny Snyder, former heavyweight boxer, is at Fort George G. Meade, Md.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

ALTHOUGH the fight is out of our territorial reporting, we cannot but help be impressed by the Fitzie Fitzpatrick winner over Jimmy Reeves at Cleveland, Ohio, during the past month. Mickey Kilcher's young Irishman from West Virginia just stepped right into the limelight by this victory and under the careful management of Mickey and Tommy Mulgrew, Cleveland sportsmen, the kid from the hills of Virginia is bound to be a rising star of the 1943 ring parade.

On July 5, Columbus promoters presented Buddy Walker, local heavyweight challenger, and Leroy Lawson, both 200-pounders, in a ten-round match. Buddy knocked out Lawson in the eighth round.

Previously at Baltimore on June 21, Walker stopped Lee Oma, another 200-pounder, in six rounds. Walker is a big card in Baltimore and there are rumors that Buddy may get a chance at comeback Tony Galento soon.

Cincinnati's only active fighter seems to be Gib Jones, now in the armed services. Gib played second best in ten rounds at Newark, N. J., to Bill McDowell, the Louisville belter. Both weighed in the vicinity of 168 pounds.

George Sheppard of Brooklyn, N. Y., in our books is one of the best matchmakers in the country. Sheppard has some good fighters under his management, including Vern Esco, 170 pounds, undefeated in six starts, four wins by kayoes; Vic Jadnick, 126-pound U. S. Maritime star, and Jackie Kirsch, Jewish 155-pound swat artist.

Sheppard must have something! Example: George bought a fighter, Jack Portney, a southpaw, from Max Waxman, manager of Jack Dempsey, Harry Jeffra, Red Burman, Joe and Vince Dundee, for $10.00. Sheppard earned for Portney a little better than $39,600 in purses in two years!

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—THE RING Magazine is without doubt the trade journal of the boxing game . . . . if the boys are not mentioned in THE RING some time or other, they just don't rate . . . . example the past week: This writer was booking a boy for a certain Southern manager, but before the booking was completed, the promoter asked, "Where can I check something on this boy in THE RING?" . . . . whereupon given the information and the issues in mind, the match was set . . . . Cricket Helson, former bantamweight challenger from Cincinnati, is in the U. S. Navy and reports have it that the Indian Hill mite is really making the grade.

My monthly Flashes service is going good all over the country . . . . those interested in this service for a year may inclose one dollar to Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati 27, Ohio . . . . Carmen Cook, Bridgeport, Conn., former New England, Nevada and Ohio lightweight champion of the '20's, announced his comeback through this column, this time as a manager . . . . My new boxing promoters' and managers' guide, in which is listed names and addresses of over 350 promoters, managers, matchmakers and contact men, is now available at one dollar per copy . . . . Manager Iver Hansen of Chicago looks to have gold dust in Al Reasoner, the young colored ringster . . . . Reasoner has become a big card.

Harvey Massey seems to have hit his stride again. Out in San Francisco on July 2, Harvey stepped through with an eight-round win over Jack Mattero. They are light-heavyweights and fought at 170 pounds. Massey was in coming form around here when the Milford Arena was operating some years ago. He went East under George Sheppard and hit the mark. He has been a big success and always a dangerous threat in the middle and now the light-heavy classes.

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JABS FROM ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BUS BURKE

CPL. SAM MUCHNICK, who has been attached to the Special Service and Public Relations department of an air base in the Canal Zone, has been recently transferred to the Headquarters Squadron of the Sixth Air Force. Cpl. Muchnick is now on the staff of the *Caribbean Breeze*, the official enlisted men's publication of the Sixth Air Force. The corporal is well qualified for his present duties as he was at one time on the sports staff of the St. Louis *Times* until that paper merged with the *Star* for what is now the St. Louis *Star-Times*. Cpl. Muchnick was associated with Tom Packs, local wrestling promoter, until September of 1941, when he set out for a promotional career of his own, where he seemed to be on the road to success when he donned the uniform of Uncle Sam's fighting forces in May, 1941. Good luck to you, corporal, at your new post.

Ed Hemenway, the eighteen-year-old 1943 open lightweight Golden Gloves champion, has enlisted in the Marine Corps. Charlie Cox, three-time Golden Gloves champion at 112 pounds, has been inducted into the service. Norman Dahm of Belleville, Ill., is the winner of five consecutive boxing verdicts at Camp Gordon, Ga.

Eric Koberg, a Golden Gloves champion of several years ago, is now boxing counselor at Camp Belgrade, a summer camp for boys in the state of Maine, where he is in charge of one hundred and fifty boys.

Two former St. Louis amateur boxers are now champions in their divisions at the United States Naval Training Station at Farragut. They are Arthur Harrison, featherweight, and Gene Wallace at 115 pounds. Harrison and Wallace have both held Golden Gloves championships here in St. Louis in tournaments sponsored by the *Globe-Democrat*.

One sure way to locate someone you have lost contact with in the punch business is to just mention it in THE RING and you are sure to get results before many days roll by. RING readers in this locality having difficulty getting their RING can find it at the newsstand of the Greyhound bus terminal, Broadway and Delmar Street in St. Louis.

Received a most enjoyable letter from Robert (Bob) Johnson, who is now a private first class in Uncle Sam's armed forces, stationed at Camp Lockett, California. Bob was a very popular light-heavyweight mixer when he resided in St. Louis and fought with the Brown Bomber A. C.

Art (Tiger) Foster, who fought in the simonpures here in St. Louis and then went East with his manager, George Smith, where he engaged in several successful ring battles before joining the fighting forces of our great country and helping to hang the K.O. on the Axis in Africa, was a Golden Gloves champ here and had to go East to get competition.

Joe Herbst was home on furlough from the Navy. Joe, who is a fire control man, went to sea in August, 1942, and is enjoying his first leave. In 1941, Herbst coached the Soulard Community Center boxing team to the team trophy in the *Globe-Democrat* Golden Gloves tournament.

This is in all probability the last column by yours truly from this district for the duration, as I am to report to the Navy Seabees immediately for training. It may be that there will be a column covering ring activities from the training camp where the writer will be stationed.

BILLY SOOSE'S TEAM WINS INTER-BASE MEET AT ALASKA
By W. B. BULLOCK, C.S.P.

THE first Interbase Naval boxing championships were staged at Dutch Harbor recently, with the Kodiak team, coached by Ensign Billy Soose, carrying off the honors by a 6 to 2 margin over the Dutch Harbor team. Eight bouts were staged and each was a keenly contested affair that furnished good entertainment for the men in the Alaskan sector.

Ensign Bill Duffy had charge of the losing squad. He is the former intercollegiate champion from Villanova and a professional boxer, who last year held the Alaskan welter crown but didn't compete this year because the tourney was a bona fide amateur affair.

Cecil Payne, who fought all the leading featherweights a few years back, and who is now in the Navy, stationed at Kodiak, refereed all the bouts.

Many more interbase meets are planned, both on the Aleutian Chain and on the mainland, with teams clamoring for the scalp of the Kodiak team from Attu to Anchorage. The Dutch Harbor team, Aleutian champions, flew 1200 miles round trip in making this Alaskan sports festival a real event for this sector. The results:

120 pounds—Ivan Jones, Kodiak, from Portland, Me., beat Johnny Stitt, Hambourg, Ia., in a close, hard-fought bout.

126 pounds—Larry "Tinfish" Hewitt, Dutch Harbor, from Brawley, Calif., defeated Georgie Callahan, Brooklyn, in the best bout of the evening.

135 pounds—Jimmy Tietze, Kodiak, of Stanton, Ill., stopped game Tony Garcia of Dallas, Tex., in the second round.

145 pounds—"Red" Noble, Dutch Harbor, fighting Irishman from Newark, N. J., whaled Bill Tate of Louisville, Ky., for three rounds to win an easy decision.

155 pounds—Don Gensley, Kodiak, hard-punching Canton, O., lad, hit too hard for Willy Titla, Phoenix, Ariz., Indian, winning by a kayo in the second.

160 pounds—Don Yelton, Kodiak, from Kansas City, Mo., stopped Johnny Johnson, from Chehalis, Wash., in the third. Each boy made two trips to the canvas.

175 pounds—Mike Watnik, Kodiak, of Milford, Conn., won a very close decision from Ken Simon of San Francisco in a bout which saw each man on the canvas.

195 pounds—Bronco Ruano, Kodiak, of Los Angeles, came up strong in the final round to defeat rugged Ambrose Creegan of Providence, R. I., in three hard-fought and exciting sessions.

IN VANCOUVER AND VICINITY
By JIM JOHNSTON

VICTORIA—Harvey Dubs, pride of the Canadian Navy, punched out a close decision over Pvt. Young Tommy Burns of the Army in ten rounds, July 6. Dubs weighed in at 150, while Burns scaled 148. The fight was promoted by Jack Price.

In the semi, an improved Hank Egli, Air Force, held Norm Dawson, Army, to a draw. They are middleweights.

In other prelims, Jackie Turner, Navy, and Bobby Parker, Army, drew in four fast rounds; Hiram Berry, Army, K.O.'ed Seaman Purnell in two heats; Fred Kodak, Army, won a decision over Gunner Partridge, Army, while Tony Boguski, Army, won over Johnny Smith, Navy.

Seattle—Manuel Ortiz retained his bantamweight title on July 12 when he knocked out Joe Robleto of Pasadena, Calif., in the seventh. Ortiz weighed 117½, to 117 for Robleto.

After an even two rounds, both fighters stood toe-to-toe and slugged it out in the third. From then on, it was all Ortiz's fight. A terrific sock in the mid-section floored Robleto in the sixth. He arose at seven only to be floored again.

Ortiz continued to hammer Robleto about the ring in the seventh and Referee Ed Pinkham stopped the fight.

In the semi-final, Earl Bergstrom, Seattle buzz-saw, drew with Al Cella of Brooklyn in six fast rounds. They are featherweights.

Speedy Cannon, San Francisco middle, and Jim Hogan, Seattle, also drew in six stanzas. Leo Romaniello, Seattle welter, kayoed John Benjamin, Portland.

Bremerton, Wash.—Frank Poreda, 202-pound Navy fighter, won a ten-round decision over Ernie Griffin, Paine Field Negro, in a bout billed for the servicemen's heavyweight title. Griffin had previously defeated Poreda in a three-round bout for the title.

Poreda jabbed his way to victory with a left that he kept continually in Griffin's face.

Portland—Jimmy Garrison of Kansas City and Rudolfo Ramirez, Mexican welter, fought to an unpopular fifteen-round draw in a bout for the Pacific Coast welterweight title. Garrison weighed 147 to 145 for Ramirez. Seven thousand fans booed their disapproval.

Ramirez was credited with nine of the fifteen rounds. The popular Mexican was cheered loudly as he left the ring.

In the semi-final, Joe Kahut, 166, decisioned Young Otto, 172½, to win the Oregon state light-heavyweight title.

Results of prelims: Mel Roberts drew with Mickey Pease in six, while Jack Biddle of Seattle decisioned Zeb Smith in the curtain-raiser.

FIGHT HIGHLIGHTS—Nat Fleischer's All-Time Record Book is the best of its kind ever to be published. This writer highly recommends it to all fight fans . . . . Chief Vince Anaquad will soon be seen in action on the Pacific Coast. Anaquad is a hard puncher, having scored nineteen knockouts out of twenty-two bouts . . . . Address correspondence to Jim Johnston, 4889 Blenheim Street, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

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FIGHTING QM'S AT FT. WARREN

By PVT. ROLAND A. WHITE

THREE boxers lost their titles in the Ft. Warren "Tournament of Champions." First upset was scored by Pvt. Matt Hammond of Minneapolis, Minn., former Golden Gloves flyweight, who took the bantamweight crown from Pvt. Jimmy Dunn of Chihuahua, Mexico. Outreached, Hammond showed an ability to duck under punches from Dunn and proved pesky with both hands in his hornet rushes. He won by a decision.

No upset was the victory of Pvt. Thomas Gaines of Cleveland, O., over Cpl. Jim Alvarado of Montrose, Colo. Gaines, holder of the welterweight title, dropped down to the 140-pound class. He scored a K.O. in the fourth round after alternating his punishing punches between Alvarado's body and jaw.

Cpl. Mickey Janoski of Smithfield, O., former pro around Chicago and Detroit, made a comeback in the 160-pound class against Sgt. Emmanuel James of Paris, Tex., who had knocked him out in their most recent previous meeting. Janoski was able to block off James' formidable left, keeping well covered, and catching James off balance with darting thrusts and surprise rushes. He won all but the second round for a decision.

There was also a fourth new champion, in the class vacated by Gaines. Two welterweights, who had fought each other professionally on the Pacific Coast, tangled again in the Ft. Warren ring. Pvt. Chuck Railley threw enough leather at Pvt. Chris Virgis to have floored a lesser man. But his old rival stayed on his feet and kept slugging even after he had absorbed a terrific beating, cheating Railley of a knockout. Both men are from Los Angeles.

Experience won for Cpl. Gerard Piche, veteran of nine years in the ring as a civilian, when the featherweight champ from Hartford, Conn., staved off the challenge of Elmer Barker, Des Moines, Ia. Barker had lost to Angus White of Framingham, Mass., former Golden Glover, but since Piche and White were from the same regiment, the Iowa boy continued as challenger.

Cpl. Eddie Reyes of El Paso, Tex., pupil of Tony Herrera, who uses the same style as his teacher, reputedly the first Mexican to reach Madison Square Garden, made a strong finish in defense of his 130-pound title and won by decision from Sgt. Ernie Costabile of Hazleton, Pa. During the earlier part of the bout he landed fewer but harder blows. At the finish, however, he threw by far the more numerous blows and got the verdict in spite of deduction for a low blow in the third round.

A slow starter, Cpl. Mario Centi of Kearny, N. J., was in trouble in the first round of his bout with Jack Knighton of Detroit, Mich., but rallied before the round was over and by the end of the second heat had come back with such a vicious attack that Knighton's handlers had to ask for a T.K.O. to keep their boy from being slashed to ribbons. This was a lightweight bout.

Reach won for Pvt. James Roberts of Detroit in foiling the comeback efforts of Pvt. Ray Schneider, former pro from Marion, O., for the 175-pound title. Roberts kept Schneider away with his long left, also using it for constant jabs at the Ohio boxer's jaw to win the decision.

"The bigger they are, the harder they fall" was proved again in the heavyweight bout. Sgt. Ernest McDonald of Los Angeles, with a weight advantage of fifteen or twenty pounds, won the first three rounds. He hits like a mule, and that punch of his produced more action than most of the lighter weight contests. Pvt. Robert Nora of Detroit suffered a cut lip in the first round, hit the canvas in the second, and went down twice more in the third.

Game, Nora bounded up from the count of nine on his third knockdown. He had been clouted into the ropes twice, too, and it looked as if all he had left was grit. Then he staged a surprise in the fourth and final round, landing more blows than McDonald, knocking him down, and putting up such a fight that at the end the champion was hanging on. McDonald won the bout, but the moral victory was Nora's.

CAMP KOHLER NEWS

THE W.S.C.R.T.C. at Camp Kohler boxing tournament got under way with a bang last month. Winners in each division received a five-day furlough. Medals were given to the winners and runners-up in each division. Dave Jiminez received the cup for best fighter in the tourney. Lieut. Robert J. Schmitt, athletic director, served as referee for most of the bouts, and Pfc. Bernie Reyes was coach. Over 1200 saw the finals.

On July 1—Burly Dave Jiminez, 156½, Fresno slugger, came through with a roaring two-fisted attack that dropped rugged Cpl. Vern LaCross, 152, Turlock, Calif., twice for nine-counts in their hectic main bout. In the semi-windup, southpaw veteran Simon Fernandez, 159, Greeley, Colo., floored clever Gerald Frucht, 158, Frisco, for a nine-count in the first with his vaunted left hook to the stomach, only to have Frucht come back to make it plenty close, though he lost the fight.

July 6—Battling Buddy Gomer, 160, clever and hard-hitting St. Paul speed merchant with TNT in his right mitt, easily decisioned the highly-touted southpaw, Simon Fernandez, 159, Greeley, Colo., in the main event. Gomer was the aggressor throughout.

In the semi, Jean Snell, clever Greeley, Neb., counter-puncher, beat blond George Souza, 152, Los Angeles.

July 8—Richard Stover, 172, stocky former wrestler from Kansas City, Mo., was decisioned by cagy Ray Dryden, 165, Omaha counter-puncher, for the light-heavy title of the post.

In the semi, Jean Snell, 156, Greeley, Neb., won the post novice title after losing the first two heats, with a three-round K.O. of chubby Stephan Arrelano, 152, San Antonio. Arrelano, in poor condition, tired and ran into two hard rights. Arrelano is a corporal.

July 13—Twelve hundred fans jammed the Post Recreation Hall to see Dave Jiminez, 156½, hard-socking Fresno Mexican, whip Buddy Gomer, 160, the fighting cook from St. Paul, in the main event for the Post middleweight title. Jiminez was thoroughly laced in the first. In the second, Jiminez dropped Gomer for a no-count in a hectic exchange. In the third heat, the nineteen-year-old Jiminez dropped Gomer twice, for counts of four and nine. It was Dave's seventh straight win.

Jack Dixon, 172, Salt Lake City, edged by an unpopular decision over Alex Markhoff, 174, for the light-heavy honors. Cliff Masterson, 176, Woodland, Calif., redhead, stopped James Alexander, 180, in the second for the title after being spilled in the first himself.

Bill Hooten, 170, Seymour, Tex., T.K.O.'ed Clarence Ladd with a nest of rights in the second for the title. Thomas Watson, 153, Athens, La., bean-pole, beat southpaw John Miedling, 153½, rangy Minneapolis lad, for the title. Deadly hitting Ruben Miranda, 145, couldn't stop clever Neil Bower, 148½, Sioux City, but did win the title easily. Bobby Sanders, 131½, Los Angeles, beat lean Alfred Kric, 130½, Orchard, Tex., in a very close one for the title.

Timothy Vicinio, 121, Oakland, beat Ben Kidder for the title. Felix Castanon, 115, clever Stockton lad, dropped Richard Margina, 116, for a no-count in the first to win the title by points. Cpls. Max and Buddy Baer were referees.

The Camp Kohler champs are:
Sub-novice—118, Felix Castanon, Stockton, Calif.; 126, Timothy Vicinio, Oakland, Calif.; 135, Robert Sanders, Los Angeles, Calif.; 147, Ruben Miranda, Tucson, Ariz.; 160, Thomas Watson, Athens, La.; 175, Bill Hooten, Seymour, Tex.; heavy, Cliff Masterson, Woodland, Calif.

Novice division—135, Verle Rodriguez, San Diego, Calif.; 147, Felipe Ramirez, Laredo, Tex.; 160, Jean Snell, Greeley, Neb.; 175, Jack Dixon, Salt Lake City, Utah; heavy, Cpl. Ed Nelson, San Jose, Calif.

Open division—118, Sgt. Tony Davis, Providence, R. I.; 160, Dave Jiminez, Fresno, Calif.; 175, Ray Dryden, Omaha; heavy, Ed Breon, Boone, Neb.

Notice to Correspondents

In order to enable us to keep close tab on the record of fighters, THE RING Editor will appreciate it if all correspondents, in sending in their monthly notes, will give the date of each fight and weights of the fighters, and number of rounds. This is important, even if we don't use the dates in your notes.

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HAWAII BOXING NEWS
By WILLIAM SCHULKIN

DAVID KUI KONG YOUNG, world's bantamweight champion (Hawaiian version), scored an eight-round knockout over Little Dado, N.B.A. flyweight titlist, at Honolulu Stadium. Young was in the best shape of his career as he went about the business of annihilating his Filipino foe. Off this performance against Dado, Young could lick any bantamweight in the world.

Young has put forth some disappointing performances and fight experts could not understand why the Territorial Boxing Commission recognized him as bantamweight champion. All is clear now. Young is definitely an in-and-outer. He has the ability to lick any man his weight, and should Manuel Ortiz meet him when he's right, then it'll be "Goodbye, Mr. Ortiz!"

At the sound of the opening bell, Dado rushed Young and David sidestepped, making the "Little" look silly as he charged into the ropes. Immediately the Chinese took command and proceeded to right jab Dado silly. It was surprising that Dado, long considered the best boxer in the Islands, was outboxed so easily by the southpaw. The left-handed stance can be no alibi, as Dado had met Young a few times and had been able to give a good account of himself. It was just a case of Young being "right on the beam." Game Dado rallied in the second. Young resumed his right jab tactics in the third and was never headed thereafter.

Right, right, right, with monotonous regularity—with plenty of snap. Once in a while, when he'd spot the opening, Young would zoom across a left to the chin. This softening-up process continued until the beginning of the seventh, when Young really opened up. Dado lasted the seventh, but the audience felt he was on borrowed time.

Midway in the eighth, one of those paralyzing left crosses dropped Dado and the crowd started for the exits. Dado managed to beat the ten-count by a fraction of a second, but was in sad shape as Kui Kong tore in for the kill. Referee Willie Whittle, after seeing Young land three more lefts to the chin, halted this uneven contest. Weights were: Young, 117⅞; Dado, 116¾. A crowd of 8,619 paid $15,499.40, local record.

Inclement weather cost Promoter Leo Leavitt plenty. It rained all morning, and throughout the fifth and sixth rounds of the main event.

Johnny Diaz, local middleweight, in a comeback, made good at the expense of Young Mickey Walker (Slugger Ketterman), rugged sailor. Diaz stopped Walker in the fourth. The end of the second saw Walker with a comfortable lead, but it seems that Diaz was simply biding his time. When he did crash through an opening midway in the third, it was all over but the shouting. Lefts and rights bounced off Walker's chin, but the sailor just wouldn't give up the ship. The fourth saw the game tar floundering all over the place as Diaz unleashed a merciless two-handed barrage. A right hand to the jaw knocked Walker flat on his back, and out. Each weighed 157½ pounds.

Richard Silva, 129½, promising local lightweight, got away with a close one when he was ruled the winner over Don Benzor at the end of the third. Benzor had a slight lead but was forced to stop by the commission doctor. Don was bleeding profusely.

Chico Rosa, featherweight prospect, easily outslammed the ancient mariner, Little Dempsey, in a four. The veteran still can whip most of the four-round boys, but why let such a former great be just a chopping block for the more promising youngsters? Dempsey must retire.

Peter Reyes and Leroy (Ice Cream) Williams tangled in a wild and wooly contest that saw both boys hit the deck on numerous occasions. Reyes won by kayo in the third.

Harold Holly defeated Sabas Jamito in a spirited four, while Henry Lee kayoed Eddie Mara in three in the overture.

Walter Cho and Allan Dodd were judges for the entire card. Al Schaff refereed prelims, while Willie Whittle took care of the main event.

THE RING correspondent saw Freddie Imperial, flyweight of the mad '20's. I remember his performances in the Garden during 1926 when he met Black Bill, Elky Clark and Mickey Gill. Freddie is working on an important defense job and would like to be remembered to friends in the East.

Johnny Dias is the new middleweight champion of the Hawaiian Islands. He accomplished this by means of a sharp left hook that brought about the complete destruction of the defending champion, Wayne Powell. Four rounds were all that were needed to convince Civic Auditorium fans and Wayne Powell that Dias was complete master in that ring. This makes the fourth time that these two boys have met and the score now stands four to nothing. This should dispel any thoughts, talk or alibis for a possible rematch.

Dias, a four to five favorite, lived up to advance notices as he coolly went about the business of bringing down the champ. He bided his time from the opening bell and shot devastating left hooks and right crosses whenever the opening presented itself. The first round could be called even and that was about the only showing Powell made in the bout. Too much time was spent on feeling each other out.

From the start of the second Dias took over. It soon became a question of time until Powell would crumble. At the start of the fourth Dias shot a left hook to the chin, followed by a sizzling right to the same spot. Down went Powell, getting to one knee at the count of three, but as he remained in that position taking the full benefit of a nine-count, he swayed like a ship in a stormy sea.

He arose at nine, but everyone present sensed his number was up. Dias coolly walked forward, threw two well-aimed left hooks at the chin of the Honolulu bus driver, causing him to go into a speedy reverse, the ropes on the opposite side of the ring checking his fall as he slumped to the canvas.

As Powell listened to the count on one knee, eyes glazed, one couldn't help but think that there were a lot pleasanter places Powell could be than in that ring with the punching Puerto Rican. Wayne wearily arose at nine, but Dias greeted him with a block-busting left hook which he wound up from the back of the Auditorium, catching him on the point of the chin, depositing him with a rude thump square on his panties in midring.

Powell remained in the same sitting position as he was counted out by Referee Allan Dodd. A terrific ovation greeted the new champion. Dias weighed 159¾; Powell, 157⅝.

Jimmy Hursey, Army youngster, repeated his previous win over Herman (Dutchy) Kaakua, local lightweight toughie, in a five-round bout. Hursey was too fast and clever for the ever-charging Kaakua. Dutchy, in an effort to turn the tide, resorted to foul tactics. Hursey looks like a lad that's bound to go places.

In the other half of the semi-final, Chico Rosa, up-and-coming featherweight, scored a sensational kayo over the highly touted Eddie Valento in one minute and twenty-five seconds of round one. Chico set a terrific pace from the outset, never giving the Kauai slugger a chance to get his bearings. Rosa is definitely ready for bigger game.

Jimmy Kelly, veteran of New York amateur rings, now in the armed forces, displayed a world of ring generalship when, after trailing his much younger foe, Henry Lee, for a round and a half, he caught Henry making a false lead and knocked him kicking with a terrific right counter to the chin. Kelly seemed rusty, but who wouldn't after a layoff of about ten years.

In the four-round opener, Bob (Ice Cream) Williams took an undeserved decision over Sabas Jamito.

A crowd of 4110 persons witnessed the bouts to the tune of $4,979.65.

CAMP CROFT FIGHTS
By PVT. BILL RODDY

BOXING hungry soldiers at Camp Croft, S. C., are treated to a regular weekly feast gratis by 1st Lt. Allie Boutwell of Attica, Ind., Special Service officer for Croft's Seventh Infantry Training Regiment. Every Wednesday evening, rain or shine—and it never rains on "Lucky" Boutwell's fight night—from 4,000 to 5,000 excited fans gather at the Seventh Regiment's outdoor arena to cheer their favorites.

Feature fights on the Wednesday evening, July 28, show, included a three-round slugging match between welterweights Joe Lombardi and Jimmy Sweeney, both of the 38th battalion. The youngsters slugged savagely and continuously, every second of every round. No blows were wasted in this truly great fight. The draw decision of Referee Bucky Sannik, Paterson, N. J., and two judges was loudly applauded by the big crowd.

Tommy Day of Clarksburg, Md., a slim Irish kid, who looks and fights like Jimmy McLarnin when the former welter champ was known as "Baby Face," dropped a close nod to Johnny Whaley of Boston in a smashing lightweight scrap. For a green kid, Day shows a lot of class, and with proper training could well become a great fighter.

In a heavyweight duel that had a regiment of Uncle Sam's soldiers standing and shouting hoarsely, Ray Lyle, 34-year-old ring veteran from Akron, O., came out of retirement long enough to teach agile Johnny Bochnicka, former Indiana University champion, a few things about the finesse of fighting. Floored in the second round and seemingly winded, ringwise Ray forced the going in the third, staggered and dropped the youthful Hoosier with well-timed, looping rights to the head, to earn a draw.

Assisted by Pvt. Sannik, who is a former professional fighter and all-around athlete, Lt. Boutwell matches his fighters evenly and sees that they get time off on fight days and the day after. His Seventh Regiment boxing shows have made soldiers at Camp Croft so boxing conscious that recently another outdoor arena was built. Under the direction of 2nd Lt. Dominic Cuccinello, Special Service officer for the 34th battalion, weekly boxing shows are also drawing big crowds at the Sixth Infantry Training Regiment's new "stadium."

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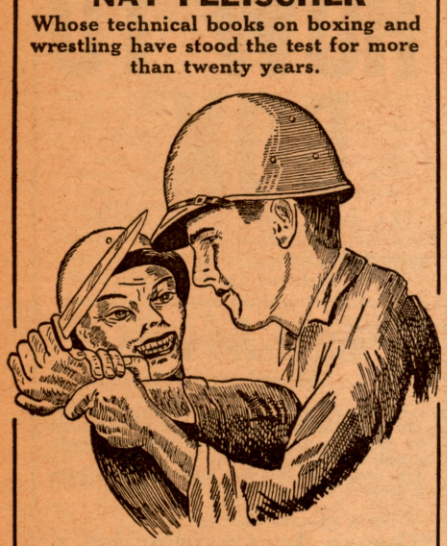

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HENDRICKS FIELD BOXING

By AL HARRIS

ANOTHER action-packed boxing card consisting of five bouts and one exhibition was recently presented at the Outdoor Arena through the efforts of the Physical Training Department. The card was entertaining throughout and provided an evening of thrills for all present.

The opener saw two colored light-heavyweights pitted against each other for three rounds. Cpl. Henderson of Pineapple, Alabama, was awarded the judges' decision over Cpl. Smith, Mobile, Alabama, after three rounds of excellent boxing. Henderson, the more experienced of the two fighters, speared his rugged opponent at will with a long, left jab, piling up points throughout the entire bout.

In the second fight, another colored bout that brought together Pfc. Creighton of Mobile, Alabama, and Pvt. Connor of London, Alabama, turned out to be a good old-fashioned brawl. Creighton started fast in the initial round, throwing everything but the referee at Connors, but the majority of the blows fell short of the well-known mark. By the middle of the second round, Creighton was a very tired boy and Connors, taking advantage of the situation, pounded out an easy decision. The boys tipped the beam at 165 pounds.

Bout number three, an exhibition bout, featured Pvt. Artie Burt, 175-pounder from Brooklyn, and Pvt. Harold Seeber, 180 pounds, Chicago. These boys, very clever boxers, gave the audience a real treat by staging three rounds of very colorful boxing. They were given a tremendous ovation by the fans.

Pfc. Frank Clayton of Reno, Nevada, and Pvt. Johnny Stepanic of Pittsburgh, both 160-pounders, were the participants of a torrid slugging match in the fourth bout of the card. Round one went to Stepanic, who beat Clayton to the punch, keeping him off balance and unable to deliver any retaliation. Round two found the boys pasting each other about the ring at will. Clayton drew blood from a cut over Stepanic's eye which only caused the handsome Pittsburgh boy to pile into Clayton with several savage attacks and end the round on an equal basis. The third and final round saw the leather fly freely. Stepanic connected with several jarring left hooks to the mid-section and jaw and it seemed as though Clayton was in a bad way but he suddenly unleashed a burst of speed and connected with a solid right to the jaw that dropped Stepanic for a no-count. The bout was called a draw.

The semi-windup brought together Pvt. Chick Teeters of Sarasota, Fla., and Pvt. Melvin Skerm of Cleveland, O. The boys were very fast and it was difficult to keep up with the action. The fight was nip and tuck all the way and wound up as a very popular draw. The boys were featherweights. Skerm, a two-time Golden Gloves winner, proved to be the more experienced boxer of the two, but lacked the necessary punch to down the Florida boy.

The main event, one of the most exciting bouts yet to be staged at this field, found S/Sgt. Mushy Lewin, hard-punching 150-pounder from Santa Monica, Calif., protecting his winning streak by knocking out Cpl. Bill Ludlow, "The Fighting M.P.," of Camden, N. J., in the third round of a scheduled four-round bout and distinguishing himself as one of the best welterweight prospects in local Army boxing circles. Round one saw Lewin easily outboxing his rugged, wild-swinging opponent, who carried dynamite in both gloves.

It was an exhibition of smooth and level-headed boxing. Ludlow started fast as the bell sounded for round two. He moved in, determined to finish his man as quickly as possible. He swung leather from bell to bell, and had the Santa Monica boy on the defensive through the entire round. Shortly before the bell, Ludlow connected with a very hard left hook that forced Lewin to take cover in his own corner, while Ludlow pounded him about the head and body with a flurry of lefts and rights.

Lewin walked out as the bell for the third round sounded. He moved around Ludlow very slowly, like a tiger stalking its prey. The quiet of the night was shattered by a tremendous roar which found the spectators simultaneously leaving their seats in one motion. Ludlow was on his knees, clutching the ropes from a sharp right cross to the jaw that couldn't have traveled more than six inches. He struggled to his feet at the count of four, only to be sent back to the canvas in the short space of two seconds from a savage left hook, followed by another jolting right cross.

Ludlow proved himself to be as game as they come by regaining his feet at the count of nine. A right uppercut that carried all of Lewin's 150 pounds behind it lifted Ludlow off his feet and stretched him flat on his back. The referee wasted no time in raising Lewin's hand.

The officials of the evening: Referee, Capt. E. "Bob" Hall; judges, Maj. L. P. Anderson, Maj. Hagemeister, and Lt. C. W. Levy.

S/SGT. CAMPBELL WINS ALASKAN LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—A Bangor, Me., scrapper, who at 14 years of age—in 1936—won the flyweight belt in a Bangor *Daily News* sponsored ring tourney, has been crowned lightweight "champ" of Alaska. His name is S/Sgt. Johnny Campbell, now 21. He is mess "domo" of a Coast Artillery unit, and is set to defend his title in a tour of posts of the Alaska Defense Command, rugged province of Lt. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr.

Campbell won his title from Corp. Nick Chepa, New York City, ordnance branch, who held the bronze, foot-high trophy for more than a year.

Johnny is remembered in Bangor as the youngest of the "Fighting Campbells." Bob, older by two years than Johnny, won the Maine flyweight professional title in 1940, while Larry, five years older than Johnny, for three years was a top-ranking professional and amateur fighter in the Bangor territory. Another brother, Barney, twin of Larry, held the Maine flyweight professional title for two years. Brother Larry is now a welder at Bath, Me., by-passing an even more promising boxing career after sustaining a crippling leg injury a year ago.

The Campbells are all from Brewer, Me., outside of Bangor, where the family moved from Prince Edward Island, Canada, in 1923. All of the boys were born in Prince Edward Island.

Johnny, the new Alaska "champ," enlisted in the Army in 1940, and plans to stay with the "regulars" after the war.

He won his first title, flyweight, in 1936. The following year, he was runner-up for the *News*-sponsored featherweight title, but was edged out by a southpaw, Charlie Lee of Bangor.

In 1938 he again reached the final—this time for bantamweight—but was decisioned, again by a southpaw, colored "Dawn" Smith, from Portland, Me.

Campbell recognized a weakness, and set about to correct it. He worked the past two years, until his fight in May with Chepa, without a bout, on defense against a left.

The Bangor fighter has been in Alaska two years. He fought Chepa for the first time May 3 of this year to a six-round draw. The return was arranged before the boys were dressed, and in the bout, Johnny won with a decisive margin, taking all but one of the six rounds.

The fight was held June 11, before the soldiers and civilians.

In his Alaska fights, Campbell has been managed and trained by Pvt. Johnny Minella, a featherweight from Indiana. Minella, in 1922, 1923 and 1924, held the Wabash Valley—Ohio, Illinois and Indiana—featherweight title, and later fought professionally for five years.

Army life and Alaska apparently agree with Campbell. He is in the "pink," he says, and eager for more action.

WALKER FIELD'S BOXING SHOW

By CPL. MARVIN C. ABRAMS

WALKER ARMY AIR FIELD in Kansas inaugurated its outdoor boxing program with a well-balanced card of seven bouts, each of which was a thriller. Lieut. Jimmy Engstrom, well known in Western pro boxing circles, was in charge. Pvt. Junior Rinks, California welterweight, holder of the title at this camp, was third man in the ring. The results follow:

112 pounds—Pvt. Eddy Vasquez of New York stopped Pfc. Ming Game of southern California in the second round.

126 pounds—Pvt. George Cleckley of Alabama decisioned Pvt. Gunner 17 Campbell of Virginia, three rounds.

160 pounds—Pvt. Jimmy Densen of Alabama K.O.'ed Pvt. Harry Rutherford of Pennsylvania in the second round.

175 pounds—Pvt. Gene Burdick of Minnesota decisioned Pfc. Louis Toth of Ohio, three rounds.

Heavy—Pvt. Lester Morman of Alabama stopped Pvt. Carl Farmer of Tennessee in the second round.

160 pounds—Pfc. Johnny Svedenovich of Pennsylvania stopped Pvt. Jimmy Marazanno of Tacoma, Wash., in the second round.

Main event—Pvt. Benny Black of California stopped Pvt. Sammy Soussi of New York in the second round.

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BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA'S boxing activities were slowed down a bit last month. Chalky Wright, former featherweight champ of the world, scored a nine-round technical kayo over National Kid of Cuba. Wright was too clever for the local lad, and cut eyes, which bled copiously, forced National Kid's seconds to halt the contest. Chalky's style was well liked. Weights: Wright, 127; National Kid, 126¼.

Joe Pedroso, former Cuban lightweight champion, drew in ten whirlwind rounds with Kid Bururu. Pedroso weighed 135 and Bururu, 131.

Lino Garcia, fast coming featherweight, had little trouble in beating Jose Caceres in six rounds of good boxing and slugging. Garcia is a fine ringster and will make the grade, no doubt. Garcia, 127; and Caceres, 121.

Manolo Fernandez, another sterling featherweight, and Orlando Ramill, a hard-punching youngster, were both expelled from the ring by the referee, the affair being called "no contest" in the seventh round. Fernandez weighed 127, and Ramill, 125. Jose Alvarez, 115, won in six rounds from Salvador Castro, 114. Segrio Prieto, 117, drew in six rounds with Rafael Martinez, 118.

Sergio Rivera, recently out of the Golden Gloves ranks, at 134½, scored a ten-round decision over Carmelo Fenoy of Spain, 136½, at the Cristal Arena. Rivera's heavy attack and hard punching earned him a unanimous decision.

Panther of Baracoa, 145, scored a seven-round knockout over Radames Salazar, 148. The Panther was leading on points when the final blow put Salazar away for keeps.

Pototo Ribalta, dusky featherweight, looked good in knocking out Nano Kid in the fourth round. Ribalta, 127; Nano Kid, 125.

Luis Galvani is the best flyweight in Cuba. Galvani, at 110, outpointed Jose Antonio Gonzalez, 111, in a special six-round contest. Normando Diaz, sturdy bantamweight, easily beat Gregorio Perez in four rounds of good milling. Diaz, 119; Perez, 118.

National Kid is rounding into shape for his coming contest with Eduardo Carrasco, Peruvian featherweight king.

IN BRITISH GUIANA
By COMPTON SANTOS

CPL. DOMINIC BRASHI of Co. I was chosen by the *Tropical Daze* magazine as Athlete of the Month. This was after he had held to a draw "Frenchy" Carpenter of the U. S. Navy, former Golden Gloves champion. Frenchy shared honors in the first frame, but drew blood in the second with sharp blows to the face. The third round found the Golden Glover on the floor, but his fine boxing and ring experience kept him from a kayo.

On the same card, there was another Army-Navy feud and this time the sailor came through with honors, scoring a K.O. in thirty seconds of the first stanza. Cal Lyle, 166 pounds (the sailor), and also a Golden Gloves champ, scored with lightning blows to the mid-section of Louis Cardillo, who represented the Military Police, to score the kayo.

The following bouts featured local talent:

Humphrey scored over P. C. Lewis to gain a T.K.O. in the second; Young Joe Louis also scored a two-round K.O. over P. C. Harry; L/Cpl. Thomas bowed to P. C. James in a three-round affair.

The ring officials were: Judges, Lt. Knight, Lt. Barry and W. O. Brunner; timekeeper, Hanna of Co. I; referees, Lt. Crooks and Lt. Branch.

During the latter part of March, 1943, a gathering of sailors from the Naval Base were taken over to the Air Base to oppose Army and Marine boxing talent. Here are the results:

Mac Glashing of the Army won over "Tiger" Norgang by outpointing the "gob."

"Socco" Sacco took a close duke from "Pretty Boy" Wheeler of the Marines. The former is one of the Navy's prides.

"Nimble" Lin, another Marine, lost to "Dusty" Gilbert in a very exciting three-round contest.

"Killer" Hurly won by the T.K.O. route from Sailor Dicky. The Killer is a Marine.

Knowles scored another win for the Marines by outpointing Joe Stenbergh of the Navy.

In the final bout, Cal Lyle, the sailor champ, decisioned Doten over three well-contested rounds. The program came to a close with a five-minute free-for-all with gloves, with three sailors and three Marines contesting. Two sailors, Stout and Redlinger, were declared the winners. They were the only two on their feet at the end, but Engle, a tough Marine, encountered them both and offered stiff resistance before he was downed.

Bo Bascombe, Bermudian lightweight, arrived recently in the States under the capable management of Abe Elkins. Abe expects good things of Bascombe. Hope to hear from you soon, and that your reply will favorable.

With a two-fisted attack, Bull Gilkes, welterweight contender from North Trinidad, downed the colors of his Southern rival, Fearless Campbell, in the third of a scheduled ten-round fray at Skinner Park, San Fernando, Trinidad. Campbell was no match for his opponent, and had to be urged on by the referee on many occasions.

Ralph Garcia and Max Barnette treated the crowd to a real ring war, with the former scoring a T.K.O. in the seventh. At the end of the sixth frame the score read: Garcia, two rounds; Barnette, one, and three even! Garcia, despite a broken thumb, downed his foe with a smashing right to the jaw. This was a lightweight contest.

Fighting Bailey T.K.O.'ed Chris Griffith in the second of an eight-rounder in another lightweight semi-final, while Kid Taylor bowed to Fighting Achong in a four-round preliminary.

These bouts took place on Friday night, May 7.

Len Serrette created quite a sensational upset when he belted out the amateur featherweight champ, Len McKell in the second round of their title affair at Prince's Building, Trinidad, on Friday, May 14. McKell was a heavy favorite to win over his inexperienced opponent.

Another big disappointment was Vernon Auburn, an American from Fort Read, who suffered a three-round T.K.O. at the hands of Lawrence Assam. Auburn had piled up quite a record before meeting Assam, and also had the advantage in weight, 133 to 128.

Eustace Luengo gained a hairline decision over Young Gilkes in the most active and pleasing mill of the card. Both boys weighed 118 pounds.

Ancil Adams spotted Charlie Dixon two pounds, then knocked him cold in the third heat of a four-round scrap. Adams weighed 178.

Another four-round affair found J. Kennedy on the wrong end of the score cards, while Vince Wilson was declared the winner. Both tipped the beam at 140 pounds.

L. Gilkes, 147, one of the three fighting brothers, scored closely over O. Forde, 145, and to wind up the tournament, S. Lee-Fung nosed out a four-round decision from E. Jardine, 107, two pounds lighter than his opponent.

Jack Montelle, former middleweight champion of Barbados, was held to a draw by Jack Sharkey over ten rounds at the Yankee Stadium, Bridgetown, Barbados, on May 16. This was an elimination bout to decide a challenger for champion Kid Francis. A rematch is under way.

Thanks to Promoter B. Dass, boxing in British Guiana is on the upgrade again. He set the fans wild with a fine show at the G.F.C. Grounds on July 3. The main attraction was between Young Joe Ralph and "Stinging Ant" George Fraser for the featherweight championship of the colony, but both boys scaled over the limit.

The "Ant," who, incidentally, is the bantam and not featherweight champion of British Guiana, as I recently mentioned, won a very close decision after twelve rounds of very clean milling, though most of the crowd saw it the other way around. My score showed each man with five rounds, and two even, but the Ant led on points, 58 to 55. Ralph weighed 129 to his opponent's 129¼. A return match is being arranged for an early date.

In the six-round bantamweight semi-final bout, Young Abrigo scored a K.O. in the fourth frame over Wilfred Hartman, who held him to a draw in a previous contest. Abrigo is a very fine boxer, and is the best bet to take the bantam crown.

In a sizzling four-round encounter, Young Joe Louis outclassed Nick Farley. The latter is a very good prospect, but needs proper schooling.

Dennis Elliot, 1941 amateur bantam champion, gained a popular decision over Harold Peters in a four-round bantam contest.

With his fight for the featherweight crown just one week away, George (Stinging Ant) Fraser conceded twelve pounds to Duncan Blair, then knocked him dizzy in three rounds. The referee halted proceedings because of Blair's helpless condition in the third round. The bout took place at Bartica, Essequibo, and was attended by a large crowd of sailors from the Naval Base, where the Ant is employed. The Ant weighed 126 to Blair's 138.

Three closely contested preliminaries preceded the main event, with each receiving quite an ovation from the crowd. They were all four-rounders, and here are the results: The "Berbice Saint" won a decision over A. Kyte, while J. Jardin dropped a close duke to V. Obermuller, and G. Washington whipped G. Blair.

This writer may be reached at 117 Regent St., Lacytown, Georgetown 8, British Guiana.

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KELMAN, BROOKLYN BOY, VOTED BEST IN TOURNEY

By CPL. ROY DUFFY

PVT. SAMMY KELMAN, former Brooklyn amateur boxer, won the Southwest Air Forces middleweight title at the boxing tournament held in Albuquerque. Sammy, by virtue of his three quick knockout wins in all of his matches, was adjudged the outstanding boxer of the meet, which had representatives from seven air bases present.

Kayo Kelman is a member of the 1136th School Squadron of the post and has been a member of the post boxing squad for the last two months, since his arrival here from Miami Beach. His victorious boxing brought the first title of any kind to Camp Luna since its activation less than a year ago.

The first boxing tournament found the only two Luna fighters in competition winning through the finals, with Tony Frattarolla being defeated in a very close decision for the second title.

Pvt. Kelman was the idol of the enthusiastic crowd. Kelman scored a two-round kayo over Pete Dumont of Alamogordo, then he continued his triumphant march when he K.O.'ed Tommy Hartman of Kirtland Field in the first round with superlative punching and when another challenger arose to dispute his title, Sammy made quick work of him. He beat the Laredo Kid of Carlsbad helpless in 57 seconds of the first round.

Tony Frattarolla won his first bout via the kayo route when he defeated Leo Hammerling of Kirtland in the third round of their slugfest. Paul Janulwicz of Kirtland evened the score when he outpunched Tony to win the title. The decision was so close that many of the fans thought the Luna boy victorious.

Lt. Cy Kaselman and Sgt. Pete Petrolle travelled with the Luna team of two and seconded them.

Other champions crowned in the Southwest boxing tournament were:

Cpl. Kirland Pollacca, Kirtland Field, flyweight; Cpl. Warren Walkabout, Alamogordo Air Base, bantamweight; Staff Sgt. Manny Ortega, Biggs Field, featherweight; Pfc. F. J. Smith, Carlsbad Air Base, lightweight; Cpl. Paul Janulwicz, Kirtland, welterweight; Pvt. Mario Fiori, Alamogordo, light-heavyweight, and Lt. Jack Kemper, Kirtland, heavyweight.

AT CAMP SIBERT

By SGT. ELMER V. SUBLETT

CAMP SIBERT is only a little more than a year old, but it is rapidly forging to the front as a center of fight interest. The soldiers at this camp like boxing and go in for it in a big way. In our most recent show, in the feature bout, the heavyweight contest between Sgt. John Orguvan and Pvt. Raymond Hernandez, Orguvan scored a T.K.O. in the first round. Here are the highlights on our boxers and others who handle boxing here:

Sgt. John Orguvan, heavyweight champion of Camp Sibert, is the brother of "Babe" Orguvan, Pittsburgh star middleweight and light-heavyweight.

Pvt. Alcedes Velez, Puerto Rico, is a featherweight and is the outstanding pro fighter of the Camp Sibert boxing group.

Pfc. Roy Chapman boxed with a great deal of success around Ohio and the Middle West before coming in the Army.

Cpl. Dick Clayton from Philadelphia boxed as a light-heavy and a heavyweight, professionally. He has also fought in Florida. Recently he won the Camp Sibert heavyweight championship.

Pvt. Nathan Anderson, Detroit light-heavyweight, is a Golden Gloves finalist.

Pvt. John Turner, Detroit novice heavyweight, was Golden Gloves champ before coming to the Army. Recently he won over Clayton in a four-rounder.

Several of the commissioned officers at the Post are former boxers, coaches and boxing officials.

Major J. L. Douglas was former middleweight champion of the first A.E.F. He campaigned successfully for years in the Middle West as a professional under the name of "Young" Albert. He also made Ripley's column as a man who refereed more than 6,000 bouts.

Lt. A. B. Delmonte was a former A.A.U. boxer and a referee from Massachusetts.

Lt. R. F. Bigley was formerly undefeated A.A.U. and Intercollegiate boxer. He also coached boxing at N.Y.U. (1934-1935) and Dartmouth College (1937-1938).

Sgt. Sublett did a lot of boxing in the Middle West under the fighting name of "Tiger" Brown.

The results of the last fight card follow:

Pvt. Sharpe, 94th Cml. Comp. Co., 160, beat Pvt. Frank Amurtrudo, 118th Cml. Inm. Co., 158.

Pvt. Arthur Thompson, 38th Decon. Co., 140, scored a kayo over Pvt. Charles Ennes, 141st Decon. Co., 142, two rounds.

Pvt. Alcedes Velez, Co. C, 2nd Regt. R.T.C., 133, lost to Pvt. Robert Hutchins, 829th Cml. Co., A.O., 142.

Cpl. Jack Hands, Co. M, 2nd Regt., R.T.C. 178, lost to Pvt. Jose Santos, 141st Cml. Decon Co., 175.

Sgt. John Orguvan, 124th Cml. Imp. Co., 194, stopped Pvt. Raymond Hernandez, 829th Cml. Co., A.O., 193, one round.

Pvt. Benoit Landry, 111th Cml. Imp. Co., 120, beat Pvt. Domonic Constantine, 123rd Cml. Imp. Co., 118.

Pvt. Tony Delgado, 141st Decon. Co., 147, stopped Pvt. Willie Drayton, Post Det., Sta. Comp., 147, three rounds.

Pvt. Jimmie Gilmore, Co. C, 1st Regt., R.T.C., 178, was kayoed by Pvt. Nathan Anderson, 94th Cml. Imp. Co., 176, two rounds.

Pfc. Roy Chapman, 142nd Decon. Co., 160, beat Pvt. William Perry, M.P. Detach., 160.

Cpl. Dick Clayton, 167th Smoke Gen. Co., 183, lost to Pvt. John Turner, 38th Decon. Co., 193.

Referees, Maj. J. L. Douglas, Lt. A. B. Delmonte, and Lt. Robert F. Bigley.

BOXING AT FORT MONROE

ORGANIZED on May 13, 1943, the Fort Monroe boxing team has shown remarkable progress. With a small nucleus of men with previous ring experience, Post Athletic Director 2nd Lt. Erwin Anhalt has built a formidable mixed squad of novices, amateurs and former pros.

Coach Anhalt came to Fort Monroe from Shenango, Pennsylvania, where he was the adjutant of an infantry training battalion and commanding officer of a colored band. He has been training boxers for many years at Fort Totten and Hamilton in New York, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and Fort Sheridan, Illinois. A former fighter himself, "Evil Eye," as he is affectionately known to his boys, taught boys who had never been in a ring before, the tricks of the trade.

Coach Anhalt is assisted by two boys with plenty of ring experience. Pfc. Jack Perrupato, former National Golden Gloves title holder, is not only manager of the team but one of the star fighters. Most spectacular of his recent wins was at Camp Pendleton, Virginia, when he kayoed Paul Millman, assistant boxing coach, in thirty seconds of the first round.

Chief boxing instructor is Pvt. Charlie Nedomotsky, better known as Jimmy Jones, former Baltimore pro. Jimmy has fought such boys as Alabama Kid, one of the present contenders for the light-heavyweight crown. Jones is a colorful ring artist and provides much entertainment for fight fans with his terrific haymakers. In his most recent fight, he chased Tony Smolski of Camp Pendleton around the ring for a round, then caught up with him in the second and ended the fight with a right to the jaw.

Only other man on the team with former ring experience is John Wyatt, former Kentucky Golden Gloves champ. Wyatt has been a valuable asset to the team, both as a fighter and trainer. Outweighed in his last match, Wyatt outboxed his man, winning a T.K.O. in the second round.

In addition to the regular team, Coach Anhalt has a second team made up of colored boys. Sparked by "Big Jack" Godfrey of South Philadelphia, these boys are already beginning to show championship form. Big Jack has been a sparring partner of almost all the big timers who have come out of Philadelphia in the last ten years.

The Monroe squad now numbers about twenty men. From boxing classes at the Post Y.M.C.A., the best boys are selected to try out for the team. If they have the guts to stick it out, they are put through the rigorous training to put them in top shape. They are taught to use the fundamentals which they learned in class. They are matched against each other, then against more experienced men, until they have learned enough to enable them to handle themselves in the ring.

Then comes the day when they fight their first fights. Teams from neighboring camps are invited to the beautiful new outdoor arena. The Post band is there, the stands are full and the boys are plenty nervous, as they enter the ring to meet a stranger.

The boys fight twice a month—once at home and once away.

Keep your eyes on Fort Monroe boxers, because they'll be worth watching.

Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, was the guest of our camp on August 12 and 13. He came down by plane at the request of Lt. Anhalt to show the motion pictures of famous fights in sound at the theatre and to referee our bouts the following night. Nat's picture show was enjoyed by a packed house.

His lecture and the open discussion following the completion of the show kept the boys on edge. It was the best entertainment this camp has had this year and the soldiers take this means of thanking THE RING Editor for his kindness.

Buy War Stamps and Help Us Beat Our Enemies

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BIG news for boxing fans of the central New York area was the announcement in local papers that Henny Andrews and Babe Amos had purchased the Alhambra in James Street. The amount paid for the huge auditorium in "Robber's Row" was not disclosed, but it must have been considerable, as the building is assessed for $53,000. Andrews and Amos own and manage the Sports Room, a nifty night spot in the same building, and it is believed that after the war Andrews plans to renovate the Alhambra into a top-notch fight club.

Both Andrews and Amos have been identified with pro boxing for many years. Andrews was a manager of Patsy Perroni, Bucky Lawless, and many other good boys, and last year he promoted several ring shows here. Amos is a former middleweight, who developed a fine record. Today Babe weighs well over the 200-pound mark. The deal disclosed the fact Andrews' real name was Henry Onorato, while Babe's legal signature is Amos Antonacci.

While full details were not available, Al Salbano, former Syracuse middleweight, was shot and killed in a Houston, Tex., shipbuilding plant. According to reports published here, Salbano became involved in an argument with a police or guard officer at the plant where he was employed, which resulted in Salbano knocking the officer down twice. The victim drew his pistol and fatally wounded the former fighter. Salbano was well liked as a fighter and was very capable. He defeated many good middleweights in Syracuse, Rochester, Binghamton, Scranton and other rings, and did considerable fighting in Texas. He was born in Waco, but came here twelve years ago. In his last local appearance, Salbano lost a close decision to former middleweight champion Eddie (Babe) Risko.

Jackie Brady, one-time top-flight welterweight contender, who fought practically all the leaders during Jackie Fields' reign as title holder, was released by the U. S. Army with an honorable discharge recently, and is back home. Jackie was serving as boxing instructor in Florida and is now working at the Remington-Rand plant here. Brady was released because he was over the age limit, not because he requested the discharge. Jackie has taken off considerable excess poundage and looks younger than ever.

LEFT-HOOKS—Kid Dyke is reported to have been honorably discharged from the service after participating in the Africa campaign . . . . Willie Pep, world's featherweight champion, is very popular at the Sampson Naval Training Base, where he is undergoing his basic training . . . . Irv Robbins is now managing Joey Kushner, feather; Pete Virgin, feather; Pvt. Norm Cordaro, welter; Pete Cappy, welter, and Jackie Hoffman, Negro middleweight . . . . Tony Storace presented a big A.A.U. amateur ring card at Rome's Colonel's Park, sponsored by the 40 and 8 of the American Legion . . . . Latest Binghamton amateur sensation is Johnny Taylor, two-fisted welterweight . . . . The youngster has class, crowd appeal and can punch . . . . The fight fraternity is eagerly awaiting "This Is the Army" to see how Champion Joe Louis records as a movie actor . . . . Tom McMahon, former Binghamton radio sportscaster, is doing a fine job at the same post for WAGE here . . . . Benny Arnold, Jordan welterweight, who was once on the trail of Sammy Angott, may resume fighting after the war . . . . Obie Price, who fought as "Young Harry Wills," is boxing coach at the Rome Air Base and has two promising youngsters under his wing, Johnny Wilson, a middleweight, and Soldier Robertson, a fast 140-pounder . . . . Pop Haggas' Health Farm at Clark Mills is training quarters for Allen Hurlburt, light-heavyweight; Billy Haggas, junior welter, and other good amateur stars . . . . Schenectady operates amateur boxing frequently and has developed a good boy in Jimmy Carlson, lightweight prospect.

Joe Carter, Rome Negro middleweight, now piloted by George Winn, visiting friends in Utica, wants to turn Jess Williams pro . . . . Williams is a slick Negro middle . . . . Hugo Bonacci, who turned in some rattling good battles before joining the Coast Guard, has grown and taken on so much weight he is now fighting in the service as a heavyweight, and winning regularly . . . . Gabe Genovese and Eddie Gallagher, former fight managers, are now partners in the James Street Smoke Shop, a cigar store frequented by the sporting element . . . . "Smokey" Johnson, former Rochester featherweight, is now operating a wholesale milk route in Syracuse . . . . Freddie Sallus, a few years ago an excellent fighter in the middleweight class, is now employed by the Onondaga Pottery Company and the A. and P. warehouse . . . . A "two-job" man.

Watch for an early announcement of the return to this city of pro boxing . . . . It's in the cards . . . The fistic art goes in cycles here . . . . At least two factions are hot after the franchise . . . . Long, lean and lanky Stan Edwards, local Negro kayo king, is still putting away amateur light-heavyweights with monotonous regularity.

Jimmy Dennis, widely known a few years ago as one of the outstanding middleweights in the Southern Tier, is matchmaker for the new Triple Cities A. C., Inc., and has already presented two fine cards at Johnson Field, near Binghamton. Dennis is associated with Jack Hand and Lloyd Welch in the promotion of pro boxing, and while no prominent performers have been featured thus far, if the shows continue to pack them in as they have in two offerings, the name boys will be eager to display their wares in Johnson City.

Pedro Gomez, Havana middleweight, made a tremendous hit on the initial card, when he fought eight torrid rounds to a draw with R. J. Lewis of Denver. The two rivals let punches fly from all angles and there was action every second they were in the ring. In the scheduled eight-round semi-final, Johnny Greene, Buffalo welter, former National Golden Gloves champion, made short work of Ted Apostoli, knocking out the Bridgeport boxer in the third round of a go slated for eight heats. Another scrap showed Pete Virgin, crack Schenectady feather, beating Monty Bell of New York in six furious rounds.

Returning to headline the second show, Gomez drew with Johnny Greene in a spirited encounter that kept the fans on edge all the way. It was eight rounds of slugging and certainly did a lot to firmly establish the sport in the Triple Cities (Binghamton, Endicott and Johnson City). The semi-final introduced Pvt. Norm Cordaro, former Batavia welter, now in Uncle Sam's Army, against Joe Miller, rugged Buffalo clouter. Cordaro compiled a sensational knockout in one minute and five seconds of the first round. The bout was scheduled for eight sessions.

Steve Kukol, Endicott's ex-amateur champ, who fought Ray Robinson several times when the latter was a simon-pure, knocked out Frankie Falco of Garfield, N. J., in the third round of what was to be a sixer, while Jackie Hoffman, free-swinging Syracuse Negro middleweight, disposed of Jerome Webb of Binghamton in a fast six-round contest.

IN PORTLAND, OREGON
By S/2c MANUEL CAMARA, U.S.C.G.

IN one of the best fights seen here in many months, two of the nation's ranking welterweights, Rudolfo Ramirez of Mexico and Jimmy Garrison of Hollywood, battled through fifteen rounds to a draw. A crowd of 5182 paid a net of $12,170 to witness the bout, which was staged outdoors in Portland's spacious Multomah Stadium. This bout was the first fifteen-rounder and outdoor match staged in the Rose City in over forty years.

The draw decision rendered by Referee Ralph Gruman was very unpopular, the fans thinking that Ramirez had a distinct edge. Garrison, the pre-fight favorite, found the popular Mexican youngster a very clever lad and had trouble connecting solidly with his famed overhand right. Ramirez showed a beautiful left hand, with which he jabbed, slashed and hooked Jimmy in sensational fashion.

Rudolfo was a classy and smooth workman. He showed a beautiful shift from orthodox right to left and back again. But it was Garrison who forced the fighting and made it sensational.

The Mexican took eight rounds and Garrison, five, and two were even on my score card. Ramirez's best round was the last in which he sat Garrison back on his heels with lefts and rights. Jimmy was bewildered at the finish.

Ramirez scaled 145, while Garrison came in at 147.

In other bouts, Joe Kahut, 167, Woodburn farmer, finished fast in the last two heats to decision Young Otto, 170, local Negro, in ten rounds; Mel Roberts, 139, and Mickey Peese, 145, fought to a draw in a six-rounder, and in the opener, Jack Biddle, 161, Seattle, decisioned Zebe Smith, 168, Oregon Shipyards, in four heats.

In a bout staged at Salem, Leo Turner, Portland middleweight, stopped Pat Blackcloud in three heats. This fight didn't reach the teletype and was the first professional bout staged in the Oregon capital in over a year. Jack Capri, popular Portland manager and trainer, is the new promoter.

Bobby Berger of New York arrived in town with a challenge to Joe Kahut, state middleweight king . . . . Speedy Cannon, who staged many a thriller in these mists, is Army bound . . . . Promoter Joe Waterman is after Jimmy McDaniels for an engagement with Rudolfo Ramirez.

Larry Caputo has two very fine prospects in Mel Roberts and Dave O'Lave . . . . Mario Luna, who is going great guns in Los Angeles, would be a good match for featherweight Joey Dolan. Luna has won nine straight, six by kayo . . . . Local fans are asking for Spider McCullum, who is back in Montana at present.

Al Cella, New York featherweight, and Joey Dolan is another tentative headliner . . . . Punchin' Paul Altman has the punch and color to go over big in these parts. Altman has won all his bouts in and around Los Angeles . . . . This writer's address: U. S. Coast Guard, Pistol River, Oregon.

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WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII
By THEODORE YAMACHIKA

HONOLULU is enjoying the greatest boom in sports in the history of the Islands. Especially is this true in boxing and wrestling, the two most popular sports among Honolulans. In professional boxing there have been eleven smokers in Honolulu up to June, 1943, and the gross gate receipts for these fights have been $69,089.90, according to the figures released by Tommy Miles, secretary of the Territorial Boxing Commission. This makes for an average of $6,289.90 per professional smoker. Compare this with the $2,599.30 average of 1942 (up to June) and it takes no imagination to see how interest in boxing has mounted in the past year.

Since the above figures were released, the Little Dado-David Young bout, which Young won by a knockout in the eighth round of a scheduled twelve-round bout, was held on July 4 in the Honolulu Stadium outdoor ring. This smoker broke the all-time Hawaiian record gate by grossing $15,499.40, which was slightly higher than the $15,404.60 gross of the Rush Dalma-David Young fight held on February 28 of this year. This record gate ups the average gate receipts per fight considerably.

Considering the fact that all professional fights have been held during the afternoon, usually on Sunday, often in competition with other sports like baseball, track, swimming meets, etc., the above figures are especially remarkable.

The attendance at amateur fights which have been held regularly on Monday nights from 6:00 o'clock to about 9:00 has been the best since the amateur tournament was started several years ago. There have been nineteen smokers held up to July 5, and with the finals due in a week, the expected gross for the year has been estimated to reach the startling $85,000.00 mark. Every fight has drawn from 4,000 up, and the semi-finals drew an indoor amateur record gate of 5,808 fans.

Figures are not available in wrestling, but since the game was revived this year, every wrestling card, held twice a month on Sunday afternoons, has drawn better than 4,000.

One of the biggest upsets of the year was registered when Ernie Powers, often referred to as Honolulu's most improved wrestler, took a thriller from Bucky O'Neill in the main event of a well-balanced card. After losing the first fall, Ernie came back with a vengeance and his pile driver soon had the tough O'Neill *hors de combat*. In fact, Bucky was hurt so badly that he was unable to answer the bell for the deciding fall and that automatically made Ernie the winner.

However, this match did not settle their feud by any means. In a recently staged rematch, Bucky turned the tables over his rival by taking two out of three falls in a rough battle. Ernie is still not afraid of Bucky and vice versa, and so it goes.

Another greatly improved grappler who has worked himself up to the main event class is young Harry Dellis. He has been taking on all comers with more than fair success.

Veterans like Charley Carr and Chester Hayes are showing regularly and winning the majority of their matches. These two in particular are so much interested in the wrestling game that they have been working overtime trying to develop new local wrestlers. Promoter Al Karasick is willing to give any new wrestler a chance to show his stuff and if the newcomer has it, Al will be happy to put him on, even in the main event.

Because of this boost by the veterans, more and more local youngsters are turning professional knowing that now they have the chance to make good money. One of them is Jimmy Gonzales, who has already won half a dozen preliminary bouts, and will be ready for bigger bouts soon. He is the protege of Charley Carr.

Full-blooded Hawaiian Kahuna Lupe is also slated for bigger things. Turning pro just about three months ago, he has become a favorite of local fans with his roughhouse tactics. He is big and very tough.

Not to be outdone by Charley Carr, Chester Hayes recently announced that he has had two dark horses training under him for the last six months. He revealed that one is a former local footballer, who is already good enough to give any of the local pros a run for his money. The other is a Filipino heavyweight, who might eventually succeed Ben Pilar as the Filipino champion.

The biggest heavyweight showing in Honolulu rings today is 256-pounder Bob Bohach. After winning a couple of bouts, he found out that he had run out of opponents, so for his next match he agreed to take on two men, one after the other, and finish them off inside of thirty minutes. He succeeded in getting rid of his first opponent, Bill Steddum, in twenty-three minutes, but his second, Dale Clark, managed to stay with him for the next seven minutes.

SPORTS FACTS—The Hawaiian A.A.U. donated the proceeds of an amateur smoker to the local Polio fund. It amounted to well over $3,000.